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THE
W O R K S
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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VOL. X.
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THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION
IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

1712

Strahan and Preston,
New-Street Square, London.

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
IN VERSE AND PROSE.

CONTAINING
THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF
DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:
ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,
By JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.
AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,
WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A. M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND
CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

O. R. SCHROEDER.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, J. Nichols and Son, R. Baldwin, F. and C. Rivington,
W. Otridge and Son, W. J. and J. Richardson, R. Faulder and Son,
T. Payne, Wilkie and Robinson, Scatcherd and Letterman, J. Walker,
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and J. Asperne.

1806.



IN VERSE AND PROSE.

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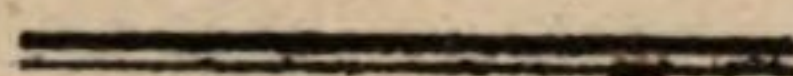
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LETTERS
FROM
MR. POPE
TO
MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

VOL. X.

B

LETTERS

FROM

MR. POPE

TO

MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT

LETTERS
FROM
MR. POPE
TO
MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

LETTER I.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

May 25, 1712

AT last I do myself the honour to send you the Rape of the Lock; which has been so long coming out, that the lady's charms might have been half decayed, while the poet was celebrating them, and the printer publishing them. But yourself and your fair sister must needs have been surfeited already with this trifle; and therefore you have no hopes of entertainment but from the rest of this book*, wherein (they tell me) are some things that may be dangerous to be looked upon: however, I think you may venture, though you should blush for it, since blushing becomes you the best of any lady in England, and

* The Rape of the Lock, enlarged into five Cantos, and enriched with the machinery of the Sylphs. C.

and then the most dangerous thing to be looked upon is yourself. Indeed, Madam, not to flatter you, our virtue will be sooner overthrown by one glance of yours, than by all the wicked poets can write in an age, as has been too dearly experienced by the wickedest of them all, that is to say, by, Madam,

Your most obedient, etc.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

Bath, Sept. 4. *

I THANK you for many things, and particularly for your Letters. That which gave me an account of my mother's tolerable health, told me no more than three others told me; yet it satisfied me much more, as being from you. To think that a person whom we wish so much our friend as to take a concern in all that concerns us, should be cordially affected with things, is a greater and more tender pleasure than any of the same cares or testimonies from others. I left Lord Cobham's, as I told you, not without a wish that
yourself

* As the greater part of these Letters are without dates, it has been found impossible to place them in the exact order of writing. Some arrangement, however, has been attempted, in cases where the contents pointed at the connections of time, place, or subject. From the mention of Preston in this Letter, it appears to have been written some years after the rebellion of 1715. C.

yourself and Mrs. Howard had seen it with me. I passed by the door of my Lord Deloraine's, which is a neat stone-house, with a view to the Downs, but low situated. I can't help telling you one circumstance, that, as I travelled all alone, made me contemplative. I was drawn by a horse now employed by Lord C. in rolling the gardens, which was the same in former days on which the Earl of Derwentwater rid at Preston. It made me reflect, that man himself is as blind and unknowing of his fate, as the beast he bestrides : equally proud and prancing in his glory, and equally ignorant whither or to what he is running. I lay one night at Rousham, which is the prettiest place for water-falls, jetts, ponds inclosed with beautiful scenes of green and hanging wood, that ever I saw. I lay next at Mr. Howe's, in Gloucestershire ; a fine thing of another kind, where Nature has done every thing, and luckily, for the master has ten children. But it might be made very grand, merely by taking away part of what is there already.

I called at Sir William Codrington's^{*}, designing but for half a day, and it not being a mile out of the way ; but found it impossible (without more violence than ought ever to be offered to good nature) to get from thence till just now. My reception there will furnish matter for a letter to Mr. Bethel. It was perfectly in
his

* A beautiful seat at Durhams, eight miles from Bath, on the Oxford road.

his spirit: all his sisters, in the first place, insisted I should take physic, preparatory to the waters, and truly I made use of the time, place, and persons, to that end. My Lady Cox, the first night I lay there, mixed my electuary, Lady Codrington pounded sulphur, Mrs. Bridges Bethel ordered broth. Lady Cox marched first up-stairs with the physic in a gallipot; Lady Codrington next, with the vial of oyle; Mrs. Bridget third, with pills; the fourth sister, with spoons and tea-cups. It would have rejoiced the ghost of Dr. Woodward* to have beheld this procession; and I should be inclined to think it might bring Mr. Bethel this way two hundred miles about, if I would promise but to do the same thing on my return home†. By this means I have an opportunity of astonishing Dr. Arbuthnot, to see me begin the waters without any physic, and to set him and Mr. Gay in an uproar about me, and my wilfulness: I may even hope to be as famous as yourself. I was much pleased with what happened on Mr. B.'s sisters all taking physic some days together (which I was told there, and gives a perfect character of the great taste of the family to it). A country wench in the house thanked God heartily, that she was not born a gentlewoman, and declared she would not be one for the world. Their house is pretty enough, the situation romantic,

* Dr. Woodward died April 25, 1728.

C.

† It is a strange proof of Pope's gallantry, as well as of the delicacy of the age, that he should entertain his mistress with a circumstantial account of his taking physic.

romantic, covered with woody hills tumbling upon one another confusedly, and the garden makes a valley betwixt them, with some mounts and waterfalls.

I have experienced the fate of many promises, and many friends. Before I came hither, it was matter of contention who should carry me the journey! and at last, when it came to the point, I travelled every step of the way all alone. However, it was some comfort to me, that I really amused myself, and found not the length of the journey: it is a satisfaction to find that power in oneself, which one would not always owe to other helps and contingencies. I think I never passed a pleasanter, abating a few thoughts, with which I will not trouble you or any other friend; and which fit too near me to be totally banished by any company, amusement, or distance whatever.

When you say Mrs. Howard is well, I fear you don't (speak) of the pain in her face, but in general. I can't but think that Bath might give her blood a new turn, of which the Doctors here, I believe, will not despair. But I have yet seen none of them, nor any other creature. The first thing I have done is to sit down to write this. My next shall tell you who is here, etc. and what I find in the place. I am ever

Yours, etc.

Wednesday. Lord Peterborow is just arrived.

I have writ you two letters before this.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

October 30.

You must needs know, dearest Madam, how kindly, how very kindly I take your letter. I am sure there is scarce an hour in which I am not thinking of you, and of every thing relating to you; and therefore every least notice given me of you, is to me the most important news in the world. I am truly concerned for your head-ach, and for your finding the town disagreeable: but I hope both of these uneasinesses will be transitory, and that you'll soon (even the very next day after your complaint) find both yourself and the town mighty well again. I do sincerely, and from my soul, wish you every pleasure and contentment the world can give; and do assure you at the same time, the greatest I can receive will always be in hearing of yours, and in finding, by your communicating it to me, that you know how much I partake of it. This will satisfy my conscience better, than if I continued to trouble you daily; though there is really no day of my life that I don't long to see you.

As to my health, I'm in a very odd course for the pain in my side: I mean a course of brickbats and tiles, which they apply to me piping hot, morning and night;

night; and sure it is very satisfactory to one who loves architecture at his heart, to be built round in his very bed. My body may properly at this time be called a human structure. My mother too is fallen ill of her rheumatism, but was not the worse, but better, for your stay the other night. You left her in high humour with you. Pray give hers and my faithful services to your mother and sister.

Shall I congratulate or condole with you on my Lady Kildare's account? I heartily wish her very happy with any able Divine, whenever you have no mind to her company. I thank you for your kind admonition to consult the Doctor, and faithfully promise to take care of myself at your desire, whenever you'll take the least care of yourself at mine. You may be confident the master builder will come to survey your house the first day he is able: if he does not soon recover, I'll send to another, whom I believe I can find at Kensington.

Pray, have you heard farther of Bertie? I have not. I writ yesterday to Cleveland-court, to deliver you what letters came from the Lottery-office. God give you good fortune (the best thing he can give in this world to those who can be happy). You know I have no palate to taste it, and therefore am in no concern or haste to hear whether I gain or lose*. But I won't

* Pope's practice was diametrically opposite to his profession here. He endeavoured to accumulate wealth by risking his money on all kinds of securities; and it is well known he triumphed over his

won't release you from your engagement of sending me word of the tickets, because every word of yours is unfeignedly a great satisfaction to

Yours, etc.

If I am not able to come soon to London, I will epistolize your sister speedily.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

Bristol, Monday.

I AM glad I sent you my last Letter on Saturday, without expecting yours, which did not come till the day after the post, by passing first through Mr. Allen's hands at Bath. I thank you for it, and must now give you some account of this place. I rise at seven, drink at the well at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at two, go to bed at ten, or sooner. I find the water very cold on my stomach, and have no comfort but in the asses' milk I drink constantly with it, according to Dr. Mead's order. The three days I was at Mr. Allen's, I went for two or three hours to

Bath

his poor rivals, by a proud ostentation of his wealth. See the state of his affairs, by Mr. George Arbuthnot, in this volume.

C.

Bath two days, but saw no public place, nor any persons, but the four or five I writ you word of. It grieved me to miss twice of Lady Cox in that time. I had a line from Mr. Slingsby Bethel, to acquaint me his brother was well; and I will write to him from hence, as soon as I can give him a physical account of myself.

I hardly knew what I undertook when I said I would give you some account of this place. Nothing can do it but a picture, it is so unlike any scene you ever saw. But I'll begin at least, and reserve the rest to my next Letter. From Bath you go along the river, or its side, the road lying generally in sight of it: on each bank are steep rising hills clothed with wood at top, and sloping toward the stream in green meadows, intermixed with white houses, mills, and bridges; this for seven or eight miles: then you come in sight of Bristol (the river winding at the bottom of steeper banks to the town), where you see twenty odd pyramids smoking over the town (which are glass-houses), and a vast extent of houses red and white. You come first to Old Wells, and over a bridge built on both sides like London bridge, and as much crowded with a strange mixture of seamen, women, children, loaded horses, asses, and sledges with goods, dragging along all together, without posts to separate them. From thence you come to a quay along the old wall, with houses on both sides, and, in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their

their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford, and at certain times only the water rises to carry them out; so that, at other times, a long street, full of ships in the middle, and houses on both sides, looks like a dream. Passing still along by the river, you come to a rocky way on one side, overlooking green hills on the other: on that rocky way rise several white houses, and over them red rocks, and, as you go further, more rocks above rocks, mixed with green bushes, and of different-coloured stone. This, at a mile's end, terminates in the house of the Hot Well, whereabouts lie several pretty lodging-houses open to the river, with walks of trees. When you have seen the hills seem to shut upon you, and to stop any further way, you go into the house, and looking out at the back door, a vast rock of an hundred feet high, of red, white, green, blue, and yellowish marbles, all blotched and variegated, strikes you quite in the face; and turning on the left, there opens the river at a vast depth below, winding in and out, and accompanied on both sides with a continued range of rocks up to the clouds, of an hundred colours, one behind another, and so to the end of the prospect, quite to the sea. But the Sea nor the Severn you do not see: the rocks and river fill the eye, and terminate the view, much like the broken scenes behind one another in a playhouse.

playhouse. From the room where I write, I see the tide rising, and filling all the bottom between these scenes of rocks; on the sides of which, on one hand, are buildings, some white, some red, every where up and down like the steepest side of Richmond to the Thames, mixed with trees and shrubs, but much wilder; and huge, shaggy marbles, some in points, some in caverns, hanging all over and under them in a thousand shapes. I have no more room, but to give Lady Gerard my hearty services, and to wish you would see, next summer or spring, what I am sure would charm you, and fright most other ladies. I expect Mr. Allen here in four or five days. I am always desiring to hear of you. Adieu. Remember me to Mr. Lyttleton, Lord Cornbury, Mr. Cleland.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

Saturday the 24th.

I HAVE just received yours, for which I most kindly thank and love you. You will have this a post the sooner, by Mr. Allen's messenger coming hither. I have had a kind letter from the Judge*, with very friendly mention of you, and concern that he could not

* Fortescue. See vol. vi. p. 299.

not see you. As he expects a particular account of myself, I inclose it, to save the trouble of writing it over again to you, who I know desire as much or more to know it : and I proceed in my description.

Upon the top of those high rocks by the Hot Well, which I have described to you, there runs on one side a large down of fine turf, for about three miles. It looks too frightful to approach the brink, and look down upon the river ; but in many parts of this down, the vallies descend gently, and you see all along the windings of the stream, and the opening of the rocks, which turn and close in upon you from space to space, for several miles on toward the sea. There is first near Bristol a little village upon this down, called Clifton, where are very pretty lodging-houses, overlooking all the woody hills ; and steep cliffs and very green valleys within half a mile of the Wells ; where in the summer it must be delicious walking and riding, for the plain extends one way many miles : particularly, there is a tower that stands close at the edge of the highest rock, and sees the stream turn quite round it ; and all the banks one way are wooded, in a gentle slope for near a mile high, quite green ; the other bank, all inaccessible rock, of an hundred colours and odd shapes, some hundred feet perpendicular.

I am told that one may ride ten miles further on an even turf, on a ridge that on one side views the river Severn, and the banks steeper and steeper quite to the

open sea; and, on the other side, a vast woody vale, as far as the eye can stretch; and all before you, the opposite coast of Wales beyond the Severn again. But this I have not been able to see; nor would one but in better weather, when one may dine, or lie there, or cross a narrow part of the stream to the nearest point in Wales, where Mr. Allen* and Mr. Hook last summer lay some nights in the cleanest and best cottage in the world, with excellent provisions, under a hill on the margin of the Severn. Let him describe it to you; and pray tell him we are much in fear for his health, not having had a line since he left us.

The city of Bristol itself is very unpleasant, and no civilized company in it: only the collector of the customs would have brought me acquainted with merchants, of whom I hear no great character. The streets are as crowded as London; but the best image I can give you of it is, 'tis as if Wapping and Southwark were ten times as big, or all their people ran into London. Nothing is fine in it but the Square, which is larger than Grosvenor-square, and well builded, with a very fine brass statue in the middle, of King William on horseback; and the Key, which is full of ships, and goes round half the Square. The College Green is pretty, and (like the Square) set with trees, with a very fine old cross of Gothic
curious

* These Letters must have been written late in Pope's life, as he was not acquainted with Allen, I believe, prior to the year 1733.

curious work in the middle, but spoiled with the folly of new gilding it, that takes away all the venerable antiquity. There is a cathedral, very neat, and nineteen parish churches.

Once more my services to Lady Gerard. I write scarce to any body, therefore pray tell any body you judge deserves it, that I inquire of, and remember myself to, them. I shall be at Bath soon; and if Dr. Mead approves of what I asked him of the Bath water mixed, I'll not return to Bristol; otherwise I fear I must: for indeed my complaint seems only intermitted, while I take larger quantities than I used of water, and no wine; and it must require time to know, whether I might not just as well do so at home? Not but that I am satisfied the water at the Well is very different from what it is any where else; for it is full as warm as new milk from the cow; but there is no living at the Wells without more conveniences in the winter. Adieu. I write so much that I have no room to tell you what my heart holds of esteem and affection. Pray write to me every Thursday's post, and I shall answer on Saturday; for it comes and goes out the same day, and I can answer no sooner what you write on Tuesday.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

June 22.

I PROMISED you an account of Sherborne before I had seen it, or knew what I undertook. I imagined it to be one of those fine old seats of which there are numbers scattered over England. But this is so peculiar, and its situation of so uncommon a kind, that it merits a more particular description.

The house is in the form of an H. The body of it, which was built by Sir Walter Rawleigh, consists of four stories, with four six-angled towers at the ends. These have since been joined to four wings, with a regular stone balustrade at the top, and four towers more that finish the building. The windows and gates are of a yellow stone throughout; and one of the flat sides toward the garden has the wings of a newer architecture, with beautiful Italian window-frames, done by the first Earl of Bristol, which, if they were joined in the middle by a portico covering the old building, would be a noble front. The design of such an one I have been amusing myself with drawing; but it is a question whether my Lord Digby will not be better amused than to execute it. The finest room is a saloon fifty feet long, and a parlour hung with very excellent tapestry of Rubens, which was a

present from the King of Spain to the Earl of Bristol, in his embassy there.

This stands in a park, finely crowned with very high woods on all the tops of the hills, which form a great amphitheatre sloping down to the house. On the garden sides the woods approach close, so that it appears there with a thick line and depth of groves on each hand, and so it shews from most parts of the park. The gardens are so irregular, that it is very hard to give an exact idea of them, but by a plan. Their beauty arises from this irregularity; for not only the several parts of the garden itself make the better contrast by these sudden rises, falls, and turns of ground; but the views about it are let in, and hang over the walls in very different figures and aspects. You come first out of the house into a green walk of standard limes, with a hedge behind them, that makes a colonnade; hence into a little triangular wilderness, from whose centre you see the town of Sherborne, in a valley interspersed with trees. From the corner of this you issue at once upon a high green terrace, the whole breadth of the garden, which has five more green terraces hanging under each other, without hedges, only a few pyramid yews and large round honeyfuckles between them. The honeyfuckles hereabouts are the largest and finest I ever saw. You'll be pleased when I tell you the quarters of the above-mentioned little wilderness are filled with these, and with cherry-trees of the best kinds, all within reach

reach of the hand. At the ends of these terraces run two long walks, under the side walls of the garden, which communicate with the other terraces that front these, opposite. Between the valley is laid level, and divided into two irregular groves of horse-chestnuts, and a bowling-green in the middle of about one hundred and eighty feet. This is bounded behind with a canal, that runs quite across the groves, and also along one side, in the form of a T. Behind this is a semicircular *berceau*, and a thicket of mixed trees, that completes the crown of the amphitheatre, which is of equal extent with the bowling-green. Beyond that runs a natural river through green banks of turf, over which rises another row of terraces, the first supported by a slope wall planted with vines; so is also the wall that bounds the channel of the river. A second and third appeared above this; but they are to be turned into a line of wilderness, with wild winding walks, for the convenience of passing from one side to the other in shade, the heads of whose trees will lie below the uppermost terrace of all, which completes the garden, and overlooks both that and the country. Even above the wall of this the natural ground rises, and is crowned with several venerable ruins of an old castle, with arches and broken views, of which I must say more hereafter.

When you are at the left corner of the canal, and the chestnut groves in the bottom, you turn of a sudden, under very old trees, into the deepest shade.

The walk winds you up a hill of venerable wood, over-arched by Nature, and of a vast height, into a circular grove, on one side of which is a close high arbour, on the other a sudden open seat, that overlooks the meadows and river with a large distant prospect. Another walk under this hill winds by the river side, quite covered with high trees on both banks, overhung with ivy; where falls a natural cascade, with never-ceasing murmurs. On the opposite hanging of the bank (which is a steep of fifty feet) is placed, with a very fine fancy, a rustic seat of stone, flagged and rough, with two urns in the same rude taste upon pedestals, on each side; from whence you lose your eyes upon the glimmering of the waters under the wood, and your ears in the constant dashing of the waves. In view of this is a bridge, that crosses this stream, built in the same ruinous taste: the wall of the garden hanging over it is humoured so as to appear the ruin of another arch or two above the bridge. Hence you mount the hill, over the Hermit's seat (as they call it) described before, and so to the highest terrace again.

On the left, full behind these old trees, which makes this whole part inexpressibly awful and solemn, runs a little, old, low wall, beside a trench, covered with elder-trees and ivys; which being crossed by another bridge, brings you to the ruins, to complete the solemnity of the scene. You first see an old tower penetrated by a large arch, and others above it,

it, through which the whole country appears in prospect, even when you are at the top of the other ruins; for they stand very high, and the ground slopes down on all sides. These venerable broken walls, some arches almost entire of thirty or forty feet deep, some open like porticoes with fragments of pillars, some circular or inclosed on three sides, but exposed at top, with steps, which time has made of disjointed stones, to climb to the highest points of the ruin. These, I say, might have a prodigious beauty, mixed with greens and parterres from part to part; and the whole heap standing as it does on a round hill, kept smooth in green turf, which makes a bold basement to show it. The open courts from building to building might be thrown into circles or octagons of grass or flowers; and even in the gaping rooms you have fine trees grown, that might be made a natural tapestry to the walls, and arch you over-head, where time has uncovered them to the sky. Little paths of earth or sand might be made up the half-tumbled walls, to guide from one view to another on the higher parts; and seats placed here and there to enjoy those views, which are more romantic than imagination can form them. I could very much wish this were done, as well as a little temple built on a neighbouring round hill, that is seen from all points of the garden, and is extremely pretty. It would finish some walks, and particularly be a fine termination to the river, and be seen from the entrance into that deep scene I have described by the cascade, where

it would appear as in the clouds, between the tops of some very lofty trees that form an arch before it, with a great slope downward to the end of the said river.

What should induce my Lord Digby the rather to cultivate these ruins, and do honour to them, is, that they do no small honour to his family; that castle, which was very ancient, being demolished in the civil wars, after it was nobly defended by one of his ancestors in the cause of the King. I would set up at the entrance of them an obelisk, with an inscription of the fact; which would be a monument erected to the very ruins; as the adorning and beautifying them in the manner I have been imagining, would not be unlike the Egyptian finery, of bestowing ornaments and curiosity on dead bodies. The present master of this place (and I verily believe I can engage the same for the next successors) needs not to fear the record*, or shun the remembrance of the actions of his forefathers. He will not disgrace them, as most modern progeny do, by an unworthy degeneracy of principle or of practice. When I have been describing his agreeable feat, I cannot make the reflection I have
often

* This is an allusion to the Sherborne Curse, which may be seen in Peck's *Desiderata*, vol. ii. b. xiv. No. 6. p. 5. Osmond, who from a Norman knight became a bishop, gave Sherborne Castle, with other lands, to the church of Salisbury, and laid a curse on all who should alienate or diminish his donation. In Peck may be found the instances in which it has been verified. C.

Mr. Crowe has most poetically introduced this circumstance in his "Lewesdon Hill."

often done upon contemplating the beautiful villas of other noblemen, raised upon the spoils of plundered nations, or aggrandized by the wealth of the public. I cannot ask myself the question, "What else has this man to be liked? What else has he cultivated or improved? What good, or what desirable thing appears of him, without these walls?" I dare say his goodness and benevolence extend as far as his territories; that his peasants live almost as happy and contented as himself; and that not one of his children wishes to see this seat his own.

I have not looked much about since I was here. All I can tell you of my own knowledge is, that, going to see the cathedral* in the town hard by, I took notice, as the finest things, of a noble monument, and a beautiful altar-piece of architecture; but if I had not inquired in particular, he nor his had never told me, that both the one and the other was erected by himself. The next pretty thing that caught my eye, was a neat chapel for the use of the towns-people (who are too numerous for the cathedral). My Lord modestly told me he was glad I liked it, because it was of his own architecture.

I hope

* Sherborne was formerly the see of a bishop. The bishops of Sherborne were so named till the year 1041, when they were intitled bishops of Salisbury, to which the see was removed. When Henry VIII. erected the see of Bristol, Sherborne was attached to it. The noble monument mentioned by Pope is that of John Digby, Earl of Bristol, who died in 1698. It is said to have cost 1500l.

I hope this long letter will be some entertainment to you. I was pleased not a little in writing it; but don't let any lady from hence imagine that my head is so full of any gardens as to forget hers. The greatest proof I could give her to the contrary is, that I have spent many hours here in studying for hers, and in drawing new plans for her. I shall soon come home, and have nothing to say when we meet, having here told you all that has pleased me: but Wilton is in my way, and I depend upon that for new matter. Believe me ever yours, with a sincerity as old-fashioned, and as different from modern sincerity, as this house, this family, and these ruins, are from the Court, and all its neighbourhood. Dear Madam, adieu,

LETTER VII.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

Aug. 7, 1716.

I HAVE so much esteem for you, and so much of the other thing, that, were I a handsome fellow, I should do you a vast deal of good: but as it is, all I am good for, is to write a civil letter, or to make a fine speech. The truth is, that considering how often and how openly I have declared love to you, I am astonished (and a little affronted) that you have

not forbid my correspondence, and directly said, *See my face no more*. It is not enough, Madam, for your reputation, that you have your hands pure from the stain of such ink as might be shed to gratify a male correspondent: alas! while your heart consents to encourage him in this lewd liberty of writing, you are not (indeed you are not) what you would so fain have me think you,—a prude! I am vain enough to conclude (like most young fellows), that a fine lady's silence is consent, and so I write on.

But, in order to be as innocent as possible in this epistle, I'll tell you news. You have asked me news a thousand times, at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly 'tis not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to inquire what the world does*. All I mean by this is, that either you or I cannot be in love with the other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellencies and charms.

But to my news.—My Lord Burlington's and my journey to the north is put off till September. Mr. Gay has had a fall from his horse, and broken his fine snuff-box. Your humble servant has lost his blue cloak. Mr. Edmund Curll has been exercised in a blanket, and whipped at Westminster school by the boys, whereof

* See Letters to Ladies, in Vol. VII. Letter XII. and Notes. C.

whereof the common prints have given some account*. If you have seen a late advertisement, you will know that I have not told a lie (which we both abominate), but equivocated pretty genteelly: you may be confident it was not done without leave from my spiritual director. My next news is a trifle. I will wait upon you at Whiteknight's in a fortnight or three weeks, unless you send me word to the contrary; which I beg you to do if I shall not find you there. Would to God you could go to Grinsted or the Bath, I would attend you to either.

As I always am impertinent in my questions concerning you, to every body that has seen or heard from you, so I have lately received much gladness, in the belief that you might do so, from the late entertainments of the Lord Cadogan in your neighbourhood. I heartily wish many times you led the same course of life which I here partly enjoy and partly regret; for I am not a day without what they call elegant company. I have not dined but at great entertainments these ten days, in pleasant villas about the Thames, whose banks are now more populous than London, through the neighbourhood of Hampton-Court——

[A part of this Letter torn off.]

——Upon

* This circumstance fixes the date of the year which we have given to this Letter. Curll's well-earned whipping took place in the beginning of August 1716, as appears by a humorous Letter, copied by Mr. Nichols in "Atterbury's Correspondence," from the St. James's Chronicle, and dated Aug. 3. C.

— Upon the whole, I am melancholy, which, to say truth, is (*all one*) gets by pleasures themselves. Yet as I believe melancholy (*hurts*) me as little as any one, so I sincerely wish much (*rather to*) be so myself, than that those I value should partake (*of it*). In particular, your ease and happiness would be a great part (*of my*) study, were I your guardian angel: as I am, a poor * * * *, it is one of my most earnest wishes. Believe me, dear Madam,

Your most faithful humble servant, etc.

Pray tell Miss Patty, that, though she will not write to me, I hear she writes for me, which I ought to take as kindly: this I was informed of by Mr. Caryll.

LETTER VIII.

Tuesday the —.

I HOPE this will find you both settled in peace and joy at Bath; that your court is numerous enough to keep a court and town lady in spirits, and yet not so importunate as to deprive you of rest. Your health, nevertheless, is my chief concern; which to ladies or gentlewomen, young, or advancing into wisdom (but never above pleasures), is a most comfortable and necessary thing, with or without admirers, even from Lady W——y, to her great granddaughter born last week.

I saw Dr. Arbuthnot, who was very cheerful. I passed a whole day with him at Hampstead; he is at the Long Room half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepell, and Mrs. Saggioni the finger, and his son and his two daughters, are all with him. He told me he had given the best directions he could to yourself, and to Lady Suffolk separately; that she ought to bleed, and you not; that it is his opinion the waters will not be of service to you, and that there can be no ill consequence if they should heat you; it could only bring out the rash* at worst, which he says might be the means to free your blood from it a long time.

I hope by this time the pink-coloured ribband in your hat is pulled off, and the pink-coloured gown put on. I will not joke upon that, though I did upon the ribband, because, when people begin to sin, there may be hopes of amendment; but when the whole woman is become red as scarlet, there's no good to be done.

Lady Suffolk has a strange power over me. She would not stir a day's journey either east or west for me, though she had dying or languishing friends on each quarter, who wanted and wished to see her. But I am following her chariot-wheels three days through rocks and waters, and shall be at her feet

* As the mention of this disorder occurs in Dean Swift's Letter to Miss Blount, it seems to fix the date of this Letter in 1727, or 1728. C.

feet on Sunday night. I suppose she'll be at cards, and receive me as coldly as if I were archdeacon of the place. I hope I shall be better with you, who will doubtless have been at mass (whither Mr. Nash at my request shall carry you constantly when I come), and in a meek and christian-like way. I have no more to say to either of you, but that which we are all obliged to say even to our enemies: The Lord have mercy on you! and have you in his *keeping*. Adieu.

I intended you this by the last post, but it was too late; so that you'll hardly receive it sooner than we shall come. I was willing just to have told Lady Suffolk before, that one of my chief motives was to see her in a place of liberty and health, and to advertise you, Madam, not to be discouraged if the waters did heat you, but to lose no time in them.

LETTER IX.

TO M. AND T. BLOUNT.

DEAR LADIES,

Sept. 17.

I AM in the case which many a man is in with your sex, not knowing where to have you : so I direct this with great respect to the most discreet of servitors, whom I dare hardly call George *, even within the folds of this Letter. I hope, if you are in London, that you find company ; if you are in the country, that you don't want it. I heartily wish you luck at cards ; not only as it is said to be a token of luck in better things †, but as it doth really and effectually save money, and sometimes get it. I also wish you good husbands, and think Mr. Caryll, who has the interest of our Catholic religion at heart, ought, if possible, to strengthen it, by allying to some of the supports thereof two such lovely branches as yourselves. Pray tell him so from me, and let me advise you in your ear. 'Tis full as well to marry in the country as in the town, provided you can bring your husbands up with you afterwards, and make them stay as long as you will. These two considerations every wise virgin should have in her head, not forgetting the third,

* Perhaps George Arbuthnot, the Solicitor, who was much in the confidence of Pope and M. Blount. C.

† Modern believers in luck are of a different opinion. C.

third, which is,—a separate allowance. O Pin-money! dear, desirable Pin-money! in these are included all the blessings of woman! In thee are comprised fine clothes, fine lodgings, fine operas, fine masquerades, fine fellows. Foh! says Mrs. Teresa, at this last article——and so I hold my tongue.

Are you really of opinion you are an inconvenient part at present of my friend's family? Do ye fancy the best man in England is so very good, as not to be fond of ye? Why, St. Austin himself would have kissed ye—St. Jerome would have shaved against your coming—St. Peter would have dried his eyes at the sight of you—and St. Thomas would have been for touching and trying you. If you fancy yourselves troublesome at Grinstead*, you are too humble indeed; you need not talk of wanting to be humbled. Every place will be proud of you; except Gotham, and the wise men of Gotham. May the Devil take every one that thinks you should be humbled. For me, I sincerely wish to see you exalted, when it shall please heaven, above the cherubims; but first, upon earth, above six horses in a handsome coach.

After all, if it be wholesome for you both to be humbled, Ladies, let me try to do it. I'll freely tell you two or three of your faults.

First, if you are handsome, you know it. This people have unluckily given you to understand, by praising you every day of your lives. The world
has

* West Grinstead in Suffex: Mr. Caryl's residence was here. C.

has abundance of those indiscreet persons who admire you; and the mischief of it is, you can go no where but you meet with them.

Secondly, you are the greatest self-lovers alive. For ever since you were children, it was preached to you, that you should know yourselves. You have complied with this idle advice, and, upon examining, find a great many qualities, which those who possess cannot but like themselves the better for: and 'tis your misfortune to have them all!

Thirdly, it is insupportable impudence and lying in you, to pretend, as you do, to have no passion or tendency to love and good-nature. For can any thing be so preposterous, as to say you care for nobody, at the same time that you oblige and please every body?

For these, and all other your grievous offences, the Lord afford you his mercy, as I do heartily absolve you. *In nomine*, etc.

Mr. Gay was your servant yesterday: I believe to-day he may be Mrs. Lepell's *.

* There is a postscript to this indecent piece of flattery, which is too gross to be transcribed. It has already been alluded to in a note on Letter XIII. vol. vii. p. 200. Pope has shewed us the example of printing Letters that are rather characteristic than honourable. C.

LETTER X.

December 27.

I AM sorry you are so engaged and dissipated, as you say. If your friends would but do as most other people's, invite you once to dinner, and then not care if you were hanged, it would be better. But to be all day, first dressing one's body, then dragging it abroad, then stuffing the guts, then washing them with tea, then wagging one's tongue, and so to bed; it is the life of an animal, that may, for all that I know, have reason in it (as the country girl said a fiddle had a tune in it), but wanted somebody to fetch it out: and ladies indeed so seldom learn to play this way, or shew what's in them at all, till they meet with some clever fellow, to wind them well up, and fret their fiddlestrings. But as next to action is contemplation, so women unmarried betake themselves wisely to thinking; as I doubt not you do sometimes, when, after the fatigues of the day, you get to bed, and then how must every considerate woman be struck, when she hears the watchman every hour telling how *time is past!* If you think I write a little extravagantly, you are mistaken; for this is philosophy: I am just come from hearing Dr. Cheyne; and besides I have the head-ach, which heats my brain, and he assures me I might be inspired, if it had but one turn

more. I must just say a word or two in the usual form, to let you know I have been once at Bath, and dined with Mrs. Arbuthnot, who sends you many services. I will not fail to speak of what you desire to Lady Peterborow. Mrs. Arbuthnot tells me she is very great with Mrs. Nugent, and so am I (to be) with Mrs. P. but I have not seen her, and she has no coach, and can't get at me. I thank God for all his benefits. Pray tell me of any thing that pleases you, or any thing that vexes you: and give Lady Gerard my humble service; and take care of your health, and finish the picture when you go into the city, or to Judge Fortescue's, and don't mind Mr. Price*.

You tell me very few of my friends in town remember to ask about me. You shall see how I remember them, and how I ask about them. Pray tell my Lady Suffolk, in the first place, that I think of her every night constantly, as the greatest comforter I have, under her edder-down quilt: I wish Mr. Berkley lay as easy, who, I hear (and am sorry for it), has had the gout. Pray ask the Duchess of Queensbury, (if you can contrive to ask her without seeing her,) what she means by forgetting you are as good a dancer as some she invites? and ask my Lady Marchmont to carry you to see how well her Lord performs. Pray tell Mr. Lyttelton to tell a friend of his, that of all the

* Grandfather of the present Uvedale Price, Esq. See Letter to Mrs. Price at Spa, in this Collection, communicated by Mr. Price.

the princes in Europe, I admire the King of Prussia, because he never tells any body any thing he intends to do. Pray tell Mrs. Price how kindly I take her remembrance of me, and desire her to tell my Lord Cornbury * so. And those who love writing letters, and those who can write a-bed, should write, for the same reason that those who hate writing letters, and those that can't lye or sit still, should not write: and tell Mr. Nugent that I will sit for my picture for him, as I once did for his lady; and that I believe it will be a very excellent picture, because I am very much altered for the better. Pray assure Mr. Cleland that I am reading Don Quixote; and assure Lady Fanny that I have writ no verses this year at Bath. I wish Lord Chesterfield knew that a very scandalous paper is handed about in his name upon Lady Thanet, which I am glad of, because he gave copies of an incorrect libel of mine against pride and covetousness.

Among the rest of my friends, I wish you had told me, what is become of Moratt? Is it not for him that your sister has cry'd out her eyes?

* Lord Cornbury was grandson of the great Lord Clarendon, and of course nearly related to Mary, consort of William III. and sister to Queen Anne. He was, notwithstanding, a Nonjuror, and for that reason was, no doubt, more respected by Pope; but he was a most amiable man, and well merited the elegant compliment paid him in verse,

“Disdain, whatever Cornbury disdains.”

LETTER XI.*

DEAR LADIES,

THE minute I find there's no hope of you, I fly to the wood. It is as fit for me to leave the world, as for you to stay in it; and to prefer a wood to any acquaintance or company, as for you to prefer any cousin, even the gravest relation you have, to a wood. Perhaps you may think your visit as melancholy as my retirement: if you have not as much time to think as I shall have, you will have more to pray, which some think as melancholy. What I shall gather from thence I know not, except nuts, which I believe Gay and I shall oftener crack, than jokes. But you shall hear more of our life there, when we have experienced it longer.

I send this Letter to answer a few friendly questions you have made. My mother is, and has been, in as good health as I have known her these many years. She is mighty well acquainted with all Lord Harcourt's family,—children, and all. I shall not leave her seven days together, whatever excursions I make. I have felt my arm more within these three days than I did when I left you. I have gone a good way in Homer every day I was at Stanton-Harcourt. I'll shortly send

* This was written, it appears, from Lord Harcourt's; probably (as Homer is mentioned) about the year 1718.

send you a particular description of that place. It was no small grief to me that the fine nectarines there were not ripe enough by a fortnight to send you. Should any thing keep you longer in town than a week, or bring you back in three, I could accommodate you with very good ones upon the least hint. I have not forgot the strong beer. I writ to Mr. Caryl some posts ago, and told him he ought to treat you like the husbandman in the Scripture,—give you as much as those who came earliest, since you had borne the sweat and labour of the whole summer for his sake. I write very dully. I must send a better Letter next; but I snatch a quarter of an hour for this, just while our horses bait before our journey. 'Twas time for me to get away a-while, for all Oxford was coming upon me, with Duke Hamilton at the head of them. I had done a whole book of Homer before any creature knew I was here.

I once more thank you both for your Letters. Pray continue to oblige me as often as ever you can. Those I send shall come free to London; but mayn't I as well send sometimes directly to Grinstead with franks? Yours, if given by George to Jervas's, can't fail of being sent right. Mr. Gay is much yours, I always so.

God blefs you, or I must be an ill Christian.

LETTER XII.

DEAR LADIES,

Oakley Bower, Oct. 8.

NOTHING but your having bid me write to you often, would make me do it again without an apology. I don't know where you are, or whether you have received my Letters; but conclude this can't be disagreeable to you, unless you have altered your minds,—a thing which in women I take to be impossible. It will serve, if for nothing else, to give my services to Mr. Caryl, supposing you with him; if not, keep them yourselves: for services (you know) are of that nature, that, like certain other common things, they will fit every body.

I am with Lord Bathurst, at my bower*; in whose groves we had yesterday a dry walk of three hours. It is the place that of all others I fancy; and I am not yet out of humour with it, though I have had it some months: it does not cease to be agreeable to me so late in the season; the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colours that is not unpleasant. I look upon it, as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I should preserve a respect for in her decay; and as we should look upon a friend, with remembrance how he pleased us once, though now declined from his gay and flourishing condition.

I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a hunting upon the Downs, eat heartily,
talk

* Pope's seat at Cirencester is still shewn.

talk tender sentiments with Lord B. or draw plans for houses and gardens, open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works, all very fine and beautiful in our own imagination. At night we play at Commerce, and play pretty high : I do more, I bett too ; for I am really rich, and must throw away my money if no deserving friend will use it. I like this course of life so well, that I am resolved to stay here till I hear of somebody's being in town that is worth coming after.

Since you are so silent in the country, I can't expect a word from you when you get to London. The first week must needs be wholly employed in making new gowns, the second in shewing them, the third in seeing other people's, and fourth, fifth, and so on, in balls, plays, assemblies, operas, etc. How can a poor translator and hare-hunter hope for a minute's memory ? Yet he comforts himself, to reflect that he shall be remembered when people have forgot what colours you wore, and when those at whom you dress shall be dust ! This is the pride of a Poet : let me see if you dare own what is the pride of a woman ; perhaps one article of it may be, to despise those who think themselves of some value, and to shew your friends you can live without thinking of them at all. Do keep your own secrets, that such fellows as I may laugh at ye in the valley of Jehosaphat, where cunning will be the foolishhest thing in nature. But I forget myself. I am talking as to

women things that walk in the country, when possibly by this time you are got to London, and are goddeffes. For how should ye be less when you are in your heaven? If so, most adorable deities! most celestial beauties! hear the often-repeated invocation of a poet expecting immortality! So may no complaints of unhappy mortals ever more disturb your eternal diversions! Maintain your dignity, blessed saints! and scorn to reveal yourselves to fools (though it be but fair play, for they reveal themselves to every body). Goddeffes must be all-sufficient; they can neither want a friend, nor a correspondent. How arrogant a wretch am I then, who resolve to be one of these (if not both) to you, as long as I have a day to live!

LETTER XIII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MOST DIVINE!

This some proof of my sincerity towards you, that I write when I am prepared by drinking to speak truth; and sure a Letter after twelve at night must abound with that noble ingredient. That heart must have abundance of flames, which is at once warmed by wine and you: wine awakens and refreshes the lurking passions of the mind, as varnish does

the colours that are sunk in a picture, and brings them out in all their natural glowings. My good qualities have been so frozen and locked up in a dull constitution at all my former sober hours, that it is very astonishing to me, now I am drunk, to find so much virtue in me. In these overflowings of my heart I pay you my thanks for those two obliging Letters you favoured me with of the 18th and 24th instant. That which begins with "My charming Mr. Pope!" was a delight to me beyond all expression: you have at last entirely gained the conquest over your fair sister*: 'tis true you are not handsome, for you are a woman, and think you are not: but this good-humour and tenderness for me has a charm that cannot be resisted. That face must needs be irresistible, which was adorned with smiles even when it could not see the Coronation. I do suppose you will not shew this epistle out of vanity, as I doubt not your sister does all I write to her. Indeed, to correspond with Mr. Pope, may make any one proud who lives under a dejection of heart in the country. Every one values Mr. Pope, but every one for a different reason; one for his adherence to the Catholic Faith; another for his neglect of Popish superstition; one for his grave behaviour, another for his whimsicalness; Mr. Titcomb, for his pretty atheistical jests; Mr. Caryl,

* In Gay's Poem, intitled "Pope's Welcome from Greece," the Miss Blounts are thus distinguished:

"The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown." C.

Caryl, for his moral and Christian sentences; Mrs. Teresa, for his reflections on Mrs. Patty; and Mrs. Patty, for his reflections on Mrs. Teresa. It was but the other day I heard of Mrs. Fermor's being actually and directly married. I wonder how the couple at — look, stare, and simper, since that grand secret came out, which they so well concealed before. They concealed it as well as the barber does his utensils, when he goes to trim upon a Sunday, and his towels hang out all the way. You know your Doctor * is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unwieldy and splendidly unuseful to him. Dr. Shadwell lately told a lady, he wondered she could be alive after him: she made answer, she wondered at it too, both because Dr. Radcliffe was dead, and because Dr. Shadwell was alive †. I am

Your most faithful admirer,

friend, servant, any thing, etc.

I send you Gay's Poem on the Princess ‡. She is very fat. God help her husband!

* Dr. Radcliffe died in 1714, which may be the date of this Letter, and of Pope's transferring his affections from Teresa to Martha Blount, as hinted above. C.

† This joke we have had before; or perhaps this is the original, and that the copy. See vol. vii. Letters to several Ladies, p. 204. C.

‡ Afterwards Queen Caroline. See a note on Artemisia, vol. ii. p. 310. C.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

Bath, Oct. 6th.

IF I may ever be allowed to tell you the thoughts I have so often of you in your absence, it is at this time, when I neglect the company of a great number of ladies, to write this Letter. From the window where I am seated I command the prospect of twenty or thirty, in one of the finest promenades in the world, every moment that I take my eye off from the paper. If variety of diversions and new objects be capable of driving our friends out of our minds, I have the best excuse imaginable for forgetting you: for I have slid, I can't tell how, into all the amusements of this place: my whole day is shared by the pump-assemblies, the walks, the chocolate-houses, raffling shops, plays, medleys, etc. We have no ladies who have the face, though some of them may have the impudence, to expect a lampoon. The prettiest is one I had the luck to travel with, who has found out so far as to tell me, that whatever pretences I make to gaiety, my heart is not at Bath. Mrs. Gage came hither the other day, and did me a double honour, in speaking to me, and asking publicly, when I saw you last? I endeavour (like all awkward fellows) to become agreeable by imitation; and observing who are most in favour with the fair, I sometimes copy the civil air of

of Gascoin, sometimes the impudent one of Nash, and sometimes, for vanity, the silly one of a neighbour of yours, who has lost to the gamesters here that money, of which the ladies only deserve to rob a man of his age. This mistaken youth is so ignorant as to imagine himself as agreeable in the eyes of the sex to-day, as he was yesterday, when he was worth three or four hundred pounds more. Alas! he knows not, that just as much is left of a mistress's heart, as is emptied from one's own pocket! My chief acquaintance of my own sex are the aforesaid Mr. Gascoin and Mr. Nash, of the other Dame Lindsey and Jenny Man. I am so much a rake as to be ashamed of being seen with Dr. Parnelle. I ask people abroad, who that Parson is? We expect better company here next week; and then a certain Earl* shall know what ladies drink his health every day since his disgrace, that you may be in the public pamphlets, as well as your humble servant. They say here are cabals held, under pretence of drinking waters; and this scandal, like others, refreshes me, and elevates my spirits. I think no man deserves a monument that could not be wrapped in a winding-sheet of papers writ against him. If women could digest scandal as well as I, there are two that might be the happiest creatures in the universe. I have in one week run through whatever they call diverting here; and I should be ashamed to pass two just in the same

* Lord Oxford, probably; which marks the time when the Letter was written.

same track. I will therefore take but a trip to Long-leat, which is twelve miles hence, to visit my Lord Lansdowne, and return to London *. I must tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your fair sister as since I have been fourscore miles distant from you. At Binfield I look upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, and here as Divinities, Angels, Goddesses, or what you will. In like manner, I never knew at what a rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. Teresa and you will but fall sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously, I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes : you have robbed me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand fine qualities in them, by shewing me so many in a superior degree in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which can make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of ; I mean, ill-nature and malice. I have seen enough of you not to resent any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover, by my common conduct towards you both, that this is true ; and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that disposition. Expect nothing from

* What follows, we have seen already in Vol. VII. Letter viii. but incorrectly. C.

from me but truth and freedom, and I shall be always thought by you, what I always am,

Your faithful, obliged humble servant.

LETTER XV.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Dec. 11, 1720.

I SEND you this Christmas present, which I hope you'll like, though it is not so properly brawn as I wish, for want of horn. I can't be positive that it will be any recommendation to your goûté, to say it has the pure country taste. I can't tell but you may prefer even town brawn to country brawn.

I found our house exactly like Noah's ark, in every thing, except that there is no propagation of the species in it. As to the waters, we ride safe above them as yet. The prospect is prodigiously fine. It is just like an arm of the sea; and the flood over my grass-plot, embraced between the two walls whose tops are only seen, looks like an open bay to the terrace. The opposite meadow, where you so often walked, is covered with sails; and, not to flatter you, I believe the flowers in it next spring will be rather attributed to the production of the waters, than of

your footsteps, which will be very unpoetical after all. We see a new river behind Kingston, which was never beheld before; and that our own house may not be void of wonders, we pump up gudgeons, through the pipe in the kitchen, with our water. Having finished my description, I conclude,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

Friday.

I HAVE long been sensible of your foreknowledge of the will of Heaven, which (as I have often told you) I can attribute to nothing but a secret correspondence with your fellow-beauties, the angels of light. In very deed my rambling associates have deserted me. Jervas has ladies to paint, and Duke Disney must visit a Bishop, in hopes of his conversion. The Duke is too sedate for me, notwithstanding he has so much mercury in him. Only Dr. Arbuthnot and I travel soberly and philosophically to Oxford, etc. inquiring into natural causes, and being sometimes wise, sometimes in the spleen. It is very hard, this world is a thing, which every unfortunate thinking creature must necessarily either laugh at, or be angry at: and if we
laugh

laugh at it, people will say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they'll say we are ill-humoured. I beg your pardon for my spleen, to which you shewed so much indulgence, and desire yourself and your fair sister to accept of these fans* as a part of my penalty. I desired Mr. Jervas to chuse two of the best he had; but if these do not chance to hit your fancy, you'll oblige me by taking your own choice out of twenty, when you go to London. What little discomposure they may receive by rumpling, will be recovered if you keep them laid up smooth (as modest women do their petticoats).

I can't tell to whom I am obliged for two bottles of the white elder wine, which were given to our boy, unknown to me. But it looks like the good-natured trick of a kind, hearty, motherly gentlewoman; and therefore I believe I owe it to Mrs. Blount, whom I entreat to think me her most faithful servant. Mr. Blount may esteem me so too, if he knows I cannot heartily wish him married. What to wish for Mrs. Teresa and you I know not, but that I wish as sincerely as I do for myself, and that I am in love with you both, as I am with myself, and find myself most so with all three when I least suspect it.

I am, Madam, etc.

* These were the Fans on which the Verses were written, "To a Lady, with a present of a Fan," &c.

"Come, gentle air," &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1735.

I FOUND my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more, when he went into France, which was, to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which (to his knowledge) neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke*, nor she, had any design to do. He next told me, he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law, that gave him as much torment of mind, as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression: that he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations†, but (since the person who had

* Bolingbroke, when Atterbury wished to proclaim the Pretender, considered the idea as madness. See Life of Pope, Note.

† Lord Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson‡, a celebrated singer, of whom Dr. Burney has given a very interesting account

‡ See Vol. VIII. p. 254. Note.

had married them was dead) to re-marry her in the church at Bristol, before witnesses. The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects, made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven to what was past. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake, and called for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into his garden in a chair: he fainted away twice there. He fell, about twelve, into a violent pang, which made his limbs all shake, and his teeth chatter; and for some time he lay cold as death. His wound was dressed (which is done constantly four times a day), and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. After this he was again
in

account in vol. iv. of his History of Music. The marriage was long kept secret, and, we learn from this Letter, divulged only about this time. His Lordship did not survive this interview with his old correspondent many weeks. He persisted in going to Lisbon, but died in the passage, Oct. 15. He was born about the year 1658, and was in his seventy-seventh year when he died. At the time of his connection with Mrs. Robinson, he must have been considerably beyond his prime. She survived him fifteen years, residing in an exalted station, partly at Bevis-Mount, near Southampton (whence Mr. Pope's interesting Letter is dated), and partly at Fulham, or perhaps at Peterborough-House on Parson's Green (Lysons' Environs of London, vol. ii.). The only Life extant of Lord Peterborough is that by Dr. Birch, which accompanies the Earl's portrait in Houbraken's Heads. He had written his own Memoirs, which his Lady destroyed, from a regard to his reputation. Tradition says, that in these Memoirs he confessed his having committed three capital crimes before he was twenty years of age. Such Memoirs may be spared. C.

in torment for a quarter of an hour; and as soon as the pang was over, was carried again into the garden to the workmen, talked again of his history, and declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of the present great men and ministers, and the decay of public spirit and honour. It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition: he is dying every other hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concerted no measures beforehand for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will set sail, but no place fixed on to reside at, nor has determined what place to land at, or provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman who is to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he must be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will.

He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch, and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come, he desires them to walk out, but invites them to stay and dine or sup, etc. Sir Wilfred Lawson and his Lady, Mrs. Mordaunt and Colonel Mordaunt, are here: to-morrow come Mr. Poyntz, etc. for two days only, and they all go away together. He says he will go at the month's end, if he is alive.

I believe I shall get home on Wednesday night. I hope Lady Suffolk will not go sooner for Stowe, and, if not, I'll go with her willingly. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here: yet he takes my visit so kindly, that I should have lost one great pleasure, had I not come. I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them*.

I am ever yours, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Stowe, July 4.

THE post after I writ to you, I received, with great pleasure, one from you; and it increased that pleasure to hope you would be in a little time in the country, which you love so well, and when the weather is so good. I hope it will not be your fate, though it commonly proves that of others, to be deserted by *all* your friends at court. I direct to your own house, supposing this will be sent after you, and
having

* A few other particulars of Lord Peterborough's death are given in a Letter to Swift, in Vol. IX. C.

having no surer way. For the same reason, I have directed a haunch of venison to be sent Mrs. Dryden, in case you are out of town. It will arrive next Monday early at Lord Cobham's in Hanover-square; but if you are in town, and would have it otherwise disposed of, you may prevent it, by sending thither over night a new direction to the porter. I will send you another from Hagley, if you appoint beforehand where it shall be left. Your next direction is to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, at Hagley near Stowerbridge, Worcestershire, where I hope to be on the tenth, or sooner, if Mr. Lyttleton come. Mr. Grenville was here, and told me he expected him in two or three days; so I think we may travel on the eighth or ninth. Though I never saw this place in half the beauty and perfection it now has, I want to leave it, to hasten my return towards you; or otherwise I could pass three months in agreeable rambles and slow journies. I dread that to Worcester and back; for every one tells me it is perpetual rock, and the worst of rugged roads: which really not only hurt me at present, but leave consequences very uneasy to me. The Duke of Argyle was here yesterday, and assures me what Mr. Lyttleton talks of as one day's journey must be two, or an intolerable fatigue. He is the happiest man he ever was in his life. This garden is beyond all description in the new part of it: I am every hour in it, but dinner and night, and every hour envying myself the delight of it, because not partaken by you, who

E 3

would

would *see* it better, and consequently enjoy it more. Lady Cobham and Mrs. Speed, who (except two days) have been the sole inhabitants, wish you were here, as much at least as they wished for their gowns, which are not yet all recovered, and therefore I fear yours is not. You might be more at your own disposal than usually; for every one takes a different way, and wanders about, till we meet at noon. All the mornings we breakfast and dispute; after dinner, and at night, music and harmony; in the garden, fishing; no politics and no cards, nor much reading. This agrees exactly with me; for the want of cards sends us early to bed. I have no complaints, but that I wish for you and cannot have you. I will say no more—but that I think *of* and *for* you, as I ever did and ever shall, present or absent. I can really forget every thing besides.

I don't see that any thing can be done as to Mr. Ruffel, except having the lease carried to Mr. Arbuthnot, and the alterations added. He will correct the draft; and if it be ready for signing, so much the better: for else I fear the lawyers will be all out of town before she returns.

I desire you will write a post-letter to my man John *, at what time you would have the pine-apples to send Lady Gerard, and whither he is to send them in town? I have had none yet; but I bade him send you the *very first* that ripened,—I mean, for *yourself*.

But

* John Searle, of whom in his will.

But if you are out of town, pray tell him to whom he shall send it? I have also ordered him, as soon as *several of them* ripen, to inquire of you where and when you would have any, which I need not say are wholly at your service*.

The post comes in crossly here, and after I have written for the most part: but I keep this to the last, in case I have any letter to-night, that I may add to it, as I sincerely shall, my thanks, whenever you oblige me by writing, but still more by thinking me, and all I say, sincere; as you *safely* may, and *always* may.—

Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

Adieu. I am going to the Elysian fields, where I shall meet your idea.

The post is come in without any letters which I need answer; which is a pleasure to me, except with regard to yours. I did not expect another from you, but as you said in your first that you might send one; and I thank you for the intention. I hope the more, that you are out of town for it, and shall rejoice the more when I have one. Pray take care of yourself. Mr. Bethel is got well home.

Adieu, once more. I am going to dream of you.

Nine at night.

* These little anxieties shew the ascendancy Martha Blount acquired over Mr. Pope, and which she preserved to the last. Whatever the nature of their attachment, they were mutually entangled beyond all power of separation. Mr. Duncombe, in a Letter to Archbishop Herring, says, "Mr. Pope, I hear, has left the bulk of his fortune to Mrs. Blount; a Lady, to whom, it is thought, he either was, or at least ought to have been, married." C,

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

Stowe, Saturday.

I THINK you will not complain again that I don't write often enough ; but as to long letters, it is hard to say much, when one has nothing to tell you but what you should believe of course, and upon long experience. All is repetition of one great truth, which is lessened, when it really is so, by too frequent professions. And then the other things are of places and persons that little or not at all affect you, or interest you. You have often rebuked me for talking too much of myself and my own motions ; and it is surely more trifling and absurd to write them, than to talk them ; considering too that the clerks of the post-office read these letters. But I am not at all ashamed, that they and all the world know how much I esteem you, or see that I am one who continue to live with men out of favour at court, with the same regard as if they were in power. Mrs. Blount's friend, and Lord Cobham's friend, and Mr. Lyttleton's friend, does not envy them, nor their master's best friends ; and has more honour, and less impertinent curiosity, than to open any of their letters, did they fall in his way. Nor does he think they have any secrets more worth inquiry than what they will find in this letter. So I go on to tell you, that I am extremely well, as well

as

as ever I expect to be in every thing, or desire to be, except my constitution be mended, or you made happier. Yet I think we have both of us the ingredients about us to make us happy. Your natural moderation is greater than mine; yet I have no sort of ambition nor vanity, that costs me an uneasy moment. Your temper is much more cheerful; and that temper joined with innocence, and a consciousness of not the least inclination to hurt, or disposition to envy another, is a lasting security of that calm state of mind, which nothing can take from you, not sickness nor age itself. But the *skill* of your *conduct* would be, to avoid and fly as far as possible from all occasions of ruffling it; or such vexations, which, though they cannot destroy it, can and will cloud it, and render you the more liable to be uneasy for being more *tender*, and *less inclined* to make or see others uneasy. *That way* they will get your very temper into their power, and you will grow, in appearance, the worse woman, for being really at your heart the better. *Unkindnesses* and *ungrateful returns* are therefore the things you should get out of the way of, and, by so doing, you will preserve *all* your good-will for them, which though they don't merit, yet you would preserve; and avoid *seeing* what they cannot but wish you did not *see*, though they cannot help shewing *. It is certain, both

* This is excellent advice. The great lesson of human happiness is the art of forgiveness; but there is no reason to induce us to think that M. Blount was an adept. The *they* and *them* allude to Mr. and Mrs. Allen. C.

both they and you would be easier, were you quite removed from them. However, while you stay with them, I am glad you can find any circumstance of satisfaction, and particularly that you like so well the situation of the house, fields, etc.; but do not be like the swallow, and, because it is pleasant in the summer, lie still and be frozen to death in the winter; for you will certainly find it no winter habitation, and would do well to provide a better against that season.

I wonder you have not heard from Mr. Fortescue. I wrote to him just after, and mentioned the same thing, and to me he has yet returned no answer, at least John has sent me no letter. I think he is more to be depended on than a direct courtier, though a judge. I was disappointed in not finding you gone with Mr. Schutz. As a German, I think it possible he may be dull enough not to care for you: but be that as it will, as a courtier, if his duty to Madam V—— comes in the way, he must prefer it to any other request whatsoever. I had directed the venison beforehand, just as you wished I see, and that was a pleasure to me. I had sent also two lines to Mrs. Dr——, to tell her it came by your order, in case you had been out of town. As to the pine-apple, I wish I had had it myself, or that you had sent it to any better friend, — Mrs. Price, or any honest body.

Mr. Lyttleton is just arrived, and I set forward on Monday. On Tuesday I hope to get to his house;

and, if able, to get to General Dormer's in ten days (including journey and all).

I thank you for what you told Lord Cornbury. He writ to me very warmly, and talks of finding me wherever I am. I have given him the best account I can of my return to General Dormer's, about the 20th, I believe. I wish you would go with Mrs. Grevill to Astrop (it is but fifteen miles off), and stay with Lady Cobham till Lady Gerard returned from Lancashire, and called you. She and Mrs. Speed wish extremely for any honest company at present, and you would be quite easy. But this I know is a dream; and almost every thing I wish, in relation to you, is so always! Adieu. I hope you take Spaw waters, though you mention it not. God keep you! and let me hear from you*.

* This Letter is directed to M. Blount, at her mother's house in Welbeck-street; but, from the mention of "Astrop, but fifteen miles off," I suspect she was somewhere on a visit with Mr. Allen's family, and that the following Letter is connected with this. C.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

WRITING is become very painful to me, if I would write a letter of any length. In bed, or sitting, it hurts my breast; and in the afternoon I can do nothing, still less by candle-light. I would else tell you every thing that passed between Mr. Allen and me. He proposed to have staid only to dinner; but recollecting the next day was Good Friday, he said he would take a bed here, and fast with me. The next morning I desired him to come into my room before I rose, and opened myself very freely upon the subject, requiring the same unreserve on his part. I told him what I thought of Mrs. Allen's conduct to me before you came, and both hers and his after. He did pretty much what you expected; utterly denied any unkindness or coolness, and protested his utmost desire, and answered for hers, to have pleased you; laid it all upon the *mutual dissatisfaction* between you and her, and hoped I would not be altered toward him by any *misrepresentation* you might make; not that he believed you would tell an untruth, but that you saw things in a mistaken light. I very strongly told him you never made any such; nor, if he considered, was it possible, since all that had passed I saw with my own eyes, and
heard

heard with my own ears. I told him I did not impute the unkindness shewn me, in behaving so coldly, to him originally, but to Mrs. Allen; and fairly told him I suspected it to have proceeded from some jealousy she had of some designs we had upon his house at Hampton, and confirmed it by the reports I had heard of it from several hands. But he denied this utterly too. I pressed then, that she must have had some very unjust or bad thing suggested to her against you; but he assured me it all rested upon a *mutual misunderstanding* between you two, which appeared in two or three days, and which he spoke to his wife about, but found he could not make her at all easy in; and that he never in his whole life was so sorry at any disappointment. I said much more, being opener than I intended at first; but finding him own nothing, but stick to this, I turned to make slighter of it, and told him he should not see my behaviour altered to Mrs. Allen so much as hers had been to me (which he declared he did not see); and that I could answer for it, Mrs. Blount was never likely to take any notice of the whole, so far from misrepresenting any particular.

There were some other particulars, which I may recollect, or tell when we meet. I thought his behaviour a little shy; but in mine, I did my very best to shew I was quite unconcerned what it was. He parted, inviting himself to come again at his return in a fortnight. He has been very ill, and looks so. I don't
intend

intend to see them in town. But God knows whether I can see any body there; for Chelfden is going to Bath next Monday, with whom at Chelsea I thought to lodge, and so get to you in a morning.

My own condition is much at one; and, to save writing to you the particulars, which I know you desire to be apprized of, I inclose my letter to the Doctor.

I assure you I don't think half so much what will become of me, as of you; and when I grow worst, I find the anxiety for you doubled. Would to God you would quicken your haste to settle*, by reflecting what a pleasure it would be to me just to see it, and to see you at ease; and then I could contentedly leave you to the providence of God in this life, and resign myself to it in the other! I have little to say to you when we meet, but I love you upon unalterable principles, which makes me feel my heart the same to you as if I saw you every hour. Adieu.

Easter day.

Pray give my services to Lady Gerard; and pray get me some answer to Dr. King, or else it will cost me a letter of excuse to have delayed it so long.

I do

* Pope breathes a similar wish in a Letter in Vol. VIII. "I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before or after I leave you," &c. He had much trouble in adjusting Miss Blount's affairs, and seldom had the satisfaction to please her.

I do not understand by your note, nor by Mrs. Arbuthnot's, whether you think of coming hither to-morrow, or when. Mr. Murray's depends on his recovery, which is uncertain ; and Lord Bolingbroke, the end of the week.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME*.

SO strange a disappointment as I met with, the extreme sensibility which I know is in your nature, of such monstrous treatment, and the bitter reflection that I was wholly the unhappy cause of it, did really so distract me, while with you, that I could neither speak, nor move, nor act, nor think. I was like a man stunned or stabbed, where he expected an embrace : and I was dejected to death, seeing I could do or say nothing to comfort, but every thing rather to hurt you. But for God's sake know that I understood it was goodness and generosity you shewed me, under the appearance of anger itself. When you bid me first go to Lord B.'s from them, and then hasten thither, I was sensible it was in resentment of their conduct to me, and to remove me from such treatment, though you stayed alone, to suffer it yourself.

* Pope introduced his favourite to the Allens, full of the idea that they would be mutually delighted with each other. Their *bickerings* ended in unforgiving animosity; and Pope, says Johnson, "suffered his last will to be polluted by female resentment."

self. But I depended you would not have been a *day* longer in the house after I left you last; and of all I have endured, nothing gave me so much pain of heart, as to find by your letters you were still under their roof. I dread their provoking you to any expression unworthy of you. Even *laughter* would be taking too much notice; but I more dread your spirits, and falling under such a dejection as renders you incapable of resolving on the means of getting out of all this. You frighten yourself more than, were you in any other house, you would be sensible you need do. If you would go directly to London, you may, without the least danger, go in a coach and fix of King's horses (with a servant on horseback as far as Marlborough, writing to John to meet you there), for 6 or 7l., as safe, no doubt, as in any nobleman or gentleman's coach. If you would stay a few days at Lady Cox's, you might, as many do, be carried in a chair to Lincomb, and be all day among people who either love you, or have civility and humanity. Or if you cared to pass that time at Holt, where Lady Cox and Lady Bp. are; and as soon as the Duchess of Qu (*eensbury*) comes, you may depend upon it, if you write, she will send her coach for you thither. Lady Archibald (I cannot doubt) would lend you her coach to go, if they have not sent back their horses, which I don't suppose from your letter. Another easy way of going to Amesbury is to Sandy Lane, in a morning, to which place the Duchess can easily send, and you'll be there before night. Or

lastly, Mr. Arbuthnot and I will come in a very good coach from hence any day you name, take you up at Lincomb, or Lady Cox's, by nine in the morning, and carry you and your maid safe, either to London, or Amesbury. He has a friend who lives by Salisbury, with whom he and I would gladly pass a day or two, Sir Edward Deboover; and then carry you on to London from Amesbury, which is within six miles of him.

All I beg is, that you will not stay a moment at the only place in England (I am satisfied) where you can be so used; and where, for your sake and for my own too, I never will set foot more*. However well

* This unhappy quarrel with the Allen family is thus explained by Mr. Ruffhead: "About a year before Mr. Pope's death, this Lady (Martha Blount), at the desire of Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen, paid a visit to the latter at Prior Park, where she behaved herself in so arrogant and unbecoming a manner, that it occasioned an irreconcilable breach between her and some part of Mr. Allen's family. As Mr. Pope's extreme friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount made him consult her in all his concerns, so, when he was about making his last will, he advised with her on the occasion; and she declared to him, she would not accept the large provision made by it for herself, unless he returned back, by way of legacy, all that he had received of Mr. Allen, on any account: and Mr. Pope, with the greatest reluctance, complied with the infirmity of such a vindictive spirit." Mr. Ruffhead adds, "It is certain that Mr. Pope, in this, as in the case of Lord Bolingbroke, deserved pity instead of blame. For though he had the strongest friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount, yet it was of a kind the most innocent and pure, notwithstanding what malignant or mirthful people might suggest to the contrary, either in jest or earnest.

well I might with the man, the woman is a minx, and an impertinent one, and he will do what she would have him. I don't wonder they don't speak a word of me; (*but*) some words I have spoken to him. I shall not write till (*I*) get home, if then; but show my resentment without lessening myself. For God's sake do the same. Leave them without a word, and send for your things.

But

But no excuse can be made for Mrs. Blount's abuse of the influence she had over him; or for the indifference and neglect she shewed to him throughout his whole last illness." Dr. Warton, in a Note, Vol. II. p. 336, attributes Mrs. Blount's behaviour in Mr. Allen's family, to that Gentleman's having refused to lend his coach to carry her to a mas-house at Bath during his mayoralty. The same account is given by Dr. Johnson, and confirmed by a Note which Sir John Hawkins contributed to the "Lives of the Poets." If Dr. Warton's account be correct, the dispute must have taken place in 1742, as Mr. Allen was Mayor in that year; but from the Letters now before the reader, it is evident that the quarrel lay between Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Allen. With respect to the will, Mr. Ruffhead's account may not be quite correct. Pope, it is true, so far complied with the pleasure of his enraged mistress, as to "return back, by way of legacy, what he had received of Mr. Allen;" but he also left him his library of printed books,—a legacy with which Mrs. Blount does not appear to have interfered. I am inclined also to think, that, although Mr. Pope kept his word "in never setting foot more" in Mr. Allen's house, he kept up a friendly intercourse to his death, as appears by his last Letter to Mr. Allen, and his last Letter to Mr. Warburton, in Vol. IX. of this edition, both of which were written a very short time before his death, and after the date of his will. These circumstances, however, rather tend to explain than to justify his conduct, and certainly afford no favourable opinion of that connection with Mrs. Blount which Ruffhead thinks so "innocent and pure."

C.

But I hope you have, I am sure you have, surely you must have done this already. In any other house you will breathe, and recover yourself. The Bethels are good. The ladies are well-bred, and you will be in a state both of body and mind not to intimidate your poor soul to death, but consult on the easiest means either to stay or go. All I insist upon is, that you do not directly go to London, without a servant who may come back to give an account how you got that part of the way, and that John may be with you the rest, unless (which I think best, if you don't except to it) you write to him to come quite to you. I have drawn up an order, which you may fill up as you like for either purpose, and date and fix the day and place.

Pray make me easy, with the news that you have left their house. I fully hoped it when I writ to you last post (for your letter I did not receive till night, by the postmaster's great care, who, instead of letting it be at the post-house where we ordered our letters to be left, had found out our lodgings, and sent them while we were abroad thither). I hope you had a little box, with some wine; and Lord Chest (*erfield*) did as he promised me, as to franks. Sir John Swinburn and his Lady, and Mr. Southwell, asked much of you. I have not been at the Long Room or Wells, and seen no company more; so I cannot say any thing about the venison; but I doubt not they had it, or will have the other. I think it best still to

inclose to Mr. Edwyn. I should not wonder if listeners at doors should open letters. W. is a sneaking parson *, and I told him he flattered.

LETTER XXII.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

As the weather proves very blustering and uncertain, we would by no means give you all the trouble or the ceremony of taking leave of us. But my mother will wait upon you in a chariot soon after dinner (if you are not otherwise engaged). I am engaged to be with Mr. Craggs till five or six ; after which I shall be very glad to pass the evening with you, if you have nothing to do. But if you prefer coming hither, the same chariot may carry you back. I beg you to do just what is most convenient to yourselves ; for ceremony is to no purpose, I think, either with those that are friends, or with those that are not. We are very much your humble servants.

* Can this be Warburton ? Warburton, whom he constituted his perpetual editor, and in whose hands he left his fame ? C.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.

DEAR LADIES,

Thursday.

YOU have here all the fruit Mr. Dancastle's garden affords, that I could find in any degree of ripeness. They were on the trees at eleven o'clock this morning, and I hope will be with you before night. Pray return, sealed up, by the bearer, every single bit of paper that wraps them up; for they are the only copies of this part of Homer*. If the fruit is not so good as I wish, let the gallantry of this wrapping paper make up for it. I am

Yours.

* This Letter is not otherwise worthy of publication, than as a curious example of that affected carelessness which Pope displayed on some occasions. It is well known, that his Homer was written on scraps of paper, backs of letters, etc. and here he sends the *only copies* he had, as wrappers to fruit, and to be carefully returned; although he must have known that nothing was more likely than their being destroyed in the carriage. C.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

I AM here studying ten hours a day, but thinking of you in spite of all the learned. The Epistle of Eloisa grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love. I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it*.

I am to pass three or four days in high luxury, with some company, at my Lord Burlington's. We are to walk, ride, ramble, dine, drink, and lie together. His gardens are delightful, his music ravishing; yet I shall now and then cast a thought on Charles-street.

May you have all possible success both in your devotions this week, and your masquerade the next. Whether you repent or sin, may you do all you wish; and when you think of me, either laugh at me, or pray for me, which you please.

* In Vol. II. p. 56-7, Mr. Bowles has a conjecture on the nature of Pope's "personal feelings," when he wrote the Epistle of Sappho, and his Eloisa. Perhaps the hint in this Letter may afford a farther illustration.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.

IF my memory had not deceived me, this was the volume of Clarendon which you commanded. It is accompanied with a book which I think a very pretty one, and I believe you have never read. I can't express the desire I have of being happy with you a few days (or nights, if you would give me leave) at Maple-Durham; where, I dare say, you relish the delights of solitude and shades, much better than I can be able to do till I see you. For, in very deed, Ladies, I love you both, very sincerely and passionately, though not so romantically (perhaps) as such as you may expect, who have been used to receive more complimentary letters and high flights from your own sex, than ever I am like to reach to. In earnest, I know no two things I would change you for, this hot weather, except two good melons.

I have hitherto been detained here by a Doctor of Divinity, whom I am labouring to convert from the Protestant Religion; and in two days I must be at Hampton-Court, and (for all I know) at London. Upon my return, Mr. Harcourt has promised me to be here; after which, I will try if you will admit me. I am without any more nonsense than I was born to;

that is to say, without any ceremony, I am (I say)
before the Lord, Ladies,

Your most faithful,

insignificant, humble servant.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

Friday, 3d of June.

I DARE not pretend to instruct a Lady when to take any thing kindly. Their own hearts are always the best directors. But if I might, I would tell you, that if ever I could have any merit with you, it is in writing to you at a time when I am studying to forget every creature I ever loved or esteemed; when I am concerned for nothing in the world, but the life of one or two who are to be impeached, and the health of a Lady that has been sick; when I am to be entertained only with that jade whom every body thinks I love as a mistress, but whom in reality I hate as a wife,—my Muse. Pity me, Madam, who am to lie in of a poetical child for at least two months. As soon as I am up again, I'll wait upon you; but in the mean time I beg to hear if you are quite recovered from your ague,—the only thing I desire to hear from any one in my present state of oblivion.

Not

Not that I am so vain as to expect a favour from your hands, which I never yet received ; I do not say, never merited to receive ; for I know both how little, and how much I deserve at your hands, though it is impossible you should. But if you will send those books of mine, which you are weary of, by one of your servants, he may at the same time inform me of your health. He may add to my satisfaction, by acquainting me of that of Mr. Blount, Mrs. Blount, and your fair sister. This Letter may very possibly be the only thing that hinders you from a total forgetfulness of me. I would to God I could as easily forget. Maple-Durham is within ten miles of me. I am just in the condition of the poor people in purgatory : Heaven is in sight, and the pain of loss the greatest I endure. I hope to be happy in a little time, and live in that hope.

Your's and Mrs. Teresa's

most obedient, faithful servant.

I desire Mr. Blount not to send for his first volume of Homer to London. I shall have one for him on a better paper than ordinary, by Thursday next.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Tuesday.

I AM very glad I did not defer seeing Mr. Bethel. I found him last night so bad, and panting for breath, that I can scarce imagine he ever will recover. Yet this morning he is quite another man, and so much mended, that it is scarce conceivable he is the same person. So it seems it is with him, but much worse in town than on the road. It was impossible to get him to 'l'witnam: he stays but one day more, and sets out on Thursday morning. I wish to God you could borrow Lady A——'s chariot to-morrow, just to look at him in the morning, and return to her to dinner. He lodges next door to Lord Shelburne's. He does not expect this; but I think it would be a satisfaction to your own mind, and perhaps we shall never see him more. God's will must be obeyed; but I am excessively wounded by it. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO TERESA BLOUNT*.

MADAM,

I WONDER you should imagine I thought you had done any thing amiss; when the Letter I sent you last so fully explained my meaning. I think that shews you it is unreasonable I should trouble you so frequently; and I can't think you so much a woman, as to expect I should continue to act unreasonably, only because I have done so too long already.

I will wait upon you before noon; and am very truly and honestly what I profess myself, Madam,

Your most faithful friend,

and sincere humble servant.

* This, and the two following Letters, appear to be part of the correspondence which took place when Pope and Teresa had exasperated each other by neglect, either intended or accidental. If we allow, with Mr. Ruffhead, that his affection for these Ladies was "innocent and pure," surely it was at the same time preposterous and absurd. He treated them, we have seen, with the language of love and of licentiousness. Did they accept the one, without resenting the other? Some intrigues are mysterious, only until they are explained: Pope's and Swift's captivations are mysterious after all the light that can be thrown upon them. C.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Chifwick, 4 o'Clock, Tuesday,
Dec. 31.

DEAR MADAM,

TIS really a great concern to me, that you mistook me so much this morning. I have sincerely an extreme esteem for you; and, as you know I am distracted in one respect, for God's sake don't judge and try me by the methods of unreasonable people. Upon the faith of a man who thinks himself not dishonest, I meant no disrespect to you. I have been ever since so troubled at it, that I could not help writing the minute I got home. Believe me, much more than I am my own,

Yours.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I SEND you your book, and have not forgot to give commission about the lavender. I find I shall stay a little longer than I intended, my mother being so much mended by change of air, both as to her cough

cough and her spirits, that she will meet me at Oxford, where she will see the place, and return with me.

I could be glad to know certainly, whether you will have the coach I bought, or not? that I may either dispose of it, or keep it accordingly. If your objection be to the standing, or care of it, this summer, you shall not be troubled with any thought of it till winter. Upon this, and all other such occasions, I can say but just this,—Either you would have me your friend, or you would not. If you would, why do you refuse any service I can do you? If you would not, why do you ever receive any?

I have nothing to add, but to wish you all happiness, and to assure you

I am, etc.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

THIS is purely to give you the satisfaction of knowing, that I have not been unmindful of your affairs, and that I shall omit no occasion of doing what you order me. I find, from those whose judgment I myself most depend upon, that it is thought the South Sea will rather fall than rise, toward the
fitting

sitting of the parliament; and upon this belief I have myself kept a thousand five hundred pounds lying by me, to buy at such a juncture. The general opinion is, that the parliament will tax the funds; and if so, one may certainly make advantages of money then in one's hands, which will more than answer its lying dead these two months.

However, I have given orders to buy 500l. for myself, as soon as South Sea falls to 103, which you shall have if you have a mind to it. It will amount to near six per cent.: and my broker tells me he thinks it will fall to that.

But if you order me to do otherwise, with part or all of the sum I have of yours, I will obey you. Hitherto I have only acted in your affair as I have done in my own.

I hope you had the Grand Cyrus by the Reading coach, above a week ago. I am in London almost constantly, and every hour in company; have renewed all my idle and evil haunts; am not very well; sit up very late, etc. I have lately been told, my person is in some danger; and (in any such case) the sum of 1121l. will be left for you in Mr. Gay's hands. I have made that matter secure against accidents.

Gay is well at court, and more in the way of being served than ever. However, not to trust too much to hopes, he will have a play acted in four or five weeks, which we have driven a bargain for.

I long

I long to see you both : and love you so very well, that I wish I were the handsomest fellow in England, for your sakes. I dined yesterday with Jacky Campbell, at the Duke of Argyle's. Gay dines daily with the Maids of Honour. Adieu. I am melancholy,—and drunk*.

Tuesday night.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

Sunday.

THIS is just to let you know, that being again in the city yesterday, I was obliged to stay so late, that I could not go home : so that, if you have any thing to say to me, here I am ; and here shall stay, till the matter of your annuities is decided, on purpose to do as you commission me. I expected some answer to my last.

Your other business is at last brought about. I have borrowed money upon ours and Mr. Eckerfal's† orders, and bought 500l. stock S. Sea at 180. It

* See Note, Vol. VI. p. 39.

† The Eckerfhals probably mentioned in Gay's Poems, vol. ii. p. 404.

“Lo ! Tooker, *Eckershall*, Sykes, Rawlinson.” C.

It is since risen to 184. I wish us all good luck in it, and am very glad to have done what you seemed so desirous of.

I am, etc.

My faithful services to your mother and sister.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I FIND, upon coming to town, that Mrs. Robinson's* tickets are not given out till to-morrow. I hope this notice will arrive in time, before you are engaged otherwise.

If you'll give this bearer your Exchequer orders for 500 l. I'll get them registered, and the interest received; this being a proper time to send them to the Exchequer.

I heartily wish you all the amusements and pleasures I must be (for a time at least) deprived of. I beg you to think me not the worst of your friends, who, after so many mistakes, and so many misfortunes, am resolved to continue unalterably, Madam,

Yours.

* Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer, afterwards Lady Peterborough.

C.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

Feb. 21.

I AM too much out of order to trouble you with a long letter. But I desire to know what is your meaning, to resent my complying with your request, and endeavouring to serve you in the way you proposed, as if I had done you some great injury? You told me, if such a thing was the secret of my heart, you should entirely forgive, and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended so much generosity, as to offer your service in my behalf. The minute after, you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned, it was all but an amusement, occasioned by my loss of another lady.

You express yourself desirous of increasing your present income upon life. I proposed the only method I then could find, and you encouraged me to proceed in it. When it was done, you received it as if it were an affront; since, when I find the very thing in the very manner you wished, and mention it to you, you don't think it worth an answer.

If your meaning be, that the very things you ask, and wish, become odious to you, when it is I that comply with them, or bring them about; pray own

it, and deceive me no longer with any thought, but that you hate me. My friendship is too warm and sincere to be trifled with: therefore, if you have any meaning, tell it me, or you must allow me to take away that which perhaps you don't care to keep.

Your humble servant.

I shall speedily obey you, in sending the papers you ordered; which, when I do, be pleased to sign the inclosed receipt, and return it by the bearer of them.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

YOUR letter gives me a concern, which none, but one who (in spite of all accidents) is still a friend, can feel. I am pleased, however, that any thing I said explains my past actions or words in a better sense than you took them. I know in my heart (a very uncorrupt witness), that I was constantly the thing I professed myself to be, to you; that was, something better, I will venture to say, than most people were capable to be, to you, or any body else.

As for forgiveness, I am approaching, I hope, to that time and condition, in which every body ought to

to give it, and to ask it of all the world. I sincerely do so with regard to you; and beg pardon also for that very fault of which I taxed others, my vanity, which made me so resenting.

We are too apt to resent things too highly, till we come to know, by some great misfortune or other, how much we are born to endure: and as for me, you need not suspect of resentment a soul which can feel nothing but grief.

I desire extremely to see you both again: yet I believe I shall see you no more; and I sincerely hope, as well as think, both of you will be glad of it. I therefore wish you may each of you find all you desired I could be, in some one whom you may like better to see. In the mean time, I bear testimony of both of you to each other, that I have certainly known you truly and tenderly each other's friend, and wish you a long enjoyment of each other's love and affectionate offices. I am piqued at your brother*, as much as I have spirits left to be piqued at any one: and I promise you I will prove it, by doing every thing I can in your service.

I am sincerely.

* It is much to be regretted, that these Letters have no dates, although they are still useful, as illustrating Mr. Pope's private history. Edward Blount, Esq. the brother of Martha and Teresa, died in 1726. Before that period, therefore, Mr. Pope had all the troubles which the Poet has enumerated, *iræ, inimicitiae, &c.* We cannot, indeed, peruse these *pouting* Letters without adding,—*Insunt in AMORE hæc omnia.* C.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.

LADIES,

Thursday morn.

PRAY think me sensible of your civility and good meaning, in asking me to come to you.

You will please to consider, that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwise to me with respect to one of you.

I scarce ever come but one of two things happens, which equally afflicts me to the soul: either I make her uneasy, or I see her unkind.

If she has any tenderness, I can only give her every day trouble and melancholy. If she has none, the daily fight of so undeserved a coldness must wound me to death.

It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjust thing to the other.

My continuing to see you will, by turns, teaze all of us. My staying away can at worst be of ill consequence only to myself.

And if one of us is to be sacrificed, I believe we are all three agreed who shall be the person *.

* This Letter is affecting. It breathes the language of a wounded spirit. The periods are divided by a solemnity of pause unusual to our Author. It was followed, however, by a reconciliation with one, at least, of the sisters. C.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO TERESA BLOUNT.

I TAKE it kindly whenever you command any thing of me: I shall not want the horses all day, being to have our party with Mrs. Lepell. I wish to God I were as fit to keep you company as those who love you far less. Nothing could be so bitter to a tender mind, as to displease most, where he would (and ought in gratitude) to please best. I am faithfully yours: unhappy enough to want a great deal of indulgence; but sensible I deserve it less and less from my disagreeable carriage. I am truly grateful to you for pardoning it so often, not able to know when I can overcome it, and only able to wish you could bear me better.

WE cannot read these Letters without feeling the contrast between affectation and the language of real passion; but, after all, there is something very mysterious in them. Could he have professed love to both of the sisters at the same time? It should seem so, from some passages; and yet, in the 34th Letter, he speaks as having a *particular* passion for *one*. I have given some reasons why we should think this was Teresa. Finding her *intractable*, he *dallied* with his passion between *both*, and at last fixed it unalterably on Martha, whom he found most forgiving and complying.

LETTER XXVII

TO TERESA BLOUNT

I take it kindly when you command any thing of me: I shall not want to disobey all day, being to have our party with you I tell I with a God I went as in a hope to see you at those who love you far less. Nothing could be so kind to a teacher mind as to suppose that where he would find ought in (perhaps) to please him. I am especially yours: perhaps through to want a great deal of indulgence: for sensible I believe it is and less from my disagreeable character. I am now present to you for perhaps it is of no use, not able to know when I can overcome it, and only able to wish you could bear me better.

It cannot be that I have without feeling the contrast between education and the language of the people: but after all, there is something very important in them. I should like to have as both of the others at the same time. It should seem to have some power; and yet, in the same way, to look as having a part that should be so. I have given some reasons why we should think that a part. I have given some reasons why we should think that a part. I have given some reasons why we should think that a part. I have given some reasons why we should think that a part.

LETTERS
FROM
MR. POPE
TO
MRS. NEWSHAM,
MR. AND MRS. KNIGHT,
AND
MRS. NUGENT*.

* The Reader will soon discover that these female names may
be comprized in one, C.

LETTERS

FROM

MR. POPE

TO

MRS. NEWSHAM

MR. AND MRS. KNIGHT

AND

MRS. NUGENT

* The Reader will have observed that the female names may
be corrected in some

LETTERS

FROM

MR. POPE

TO

MRS. NEWSHAM, MR. AND MRS. KNIGHT,
AND MRS. NUGENT.

LETTER I.

TO MRS. NEWSHAM*,

AT CHADSHUNT, WARWICKSHIRE.

MADAM,

Twit'nam, Dec. 21.

HAVING been long and closely confined at home in attending a most dangerous illness of my mother, (whose life was wholly despaired of, and, through several relapses since, very precarious,) I never heard till last week what I sincerely condole with you upon. I cannot help breaking through the ceremony of the world, and writing as if I had the title of a relation to you. I thank God I am of that frame, that I can and do

* Mrs. Newsham was the wife of — Newsham Esq. of Chadshunt in Warwickshire, and was afterwards married to John Knight, Esq. Pope corresponded with both families. C.

do feel very sensibly for my friends in such circumstances. I cannot express how much; nor will words lessen whatever you feel. I will leave this subject. When you care to hear more from me, I shall wish to write to you; and am, indeed, with all the good wishes of a friend, sincerely.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

I HOPE you are so good a relation as to think it a reasonable impediment to my writing to you, (which I purposed as soon as you got into Warwickshire,) that my mother was very ill. She is now so much better, that I begin to look with more cheerfulness on the coming part of my life: contrary to most sons, I think, of all friends, a friend of one's family is the best; they are generally the surest, for merit seldom gets the better of blood. The world of late has been so bad, that it has seemed unwilling to attribute much merit to those who love us naturally, as kindred (and above all, parents) do: The true reason of which I fear is, that we are too ready to depreciate the kindnesses we receive, to excuse our own careless, if not ungrateful, returns to them. But though our relations *be obliged* to be kind to us, are we therefore *not obliged* to be grateful to them? For my part I am so unfashionable

unfashionable as to think my Mother the best friend I have, for she is certainly the most partial one. Therefore as she thinks the best of me, she must be the kindest to me. And I am morally certain she does that without any difficulty, or art, which it would cost the devil and all of pains for any body else to do.

In this domestic way of thinking, you will not take me too much for a complimentary person, if I, seriously and heartily, wish to know from you that Mr. Newsham is in a better state of health. I am truly sorry that you can't pass the winter here, especially when it is occasioned by such an obstacle: but I know from myself (who am like on the same account to see very little of the town this winter), that there is more true satisfaction in doing right, and in acting tenderly, than in all the vain, empty things, which the lovers of the town (the Cornishes of the world) can call pleasures. They hate the very thoughts of paradise, because it is described as a garden: and have no opinion of heaven, but as they fancy it like an Opera.

I would not say this before Mr. Elliot*, who has bought (at my instigation) the marble for the Statue†, upon

* Edward Elliot, of Port Elliot, Esq. who married Harriet, sister of Mr. Secretary Craggs. C.

† Mrs. Newsham was also sister to Mr. Secretary Craggs, and it is his monument which is the subject of this and some of the following letters. It was executed by Guelphi, whom Lord Burlington invited into the kingdom, and for whom he performed many works in London and at Chiswick. He was also some time employed in repairing the antiques at Lord Pomfret's at Easton-Nelson, now at Oxford.

upon which the Italian is now at work. I will not forget those cautions about the forehead, hair, etc. which we observed when we met on that occasion. You know that I have enough of yours in my hands, to answer the Statuary's demands for the future. I have made the Latin Inscription as full, and yet as short, as I possibly could. It vexes me to reflect how little I must say, and how far short all I can say is, of what I believe, and feel, on that subject; like true lovers' expressions, that vex the heart from whence they come, to find how cold and faint they must seem to others, in comparison of what inspires them inwardly in themselves: The heart glows, while the tongue falters.

I shall try my interest with Mr. Nicols, in behalf of the young gentleman, who is so much a part of you. I had once an interest with him: and (because he is a good man) I will believe I have it still, for the same cause that I have some with you: One whom he loved and respected, happened to love me, though now removed from us for ever! That will be a reason with grateful and reflecting minds, to devolve benevolencies, and continue good wishes, from generation to generation.

I am, etc.

Oxford, Lord Orford thinks his tomb of Mr. Craggs in Westminster Abbey is graceful and simple, but that it shows Guelphi was a very indifferent sculptor. We are sorry to add that it has suffered, in common with some of the finest specimens of art in the Abbey, by the wantonness of certain visitors. Q.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

Twittenham, July 9th.

YOU would have had a very free companion and correspondent of me, and have inherited that open and unreserved behaviour, which I both learned from your brother, and practised to him: But the day that you passed at Twitnam, you did a thing that took away all my liberty, and made me a much less easy acquaintance than I hoped to have been to you. Methinks this period looks like a love-letter, to tell a lady she has taken away my liberty: But you'll understand it in a more serious sense: and I assure you, I am, instead of your friend, so much your enemy for this, that I will live to be revenged of you. And in the mean time (like one that is very much intent upon revenge), I will say not a word more about it, but seem entirely to forget it.

The Italian sculptor has not yet finished his clay model. Indeed, it is a vast disadvantage as to the likeness, not to be able to see the life. What would not you and I give that that were possible? But at last, by comparing the two other pictures and the print, (together with my own memory of the features of that friend who had often looked so kindly upon me,) he has

brought it to a greater degree of resemblance than I could have thought. If you happened to come to town, I could wish you saw the model yet, before the marble be begun : for if you were not satisfied, I would have another sculptor make a model in clay after the pictures, for a further chance of likeness : If the artist were a worse carver than this man, yet it might be a help to improve his Statue in this respect (since all the rest he cannot fail to perform excellently). I am really in pain to have you pleased, in a point that I am sure is a tender one, since it is all you can do for the best of brothers, and I for the best of friends !

What can I write to you about ? Of him, we think alike, and (I dare say) we shall think always. His very memory more engages my mind, than the present enjoyment of almost all that remains in the world to strike my senses. These things appear but as a dream, and that as a reality. A friend gone, is like youth gone, never to be recalled, and leaves all that follows insipid and spiritless.

I'll add no more upon this subject, though I know we shall never meet, or perhaps never write, without repetition of this kind. I heartily wish well to all that he would have wished well to, had he been yet among us. The wound is eternal, but it is some ease to us to give it air, by shewing it to one another, and pitying one another. I hope to hear from you at your leisure, and be assured, as the only reasonable motive you can have

have for your favour to me, that you cannot correspond with one more his admirer, his lover, and deplorer, than,

Madam, etc.

My humble services to Mr. Newsham *. My Mother begs your acceptance of hers.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Aug. 8.

I SHOULD not tell you I have been so disagreeably employed as in taking care of my own health, (which too much sickness makes me value more than otherwise I would,) if I did not really believe you intend to have some concern about me, and that therefore I owe you some apology for writing no sooner, to one who wishes me so well. I have no answer to make to one part of yours, but that your manner of doing things does not (nor did in the instance I mentioned) displease me, it is so like your own brother's manners, and nothing like him can ever displease me. But, you will yet more oblige me, if you will let me use you as I did him, and transfer a part of the favours you designed me, to the benefit of some objects I may recommend to you :

* As these letters have no dates, it is uncertain whether this was the husband, or the son, of Pope's correspondent. C.

you: whom one sort of favours may make happier; though the other, of friendliness and good-will, I covet from you, and would not give a grain of as much as you allow me from myself. I have met with an object of extreme charity, to whom I will venture to give some of the money you have left in my hands: whose story I will take another time to tell you, and only now say, that if your brother had lived, she would not have wanted relief. I have paid but as far yet as 60*l.* to the Statuary: the model I begin to be satisfied with, and he is to proceed upon the Statue forthwith. You are very just to me in your thoughts of that affection that will prompt me in every thing relating to him. But I must also think you are very kind in them: In this age, Justice is Kindness. Yet I doubt not your mind is of a better sort, as his was, and forward to judge favourably of such, as on any account deserve regard or belief. I shall use no ceremonial with you, on no occasion, but take you for what you are pleased to profess yourself toward me: and only assure you I shall think, (if ever I found myself tempted to be too complaisant, or in the least degree insincere to you,) that I am offending the remains of the sincerest man I ever knew in the world, and growing ungrateful to him after his death.

Believe me therefore, Madam, sensible of the obligation of being thought well of, and yet more sensible of that which occasioned your good opinion, your tenderness for him, and your acquiescence in his judgment, which



Engraved by W. Evans from a Drawing by Gardner.

MR^S KNIGHT.

*A Bust from her Monument,
executed by Guelphi, at Gosfield.*

Published by Cadell & Davies Strand, and the other Proprietors May 1. 1807.

which was so favourable (indeed ~~so~~ partial) to me. In a word, I esteem you more for loving him, than for liking me; nay, I not only esteem, but love you the more for that very reason: and I will be always, dear Madam,

Yours, etc.

Pray desire Mr. Newsham to accept my services. I hope the young gentleman is well.

LETTER V.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE this day received your second letter with the note of 55 l. at Twitnam, and will next week go to town, where, as soon as the figure is set up, I will pay the statuary. Your excess of punctuality has cost

* Of Bellowes or Belhouse, or Gosfield-hall, was born at Weymouth, educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and Gray's Inn; elected M. P. for St. Germain's in Cornwall, in 1710, 1713, and 1714, and for Sudbury in 1727. He was Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Essex. He married, as his second wife, Mrs. Newsham, to whom the preceding Letters are addressed. His only son, John Knight, Esq. dying in June 1727, he bequeathed by will all his estates to his wife, who became possessed of them upon his decease, Oct. 2, 1733. Her third marriage will be noticed hereafter. C.

cost you and me this alarm and trouble ; for I might as well else have done it myself, and stayed till you came to town for the money.

I must now express to you, with great truth, my concern for Mrs. Knight's danger ; which I first heard of the day after I had sent you my first letter. I hope in God her recovery is more and more confirmed : and I must tax you with a second piece of forgetfulness, in not saying one word of it when you writ last those three lines, with the note. Let me trouble you for one letter more, at your next leisure, about her. If I get more health than indeed I yet have, and if she recovers fast enough to bear one additional infirmity, that of a philosophical companion, half four and half sick, I intend, in less than a fortnight, to make you and her a short visit. In which case I will first go to Lees (the Duchess of Buckingham's), and send you an information when I am there, that you either may take notice of, or not, as it shall be most convenient to you at that time.

I went to Burlington-house two days ago, where the statue is boxed up, ready for carriage, by Guelfi : he had sent me two letters in one day about Bird * again ; that he would not make the box for it, etc. Whereupon I bid him, if Mr. B. did not come for it soon, to take the care upon himself of erecting it. But I since understand Guelfi is fallen sick : so Mr.

Bird's

* Francis Bird, a statuary, whose principal work is the monument of Busby.

C.

Bird's care will be the more necessary. I wish to God it were once well set up: it will make the finest figure, I think, in the place; and it is the least part of honour due to the memory of a man who made the best in his station; and would, questionless, have made yet a better, had God allowed, what all mortals who rightly knew his virtues, earnestly desired,—his longer stay among us.

I have nothing to add, but my sincerest wishes for the welfare of two of the nearest parts of him, his friend and his sister. I am truly, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, faithful servant.

Twitnam, Oct. 30, 1727.

My mother is Mrs. Knight's humble servant: so is Mrs. Patty Blount.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

Nov. 8, 1729.

I HAVE several times had cursory informations, at your door in Dover-street, of your health, and your several motions. I hoped you had intended to have moved this way before the year was so far advanced; but I find you are yet in Warwickshire.

I am desirous (in the epidemical distemper that now afflicts us all, and, I am told, all over the nation) to know how Mrs. Knight and yourself have escaped it, or have you escaped it? I have lain-in these three weeks, and narrowly missed a fever. Mrs. Blount, hitherto, has been free from it, but is going next week to London, with open arms to receive that and all other town blessings. She very often commemorates Gosfield, and you and Mrs. Knight. Her love for the place she banished herself from in so few days, resembles Eve's passion for Paradise, in Milton, when she had got herself turned out of it. However, like Eve, who raves upon tying up the rose-trees, and cultivating the arbours in the midst of her grief, this Lady too talks much of seeing the lawn enlarged, and the flocks feeding in sight of the parterre, and of administering grafs to the lambs, and crowning them with flowers, etc. In order whereto, she had got two beauties in their kind ready to send thither at your first order. The season, I have several times admonished her, would be too cold for such tender creatures to travel, unless she made her friend give them her forthwith. So, in short, whenever you will direct your servant in town, or her (who will be your servant in town in a few days), they shall be delivered, and sent in what manner you appoint.

My mother still remembers Mrs. Knight, though it is not to be told how much she is decayed since you saw her. I thank God she lives, and lives not in pain,
though

though languid, and void of pleasure. I wish for you both, and all my friends, a life extended no longer than the enjoyment of it, and the possession of that understanding which will make us contented to part with the one, when we cannot preserve the other.

I am, with sincerity, and all good wishes to each of you, dear Sir and dear Madam,

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

July 30, 1730.

I HAVE long intended to tell you and Mrs. Knight, that I live, and live very faithfully, a servant to you both. Accidents prevented my seeing you before you left London; and I had (after many inquiries, which would have seemed impertinent, had I not thought Mrs. Knight in extreme danger) the satisfaction of hearing she was recovered enough to go a journey, almost the same day that she went: for the very next I got to town, and found you had left it. Since that, your servant there told me she continued well: I hope it, but should be better satisfied to be ascertained by yourself. I hope you both enjoy whatever is to be enjoyed in the country, and where two, well-gathered together, make a thousand: for Mrs.

Knight's sake, indeed, I wish a little quadrille in the midst of you. I am stuck at Twitnam, as fast as my own plants, scarce removeable at this season. So is Mrs. Patty Blount; but not stuck with me, but removeable to all other gardens hereabouts. Women seldom are planted in the soil that would best agree with them: you see carnations fading and dirty in Cheapside, which would blush and shine in the country. Mrs. Cornish is just now going to some such soft retreat, at Hampstead, or Richmond, or Islington, having read the following Epigram:

When other Fair-ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
Those ghosts of beauty wand'ring here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

Mrs. Blount bids me assure you she is faithfully your servant; and I have only to add, that my mother is much better this summer than she ought to be, not having seen Mrs. Knight; and that I am sick every other day as usual, and this day for one; but truly and always, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and
most humble servant.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

Stowe, Aug. 23, 1731.

THE place from which I write to you will be a proof alone, how incapable I am of forgetting you and your Gosfield : for if any thing under Paradise could fet me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it. It is much more beautiful this year than when I saw it before, and much enlarged, and with variety : yet I shall not stay in it, by a fortnight, so long as I did (with pleasure) with you. You must tell Mrs. Knight she had been spoken of, and her health toasted here ; and that Lord Cobham sends his services, with a memorandum to perform her promise of seeing this place. If she keeps it, I do not despair to live (partly by my own exemplary temperance, and partly by the assistance of mother Vincent) to meet you both here another season. I shall yet think it a diminution to my happiness, to miss of half our companions and compotators of syllabub, not to have Mr. Newsham * and his dogs, and his præceptors, and his dearly-beloved cousin, and his mathematics, and his Greek, and his horses. Without a compliment to all, or any of them, I never passed an easier and more agreeable month,

* Mrs. Knight's son, by her first husband.

month, in spite of some ill health, and some melancholy, than that of July last. I hope you will long enjoy that tranquillity and that satisfaction, which you spread over all that is about you. I often wish Mr. Mallet* joy, in my own heart, of his having exchanged such a whining, valetudinary, cloudy, journalier companion, as myself, for the good-humour, and serenity, and indulgence of your family. I am pretty sure he will deserve it all. Mrs. Patty languishes in town, and diets there on fools, in defect of friends. I am sorry to forsake her at such a time; and she is more sorry you live at such a distance. Her sister affirms, nobody of sense can live six miles out of London; and indeed I know nothing that can set her right, but the free use of the cane you bestowed upon me, and which I could wish to bestow upon her. I can't say my rambles contribute much to my health; yet I take no corporeal medicaments, but wholly apply to remedies of the mind: if human philosophy will not do, I must desire Mrs. Elliot to pray for me. My next journey is to Southampton, to my Lord Peterborow; where also I have a Catholic friend, who will take care of my soul; and shall dine with a Jesuit, thrice a week, worth all the priests in Essex, if you except Mr. Tripfack.

I desire you all to accept of my faithful services, and to know no man is more mindful of you, than,
dear Sir,

Your, etc.

* He appears to have been tutor to young Newsham.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

I HAD very long ago found a day liable to no accident of preventing me from seeing yourself and Mrs. Knight; but for a very tedious series of wretched ill health, that almost renders every day of my life wearisome and vexatious. My mother too has relapsed twice or thrice; and it is so melancholy to her to be quite alone, that I have in a manner kept home entirely. Twice I endeavoured to find you, as I think, since we last met. I wish it now; and, if I am not downright ill, will wait on you both next week. Guelfi sent me a letter this post, to whom I owed an arrear, thinking some things were wanting to be done, particularly to conceal better the joining of the urn. Pray send to him about it, and tell him (it will save me writing, and my head aches extremely), that, as soon as that is done, or if it be already done, I will pay him.

Be assured, dear Sir, of our hearty services to yourself and your lady,

I am, etc.

I hope you have read the book of the Bathos, and the last volume of our Miscellanies.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnham, Nov. 24.

I HAD some view of seeing you in the country ; but the weather proved so cold, that the Duchess of Bucks came back to town before I was ready to go to Lees. I am forced now to content myself with such informations of Mrs. Knight's state of health, as your people give me in Dover-street. If these be true, she is pretty well ; and I hope the cheerfulness you two can give one another, will make all that bad seasons, ill air, and uncomfortable prospects can do, ineffectual to molest or cloud you. Here the most unhappy gay people are reduced to mere children's play, and childish fights, to divert them. They go every day to stare at a mock coronation * on the stage, which is to be succeeded by a more ridiculous one of the Harlequins (almost as ridiculous a farce as the real state one of a coronation itself). After that, they hope for it again in a puppet-show, which is to recommend itself by another qualification, of having the exact portraits of the most conspicuous faces of our nobility in wax-work, so as to be known at sight, without Punch's help, or the master's pointing to each

* The Coronation of George II. which nearly ascertains the date of this Letter.

each with his wand as they pass. So much for news! 'Tis what passes most material in this metropolis; till you, Sir, with your fellow-members, come to find us greater business after Christmas.

At last I have seen the statue up, and the statuary down at the same time. The poor man has not been out of bed since. I sent part of the money to him, and offered him more, which he refused, till he has been at the Abbey, to do some little matter more to the hair (as I understand) and feet. The inscription on the urn is not done yet, though they (*promised*) it two months ago, and had the draught: but yesterday they sent to me again for it, which I can't conceive the meaning of, for I saw it scored on in the Abbey. I have sent it over again to Mr. Bird this day, however.

I shall think it a favour to hear of you both, when your leisure permits. Believe me a sincere well-wisher to you both, and (if you will allow me a higher title), dear Sir,

a faithful friend and affectionate servant.

My mother is well, and very much your's and Mrs. Knight's.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

Thursday, 7 in the Morning.

THERE has arisen such a tempest to-night, and in the morning is so blustering, that I think it unreasonable to tax Mrs. Knight's good-nature at such a rate, as to expect her here to-day. If she were one of those fine ladies who goes no where but for her own sake, and for her own dear amusements, and visits those whom she would hang in her passion, or beggar in her play; why then I should not be sorry to see her soured and mortified one wet day in the country for it. But as she intends to please me, and as I gratefully wish her to be pleased, I will not expect her if the weather does not perfectly change, so as you may be here before one o'clock: and pray name any day whatever else (after to-morrow, on which I am indispensably engaged). Nevertheless, as for you, Sir, if you fear neither wind, nor thunder, nor storm, according to your wonted alacrity, come on horseback forthwith, and appoint your other day yourself in person. I am very truly Mrs. Knight's, and, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

TO MRS. KNIGHT.

MADAM,

I WAS unlucky not to be able to find you the only day I have been in town : and the season now keeps me to the country, where all the business I have in the world is to be. I was, if I could have seen you, to have informed you of some curiosities (as I know you to like things of that nature) in shells, corals, and mineral ores, and congelations, which, I'm told, are very beautiful, and to be had at a very reasonable rate. I heard of them by chance : they belong to one Mrs. Dering, who brought them from the Indies, and lives at Mrs. Le Grand's. If you care to see them, Mrs. Patty Blount * will wait upon you thither, and be glad of the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you. I said something from you to her, which I have forgot, and was to say something from her to you since, which I have also forgot ; but you may take my word it was very civil, very reasonable, and very well intended. I hope you will meet some way or other upon better terms than silly civilities (as you desired, I know, to do) : if you don't meet at your own houses, let it be at mine. Pray acquaint me how soon

* Pope was generally anxious to introduce this lady among his friends. Teresa is never mentioned in this way. C.

soon you can do me the favour you promised of a day! Assure Mr. Knight of my hearty services, and believe me sincerely, Madam,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME*.

MADAM,

Southampton, Aug. 5, 1734.

IF I did not know you must take it for granted that I am always mindful of you, I should have been earlier in telling you such a piece of news. But the truth is, that all I ever think letters good for, is to convey to those who love one another the news of their welfare, and the knowledge that they continue in each other's memory. The first of these I heard by inquiries in London, which have been transmitted to me; and the last, I think so well both of you and myself, as to think unnecessary. I was very certain Mrs. Elliot's company would be an equivalent to you for all you could leave in town, and yours would be so to her. Indeed, I had a wish to make you a short visit by surprize, and see this with my own eyes; but the account given me at Stowe (where I had but one week to stay, and given me after I had been half-jumbled

* Mrs. Knight was now a second time a widow.

jumbled to death, and just before I was to be jumbled again in the abominable stoney roads thereabouts) gave me a terror I could not overcome; especially when, chancing to see a clergyman who lives by you, and whose name I have forgot, he told me the way was farther and worse than ever my fears had imagined. I have been but in a poor state of health, ever since I set out from home; and can scarce say I have found rest till (where you would least expect it) under my Lord Peterborow. This place is beautiful beyond imagination, and as easy as it is beautiful. I wish you and Mrs. Elliot saw it. Here is a very good Catholic lady in the house, and she and I might pray together for you. One motive, which perhaps may one time or other draw you, is, that the Duchesse of Montague is within ten miles of us, at Bewley, which, I'm told, is a fine situation on the sea, and I shall see it to-morrow: Lord Peterborow carries me thither. I had the satisfaction to hear this week from Mrs. Patty Blount, that you were well. She is got into Surrey to another Papist lady, and stays some time with her. I design to steer towards London before the end of this month. We expect here Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz. What can I say to you? I wish you very happy. I wish Mr. Newsham all that you wish him to have, and to be. Where is he, and Mr. Mallet? When shall you return to town? I desire you to be very kind to me, and very just to me; that is, to let me know you continue well, now, when I can no other way be sure of

of

of it, than by a line hither; and to believe me sincerely ever, with all esteem, Madam,

Your, etc.

I think I need not send Mrs. E. my services, for they will do her no good; but desire her prayers which may do me some.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

Sept. 1, 1734.

I DLE as I am, no opportunity can offer that puts me in mind of you, but I comply with that mind, which is always yours. It therefore must tell you, by this gentleman, how much I think of you; and that, if the body belonging to this mind were worth one farthing, it would follow it, and go to see you. But those wretched infirmities, which set it forward toward the blessings of another life, keep it back from doing what it likes in this. I am next week going from Southampton to London, where I shall impatiently expect you. I fancy you'll be as impatient to be in London, especially if Mrs. Elliot be not with you. I had the most entertaining letter imaginable from Mr. Mallet, from Wales. I sent it to our friend Patty; and

and she (if she is not stupid) will keep it, to shew to you when we all meet. God send it, and the sooner the better. Believe me, without more words, yours. First, the Post told you so, when I had no other messenger, then Harte * had a line to tell you so, and now Mr. Newsham.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

Southampton, Aug. 29, 1735.

I MUST keep my old custom of giving my friends now and then, once or twice a year, my testimony in writing that I love and esteem them, and that they have a place in my memory when I have been longest absent from them. I have never any thing else to say, and it is all that friendship and good-will can, or ought to say: the rest is only matter of curiosity, which a newspaper can better gratify. I desire no more, Madam, from you, than to tell me just the thing that most concerns me, and therefore is not impertinent to ask, that you are well, and in a peaceful or happy state of mind or body. I hope Mrs.

Elliot

* Rev. Walter Harte. He had the Living of Gosfield. C.

Elliot is with you, to contribute to yours, and increase her own happiness. It will not displease you to hear, that you are remembered at this distance, and in a place where you are not much acquainted: but when you know that I am here, and that Mr. Poyntz is here, you will easily expect it should be so; and not wonder that your health and Mr. Newsham's are drank at Lord Peterborow's table. I am taking my leave (a melancholy office) of a friend I have long had a true regard for, and one of the most obliging turn, and the finest talents to make others easy and pleased, of any that I ever knew. There will not be many finer gentlemen left in the world, unless Mr. Newsham, and some other of the second generation, be very much bent upon it to rival him.

Pray let Mr. Harte know I am always his sincere well-wisher. I wish I were a day or two with you, to see how happy he is, besides making myself so. But Fate keeps me far from you: at Stowe will be my next stage, where, if I can be soon enough, I would meet my Lady Suffolk, who is to stay there but a few days. Mrs. Blount is yet with her, and not less your *sincere* servant (I can tell you, though perhaps she may not), than the finest lady in Christendom: nay, I take her to be as sincere as Lady S. herself, though she is now no courtier. I desire you to think of me as you used to do, which I am sensible is as well as I deserved, and I deserve
just

just the same now, for I am just the same, that is,
faithfully, Madam,

Your most obliged (why not affectionate)
humble servant.

Mrs. Elliot will believe me sincerely her servant,
when I assure her so in all Christian truth, not in
worldly compliment.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Nov. 25, 1735.

YOU will not think my silence any evidence of my
forgetting you, after what I have declared to you
long ago. It is a pain to me to be writing things I
cannot express, to friends I cannot see; for both my
zeal for them, and my concern not to be nearer them,
puts me into an uneasiness not to be told. I was
much disappointed in not finding Mrs. Elliot: I was
at her door the day before I left London, and the first
day that I returned to it, which was the morning after
she went. If a desire to be with you some days would
transport me beyond such necessary business as my
relations and friends find for me, I assure you my
own business would not hinder my complying with it.

I have not, for I cannot forget what you mention in relation to Mr. Harte: one of the livings I can have no possible view of, knowing nothing towards the Duke of Rutland. The other, of Lord Essex, I'll speak to Lord Cornbury upon, who is but just returned from abroad. I've hopes of seeing him soon: but God knows, these are remote views.

To prove to you how little essential to friendship I hold letter-writing, after the experience of thirty years (for so long Mr. Curl tells you I kept a regular correspondence), I have not yet written to Mr. Mallet, whom I love and esteem greatly, nay whom I know to have as tender a heart, and that feels a friendly remembrance as long as any man. Pray send him the inclosed: 'tis all I can say, for (as I told you before) it makes me quite sick to be put upon the pikes, to be saying such things as can only be felt, not said. When do you come to town? The rascally *builders*, as you call them, do not deserve that name; they pull down more than they build up, and will keep you out of your house for ever, if you don't come and drive them out. Mrs. Patty loves you, and hopes no woman of quality can love you better; for then she would wish to be a woman of quality. I love you (modestly speaking), and I love Mrs. Elliot (Christianly speaking); so pray love and forgive him who is truly and morally hers, and, dear Madam,

I

Your, etc.



Engraved by C. Knight from a Drawing by Gardner.

M^{RS} NUGENT.

*From a Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller,
in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Gosfield.*

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1. 1807.

LETTER XVII.

TO MRS. NUGENT*.

MADAM,

Sept. 6, 1736.

I TAKE your rebuke in Mrs. Blount's letter kindly ; but indeed I know nothing so fruitless as letter-writing. It can amount only to this, to be certified that our friends live, and that we live mindful of them ; the first of which one may generally know otherwise, and the latter no friend can or ought to doubt. I have often heard of you ; and, without hearing particulars, am satisfied, that while you are alive, you are doing some good, and remembering those of whom you have the same opinion. Indeed, I know but one circumstance in which it is very pleasing (if not very reasonable) on both sides, to demand, and to tell, all particulars of, and to one another : it is, when two people are in love. Now you see, Madam, that whenever I write to you often, it

* On the 23d March 1736, Mrs. Knight was married to Robert Nugent, Esq. who, after filling several offices of state, was, in 1767, advanced to the peerage of Ireland, by the titles of Baron Nugent of Carlanstown, and Viscount Clare, and afterwards was created Earl Nugent, with remainder, in default of issue male, to George Grenville-Nugent-Temple, now Marquis of Buckingham, who married his daughter Mary, now Marchioness of Buckingham. Earl Nugent died Oct. 13, 1788. C.

it will amount to a direct declaration, which I fear would immediately make you yourself put a stop to it. Therefore, not to be impertinent at my age, I'll be content with putting you in mind (though I think myself happy enough not to believe it necessary) that I wish to be your servant in any thing. But it would be downright impudence to imagine your regard for me extended to a desire of knowing a thousand things about a person so little significant to your real service or welfare.

I like better the Christian language, of saying *I pray* for yours here and hereafter; which is true, and which is, in reality, all we can do for one another, for the most part: and I think Mrs. Elliot will be on my side.

If we both join in these prayers, I hope more good may accrue to your soul, than I dare name, or than the Rev. Mr. Harte may allow of.

In the mean time, I will only pray that you may be delivered from all evil, and particularly, in the first place, from all evil workers, or workmen, who are as dirty and as noisy as devils, in your house. But you may wish me joy of workmen in my garden; which I think as delightful, as the others are dreadful. You may as much expect to see a new garden, when you come to Twitnam, as I to see a new house when I go to Gosfield. I hope they will drive you out to London, since I shall be kept hereabouts all the autumn. I guess Mr. Harte is in his element, among builders
and

and bookcases: I wish him happy sincerely in every thing.

I foresee Mr. Newsham's return is approaching. I doubt not he will bring you back the completion of your happiness; and if he does, I must say you will owe something to Mr. Mallet, in not only restoring you a son as good as he carried him out (which few tutors do), but in a great degree making and building up, as well as strengthening and improving, what is the greatest work man or woman ought to be proud of, a worthy mind and sound body. May the just occasion of so much pride and pleasure to you, ever continue! Nothing on earth better than this can be wished you by

A. P.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

Saturday, Oct. 30, 1736.

AFTER hoping to be able to dine with you this day, my very uneasy indisposition of cholic and head-ach rendered it impracticable: and it has continued in such a manner all this day too, that I find I must never attempt to dine so late as a fashionable hour. I really dread the consequences of doing it at Marble-Hill;

Hill * ; when you set out thence after twelve, it will be three before you can be there, and four before they'll dine. I can, therefore, upon serious consideration, no more propose any enjoyment in waiting on you on Monday ; but rather will meet you at Lady Suffolk's that day or the next, and go home in the mean time as I can, dreading a fresh cold. You see what an unable man you have to do with ! Well may he call himself an humble, very humble servant.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME,

FROM MARTHA BLOUNT AND MR. POPE.

December 10, 1736.

I RESOLVE to write to you once before you come to town, though you make ever so much haste, as I think both by inclination and necessity you will ; and though I have nothing to say to you but to Mrs. Elliot, and nothing to say to her but about horses. Mr. Noell hears she no longer hires horses of the man she employed last year, therefore begs me to desire he may have her custom again. I hope this petition will operate soon, as I hope her devotion this Christmas will

* The feat of Lady Suffolk.

will bring her hither, and that you will not be able to stay behind her. Lady Suffolk and Mr. Berkley are well, and in town: the King is expected on Sunday. Though there is so little in this letter, you will take it not the less kindly, since it contains so great a truth as the assurance of being to you both a faithful and ever mindful servant,

M. BLOUNT.

I HAVE hindered Mrs. B. from making her letter longer, and now find I have as little to say myself. But about Christmas time there is great plenty of good wishes sent about the kingdom, and I should be ashamed if Gosfield had not mine. It is a place I have been very happy in, and abounds with plenty, peace, and cheerful countenances. I doubt not at this season all people *round it* are happy; God forbid any one *in it* should not! when it is considered that nothing has been done but by his ordination.

I am naturally led, from a Christian sentence, to think of Mrs. Elliot, for whose welfare of body and mind I sincerely wish, not to say pray. I hope, as Mrs. B. does, that the motive she mentions cannot fail to bring her to town, and then you cannot stay long, if at all, behind. Believe, among all those who desire this, none does it more than

Your, etc.

will bring her father, and then you will not be able to
 stay behind her. I have written to Mr. Barker and
 will send it to you: the King is expected on Sunday.
 Though there is no letter in this letter, you will take it
 for the best kind, since it contains no great trouble
 the assurance of being in your both a child and ever
 united letter, and a great deal of love.

I have hindered Mrs. B. from making her letter
 longer, and now find I have as little to say myself.
 But about Christmas time there is great plenty of good
 wishes sent about the kingdom, and I should be
 ashamed if God had not sent me. It is a place I
 have been very happy in, and abound with plenty
 peace, and cheerful countenance. I doubt not at
 this season all people want it and pray: God forbid
 any one be it should not when it is abundant that
 nothing has been done but by his ordination.

of I am naturally led from a Christian's conscience to
 think of Mrs. Barker, for whose welfare of body and
 mind I sincerely wish not to say pray. I hope, as
 Mrs. B. does, that the more she knows of the
 that to bring her to town, and then you cannot say
 along it as all to mind. Believe me, all this who
 desire that, more does it mean than

Yours, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

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LETTER I.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT TO MARTHA BLOUNT*.

DEAR PATTY,

Dublin, Feb. 29, 1727-8.

I AM told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almost a confession that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of looking on me as a man *sans* consequence, it is what I will never understand. I am told likewise you grow every day younger, and more a fool, which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiser and older, and at this rate we shall never agree. I long to see you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and visit in a chair, for which you must starve next summer at Peterham, with a mantua out at the sides; and sponge once a week at our house, without ever inviting us in a whole season to a cowheel at home. I wish you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come, but we will leave Mr.

Gay

* The direction is simply, "To Patty Blount."

Gay to his Beggars and his Operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you pass this summer, for want of a squire to Ham-Common and Walpole's Lodge; for as to Richmond Lodge and Marble-hill, they are abandoned as much as Sir Spencer Compton's and Mr. Schabe's coach, that used to give you so many a set-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You must be forced to get a horse, and gallop with Mrs. Jansen and Miss Bedier. Your greatest happiness is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the Dean; but I suppose Mr. Pope is so just as to pay our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unless you are so happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a cast-away, of which I think he hath given me some hints. However, I would advise you to pass this summer at Kensington, where you will be near the Court, and out of his jurisdiction; where you will be teased with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up a hundred pounds of your principal for quadrille. Monstrous, indeed, that a fine lady, in the prime of life and gaiety, must take up with an antiquated Dean, an old gentlewoman of fourscore, and a sickly poet. I will stand by my dear Patty against the world, if Teresa beats you for your good, and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpose. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr.

Delany

Delany came last night to the Deanry, and being denied, without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and so I must send this by the post. I bought your Opera to-day for sixpence, so small printed, that it will spoil my eyes. I ordered you to send me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almost finished the letter; but by mistake I took up this instead of it, and so the six lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you must read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greatest concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard after near six months' absence. I hope you have done with your rash and other little disorders, and that I shall see you a fine young, healthy, plump lady; and if Mr. Pope chides you, threaten him that you will turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your truest friends and humblest servants; and that, since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland, he at the Deanery, and you, for reputation's sake, just at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings, a thing you could never expect to arrive at, and every year a suit of fourteen-penny stuff, that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs

costs but sixpence a jobb ; and you shall have Catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your Confessor. Adieu again, dear Patty.

THE ANSWER*.

TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR,

May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter: but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and not told me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclination, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you ; and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare ; which merit some remembrance, without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you ; for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill : but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, since Christmas (at which time I had
my

* We have but few specimens of Miss Blount's Letters. This is here reprinted as one of the most favourable: it was first published by Deane Swift, Esq. in 1775. C.

my fever and rash) neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the Mourning*, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown and a scoured white one have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for Peterham, where we talk of going in three weeks: and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire that I had last year. I am very unwilling to change: and, moreover, I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new dangles; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at Court, I will tell you where the Royal Family design to pass their summer: two months at Richmond Lodge, the same time at Hampton-Court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction†.

Dr.

* General mourning for the death of George I.

C.

† This shameful intrigue is minutely detailed by Lord Orford, in his "Reminiscences;" and the event alluded to in this Letter is, that "during the summer a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour, and the possession of his wife, for a pension of twelve hundred a year."

C.

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with : he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing : he is gone to the Bath. I wish you were ordered there ; for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at Court, I would soon convince you that I am, very sincerely,

Your faithful friend, and very humble servant,

M. B.

LETTER II.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM PATT,

Twitenham Garret,
Thursday Morn. at Nine.

YOU are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the inclosed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourself, and to send a direct answer to your humble servant by my humble servant the bearer. Being at an end of all my shoes and stockings, I am not able to

to wait on you to-day, after so rainy a night and so suspicious a morning.

Mrs. Pope is *yours*; but I, with the greatest respect,
Madam,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray do not give a copy of this Letter to Curl the bookseller.

LETTER III.

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO MARTHA
BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM,

Ambresbury, July 23, 1752.

As I am not the first, nor, I fear, the last person, who has occasionally neglected their best friend for the sake of a glut of racketting passengers, I shall be less ashamed to own to you I might have answered yours sooner; and I wish this unnatural delay would provoke you to come directly hither, to ask why I am so tardy; whereas no answer is worth receiving unless it comes glibly, and I find mine does not occur currently, and, besides, (*is*) very much clogged with but's.

Dear Mrs. Blunt* has formerly honoured little Peterham, which fitted her as a glove; but now comes my But: but how can I accommodate her sister? for my own apartment must remain empty absolutely, though the King himself were to borrow our little habitation at Peterham; and the number of refiders are considerably increased since Mrs. Blunt was last there under the care of Kaite and Price Lambert.

I wish you and I were sitting *tête à tête*, for that would be every way best of all; and I think, supposing I could not prevail on you to continue with me, I could in talk, better than by writing, mumble over that I have no mind to make a compliment to a Lady I have never been acquainted with; and yet am very sorry to dissent from any proposal made to me by an acquaintance I really love and honour sincerely, and very sincerely invited to do herself good in our Nut-shell, which she herself is still heartily welcome to. Though she inquires after all our healths, without saying one word of her own, which we all wish good, with all our hearts; we are extremely well, and much obliged to dear Mrs. Blunt for her kind remembrance. I am really and truly, very faithfully and affectionately,

Your, etc. etc.

CATHERINE, QUEENSBERRY and DOVER.

* So spelt by her Grace, and by other Correspondents.

C.

I have

I have no gilt paper at hand : pray excuse this unadorned Letter. Pray let the bearer know when you intend being at Petersham, because he will write to the family there to get your bed well aired.

LETTER IV.

LADY TEMPLE TO THE SAME.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. Blunt, if I have no sooner performed my promise of writing to you : but I need not beg pardon, since you will easily excuse it ; for I fear my Letters will have nothing in them entertaining, and I can't flatter myself that I have any share in your friendship, since happy Mrs. Moore is my rival. With this melancholy reflection, I had once resolved never to write ; but when I considered, that perhaps you would sometimes make me happy by your Letters, I was no longer in suspense what to do, but resolved to write till your silence forbids me. I don't hear much news yet ; the town is going into mourning for six months for the Prince's sister, in cloth and Norwich stuff. I suppose you hear that pretty Mrs. Foresthur (qu. *Forrester*) is the new Maid of Honour, and that my Lord Dorset is married to Jenny Roach, a common woman he has kept. They say she is ugly,

but has a great deal of wit. We have a new play-house a-building, and a new Actor, which people like mightily. I wish any thing could bring you to town.

Dear Madam,

Your very humble servant,

C. TEMPLE.

My very humble service to Mrs. Blount. If you do me the favour to write, direct for me at Mama's, in Golden Square, London.

November 7th, 1704.

LETTER V.

MR. POPE TO MRS. PRICE, AT SPAW.*

PRAY, Madam, tell my Lord Cornbury †, I am not worse than he left me, though I have endured some uneasiness since, besides that which his indisposition, when I parted, gave me. I am amply rewarded by his very kind Letter, and the good news it brought me of his amendment. I have had a correspondence with my Lord Clarendon, who has in the most obliging manner imputed his journey to Spa to the encouragement I gave him to travel, and to the experience that he was abler to do so than he imagined

* Communicated by Uvedale Price, Esq.

† See a character of this Nobleman, Vol. iv. p. 156.

gined himself. I earnestly wish his return, but not till he can bring himself whole to us, who want honest and able men too much to part from him: I hope, therefore, to see him this Sessions in full health and spirit. Madam, as to yourself, it would be some compliment in me to put any Lady in the same line with him; but as I know he likes your company, and as I know you deserve he should, I make no apology either to you or to him. *Sint tales animæ concordēs!* (as you very well understand) is the best wish I can form for you both: and I leave it to his Lordship to translate, if you pretend you cannot. Sure I am you have already translated it into your life and manners, if not into your language. I desired Mrs. Blount to write this sentence to you, and with it her service to Lord Cornbury, but she would not trust herself with so much Latin: I know some Ladies that would. If you don't come home, it imports you to be extremely the better for being abroad, for we shall be extremely the worse for it: so pray mend as fast as you can, the only way you can be mended. I am, Madam,

Your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER VI.

MARTHA BLOUNT TO MRS. PRICE.

DEAR MADAM,

Sept. 8, 1740.

CONSIDERING how long I have been without writing to you, you will think I have no fair pretence to take ill your not writing to me: but the case is very different. You could give me great pleasure in telling me you had a good journey, that the waters did you good, etc. this is the chief: I could add, you do and can write agreeable Letters; you know I cannot: I can only repeat, what I have often told you, in a very dull but very sincere way, that nobody has more regard for you, nor is more interested in all that concerns your health and happiness, and wish you both with all my heart. I am told you don't come back this winter, which I grieve at, till you convince me 'tis for your advantage. I am also told Mrs. Pitt has left you much better in health, and that your liking and opinion of each other is just what I foretold. I hope my dear Miss Greville is in good health; pray assure her of my affectionate services. I have been ten days at Richmond, and confined ever since I came with a violent cold. I rejoice at Lord Cornbury's good health, and am his very faithful servant. The Princess lies in in the beginning of December. Lady Charlotte Edwine is gone to Bristol, I fear far gone

gone in a consumption. Mrs. Greville* was extremely kind and obliging to me, when I was last at the Grove: I think all that country excessively fine. Miss Longs were there all the time: we played at quadrille; and every thing was so agreeable, that instead of staying as I proposed, a week, I stayed five.

I was just going to give you and Lord Cornbury an account of Mr. Pope; but he is come to see me, and will do it himself. I've also desired him to say something for me; for I can say so little for myself, that by all I can say, you'll not believe me half so much as I sincerely am, my dear Mrs. Price,

Your most faithful and affectionate

humble servant,

M. BLOUNT.

I can't quite forgive your writing to all your acquaintance, some of which, I think, deserved that favour less than I did, before you gave me that pleasure.

They have given over talking of the Duchess of B. I don't hear her named now: I was sensible of the grief that affair gave you. Adieu. I hope your son is well.

* Mrs. Greville was sister to Mrs. Price, grand-mother to Uvedale Price, Esq. and I believe she was the

“Greville, whose eyes have power to make

A Pope of every swain.”

They were daughters of Lord Arthur Somerset, and of course interested in the divorce of the Duchess of Beaufort, who is mentioned in the latter postscript, and who, after her divorce, was married to Col. Fitzroy, and had by him the present Duchess of Norfolk.

LETTER VII.

MR. GEORGE ARBUTHNOT* TO MARTHA
BLOUNT.

MADAM,

I AM sorry I had not an opportunity of waiting on you before you went out of town which the hurry I was in at the close of the term prevented. Above and on the other side you receive a state of Mr. Pope's affairs. As £2100 and upwards is to be raised on the securities on which the money now is it is proper you and Mrs. Racket should agree on what should be called in or sold and the remainder may be contrived for you to receive the interest of for your life. I believe there is but £.700 due on Mr. Bethell's bond and as you are willing to take that in part of your £.1000 there will remain but 14 or £.1500 to be raised and still less if you stay till Wright and Bower's accounts are settled which shall be done with all expedition tho' there is not above £.1500 now to be raised If you and Mrs. Racket desire it all the securities may be called in and the produce vested in such other securities as you and Mrs. Racket shall agree on but if you are both of opinion some of them should be continued we need only call in what is sufficient to
raise

* Of the Court of Exchequer, only son of Dr. Arbuthnot, and one of Pope's Executors. According to the practice of Lawyers, he uses very few points in this Letter. C.

raise the money now wanted as the executors are to act merely for your own and Mrs. Racket and her sons interest it is proper I should have your directions. I hope you enjoy perfect health in the country where I wish you all manner of diversion and a pleasant season. I am Madam

Your most obedient servant

Castle-Yard

GEO. ARBUTHNOT.

23 July 1745.

STATE OF MR. POPE'S AFFAIRS MENTIONED IN THE
ABOVE.

Four bonds delivered by Mr. Pope to Mr. Murray
27 May 1744.

Allen Lord Bathurst's bond dated 25 March 1738 for £.2000 of which paid off as appears by endorsement £.1000 and £.500.

Bond of William Pannett sen. and William Pannett the younger citizen and grocer of London—12 Feb. 1714 for £.200 with interest at 4 *per cent*.

Bond of Slingsby Bethell Esq. dated 27th March 1744 for £.1000.

Bond of Ralph Allen Esq. dated 25 June 1743 for £.2000.

These bonds are now in Mr. Murray's hands.

It appears by a letter of Mrs. Watts and a memorandum of Mr. Pope's that he had 31 shares in the Sun Fire Office purchased at £.1011. 7s.

Mr. Pope likewise mentions in a memorandum of the effects that Wright and Bower the printers would

be indebted to him when their accounts were settled £.200 or £.300 but their accounts are not yet settled.

There was £.200 in Mr. Drummond's hands at Mr. Pope's death, but it has been all drawn out of his hands except £.44. 2s. 6d. to pay his debts and funeral expences.

I have now in my hands £.49. 16s. and a bill of exchange from Mr. Allen for £.50, which will be due in two or three days.

I believe all Mr. Pope's debts are paid excepting £.100 and interest to Mr. Warburton and Mr. and Mrs. Searle's wages which the money in my hands and Mr. Drummond's will probably discharge.

The legacies to be paid are—

£.1000 to Mrs. Blount.

300 to Mrs. Racket.

200 to her sons Henry and Robert.

100 to John Searle and a year's wages to him and Mrs. Searle.

20 to the poor of Twickenham.

£.1620 and the year's wages to Searle and his wife.

150 to Mr. Allen or the Bath Hospital.

£.1770

300 and interest to be paid for the house Mrs. Blount now lives in.

So that there must be above £.2100 raised out of these four bonds and the Sun Fire-Office Shares.

* LETTER VIII.

MR. POPE TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF
HAMILTON.

London, October—

MADAM,

Between day and night.—

M^{RS.} Whitworth (who as her Epitaph on Twitnam Highway assures us, had attained to as much perfection and purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited according to her own order between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found at the last Resurrection.

I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like situation, between a honey-suckle and a rose-bush; where you are to continue as long as canvas can last: I suppose the painter by those emblems intended to intimate, on the one hand, your Grace's sweet disposition to your friends; and, on the other, to shew you are near enough related to the thistle of

Lord William Scotland to deserve the same motto
will confer this with regard to your enemies. *Nemo*
Latine if you send
it to Thistleworth. *me impunè laceffit.*

The two foregoing periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any statesmen or divines about you, they can't chuse but be pleased with them. One divine you cannot be without

* The preceding Letters are now first published: this and the following are reprinted from the "Additions to Pope's Works," with the Notes, by the Editor of that collection.

out, as a good christian; and a statesman you have lately had, for I hear my Lord Selkirk has been with you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I must tell your Grace in English, that I have made a painter bestow the aforesaid ornaments round about you (for upon you there needs none), and I am, upon the whole, pleased with my picture beyond expression. I may now say of your picture, it is the thing in the world the likest you, except yourself; as a cautious person once said of an elephant, it was the biggest in the world, except itself.

You see, Madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an elephant: and you must give me leave to show you one may carry on the simile.

An elephant never bends his knees; and I am told your Grace says no prayers. An elephant has a most remarkable command of his snout, and so has your Grace when you imitate my Lady O——y. An elephant is a great lover of men, and so is your Grace for all I know, tho' from your partiality to myself, I should rather think you lov'd little children.

I beg you not to be discouraged in this point. Remember the text which I'll preach upon, the first day I am a parson. *Suffer little children to come to me—And—Despise not one of these little ones.*

No, Madam—despise great bears, such as Gay; who now goes by the dreadful name of, *The Beast of Blois*, where Mr. Pulteney and he are settled, and where he shows tricks gratis, to all the beasts of his own country

try (for strangers do not yet understand the voice of the beast). I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lepell thrice: if there be any that has heard from him four times, I suppose it is you.

I beg Mr. Blondel may know, Dr. Logg has received Ordination, and enters upon his function this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have chosen this innocent man for their confessor; and I believe most Roman Catholick ladies, that have any sins, will follow their example. This good priest will be of the order of Melchisedeck, a priest for ever, and serve a family from generation to generation. He'll stand in a corner as quietly as a clock, and being wound up once a week, strike up a loud alarum to sin on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the Christian Religion should be abolish'd (as indeed there is great reason to expect it from the wisdom of the Legislature), he might at worst make an excellent bonfire, which is all that (upon a change of religion) can be desired from a heretique. I do not hope your Grace should be converted, but however I wish you would call at Mrs. B.'s out of curiosity. To meet people one likes, is thought by some the best reason for going to church, and I dare promise you'll like one another. They are extreamly your servants, or else I should not think them my friends.

I ought to keep up the custom, and ask you to send me something. Therefore pray, Madam, send me
yourself,

yourself, that is, a letter; and pray make haste to bring up yourself, that is all I value, to towne. I am, with the truest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal, Madam,

Your Grace's most obedient, faithfull,
and most humble servant,
A. POPE.

Mr. Hamilton, I am your's.

There is a short letter for you.

LETTER IX.

MR. POPE TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE *.

MADAM,

Twit'nam, Jan. 27, 1720.

I THINK myself obliged by your Grace's many condescensions of goodness to me, in particular your informing me by a line of Dr. Ch—'s † state of health. I am really impatient to hear further of him.

The

* The Duke married to his third wife Catherine, natural daughter of king James II. (by Catherine Sidley, daughter of Sir Charles Sidley, whom he created Countess of Dorchester, and who, upon his abdicating the throne, married the Earl of Portmore): He dignified her with the name of the lady Catherine Darnley, gave her the place of a Duke's daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was, very young, left a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced by the King and both Houses of Parliament, for the Earl's ill-usage of her.

† Chamberlen's.

The morning I left the town, I went with Mr. Jervas to Belluchi's *, but parting in haste, I had not his opinion at large; only he assures me, he thinks the figures will not be too small, considering that those which are nearest the eye, are, at least, as large as the life. I can't but be of opinion, that my Lord Duke's and your Grace's, ought to be made portraits, and as like as possible; of which they have yet no resemblance. There being no picture (as I believe) of the Duke in profile, it might be well, I fancy, if Belluchi copied the side-face from that busto that stands in the salon.

I beg your Grace's pardon for the freedom with which I write to you: and I ought to ask it, (now I think on't,) on another occasion, in which I have used too much freedom: having a great esteem for the famous Bononcini, not only from his great fame, but from a personal knowledge of his character; and this being increased by the ill-treatment he has met with here, I ventured, among other persons of the first distinction, who subscribed to me for his compositions, newly engraved, to set down the name of
your

* An Italian painter, who composed the Duke's monument, to which this alludes; whereon are represented the portraiture of his Grace, habited like a Roman general; and at his feet, that of her Grace weeping. On the top of the basis of the column, is seen, in relievo, Time bearing away the four deceased Children of the Duchess, whose effigies are represented in profile-bustos, supported by Cupids lamenting.

your Grace. When I did this, your Grace was at Bath, and I forgot ever since to tell you of it, 'till now, when the book's * coming out, put me in mind of it.

If you can excuse this fault, I sincerely think I shall not err this way again, 'till such another great man as Bononcini arises, (for whenever that happens, I doubt not the English will use him as scurvily,) but that your Grace needs not apprehend, during our lives. I am, with the sincerest respect, Madam,

Your Grace's most obliged,

most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER X.

MR. POPE TO LORD —.

MY LORD,

I HAD (the best kind of honour) the pleasure of both your letters. I never was more earnest for any innocent thing than to enjoy the sylvan bower this season. One desire only overcame it, that of having you a witness of the pleasure I should take in it. The moment I find myself disappointed of that hope, I fly thither. Accordingly we lie there to-night.

I can't tell you in what a manner I am affected by
every

* His Cantatas.

every thing you say to me. I begin to wish I desired more things, to give you the pleasure of gratifying me in 'em. The ladies I talk'd of have disappointed me (that is, disappointed you) in taking away my expectation of seeing them. I'll not say a word more for fear of writing like those that mean nothing, that is, writing in all the terms of respect and gratitude: for the rogues (as Montaign says) have got all those expressions in their possession, and have left no honest man wherewithal to speak his mind unsuspectedly. I'd rather send you any thing else, as you'll see by the pains I have prevailed on Mr. Gay to take in the enclosed, who is as I am, with truth and esteem,

Your, etc.

A. POPE.

LETTER XI.

TO HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

June 10th, 1711.

I WAS extremely concern'd to leave you ill when I parted from the town, and desir'd Mr. Thorold to give me an account of the state of your health by the next coach: he omitted to do it, and I have not been since at Mr. Englefyld's, till yesterday, when I receiv'd the ill news that you continu'd ill, or much as I left you: I hope this is not true, and shall be very uneasy in my fears for your health till I have a farther account from yourself, which I beg you not to

defer.

defer. I hope the air of this forest may perfectly recover you, and wish you would to that end try it sooner than the end of the month; if you desire Mr. Thorold, he will at a day's warning take a place for you. My father joins in this request, and Mr. Englefyld is overjoy'd with the hopes of seeing you at his house. When I have your company I cannot but be well, and hope from the knowledge of this, that you can't be very ill in mine. I beg you to believe no man can take a greater interest in your welfare, or be more heartily affected towards you than myself; who am, with all the esteem and tenderness of a friend, dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

January 25, 1711.

IF my letter pleas'd you, yours overjoy'd me; and I expect impatiently your kind visit: a little room and a little heart are both at your service, and you may be secure of being easy in 'em at least, tho' not happy. For you shall go just your own way, and keep your own hours, which is more than can be done often in places of greater entertainment—As to
your

your letter of Critical Remarks on Dryden's Virgil, I can only say, most of what you observe are true enough, but of no great consequence (in my opinion at least). Line 250. "And sanctify the shame"—seems to me very beautiful; and so does—" 'tis doubly to be dead." Line 946. "And bandy'd words still beat about his ears."—This I have thought gross as well as you. I agree with you that the 993d line, "And clos'd her lids at last in endless night"—is contradictory to the sense of Virgil; for so, as you say, Iris might have been spar'd. And in the main 'tis to be confess'd that the translator has been freer with the character of Dido than his modest author wou'd allow. I am just taking horse to see a friend five miles off, that I may have no little visits abroad to interrupt my happiness at home when you are here. So that I can but just assure you, how pleas'd I am in the expectation of it, and how sincerely I shall ever be, dear Sir,

Your most oblig'd and affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. Pray bring a very considerable number of pint bottles with you; this might seem a strange odd request, if you had not told me you wou'd stay but as many days as you brought bottles; therefore you can't bring too many, tho' we are here no drunkards. 'Tis a fine thing to have a learned quotation for every occasion, and Horace helps me to one now:

—Non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plena dives ut in domo.

Ode 12. l. 4.

And to another, Ep. 5. l. 1.

Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares—

And once more, Sat. 2. l. 2.

—bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo atque hædo; tum pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplici ficu.

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

P. S. Mr. Lintot favoured me with a sight of Mr. Dennis's piece of fine satire * before 'twas published; I desire you to read it, and give me your opinion, in what manner such a critick ought to be answered?

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND this only to let you know how much our whole family desire to hear of your safe arrival in London, and the continuance of your health: you have without compliment obliged us all so much

* Remarks on the Essay on Criticism.

much by your friendly acceptance of so poor an entertainment here, that you could by nothing have obliged us more, but by staying longer. But I take so short a visit only as an earnest of a more kind one hereafter; as we just call upon a friend sometimes only to tell him he shall see us again.—All you saw in this country charge me to assure you of their humble service, and the ladies in particular, who look upon us as but plain country-fellows since they saw you, and heard more civil things in that fortnight, than they expect from the whole shire of us, in an age. The trophy you bore away from one of 'em, in your snuff-box, will doubtless preserve her memory, and be a testimony of your admiration, for ever :

“ As long as Mocha's happy tree shall grow,
 “ While berries crackle, or while mills shall go;
 “ While smoking streams from silver spouts shall glide,
 “ Or China's earth receive the fable tide;
 “ While coffee shall to British nymphs be dear;
 “ While fragrant steams the bended head shall chear;
 “ Or grateful bitters shall delight the taste,
 “ So long her honour, name, and praise, shall last !”

Pray give my service to all my few friends, and to Mr. Gay in particular. Farewell; that is, drink strong coffee. *Ingere tibi calices amariores.* I am, with all sincerity, dear Sir, Your most faithful friend,
 and humble servant,

July 15th, 1711.

A. POPE.

LETTER XIV.

[The following Letter to Pope's early Correspondent, Cromwell, has been omitted in the editions of Pope's Works. It is here retained, as being curious, and illustrative of Cromwell's particularities, as well as on account of the contrast it forms to the more laboured epistles. It appears to have been written in the thoughtless gaiety of the moment, and is therefore a more natural transcript of Pope's feelings. Certainly it is such as no one need be ashamed of; and it is in some degree interesting, from the reasons which have been mentioned. At the same time a very few indelicate passages, which youth might excuse, have been expunged.]

MR. POPE TO HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

SIR,

April 25, 1708.

THIS Letter greets you from the shades;
(Not those which thin unbody'd shadows fill,

That glide along th' Elysian glades,
Or skim the flow'ry meads of Asphodill:)

But those, in which a learned author said,

Strong drink was drunk, and gambols play'd,
And two substantial meals a-day were made. }

The business of it is t' express,

From me and from my holiness,

To you, and to your gentleness,

How much I wish you health and happiness;

And

And much good news, and little spleen as may be;
 A hearty stomach, and sound lady;
 And ev'ry day a double dose of coffee,
 To make you look as sage as any Sophy.

For the rest, I must be content in plain prose to assure you, that I am very much obliged to you for the favour of your Letter, and in particular for the translation of that one Latin verse, which cost you three in English,

“ One short, one long,
 One smooth, one strong,
 One right, one wrong.” }

But if I may be allowed to object against any thing you write (which I must do, if it were only to be even with you for your severity to me) it shou'd be that passage in yours, where you are pleas'd to call the whores of Drury-lane, the nymphs of Drury. I must own it was some time before I could frame to myself any plausible excuse for this expression; but affection (which you know, Sir, excuses all things) at last furnished me with one in your justification; which I have here sent you, in verse, that you may have at least some rhyme to defend you, though you should have no reason.

* * * * *

I made no question but the news of Sappho's staying behind me in the town, would surprize you. But
 she

she is since come into the country, and, to surprize you more, I will inform you, that the first person she named, when I waited on her, was one Mr. Cromwell. What an ascendant have you over all the sex, who could gain the fair one's heart by appearing before her in a long, black, unpowdered perriwig; nay, without so much as the very extremities of clean linen in neck-cloth and cuffs! I guess that your friend Vertumnus, among all the forms he assum'd to win the good graces of Pomona, never took upon him that of a slovenly beau. Well, Sir, I leave you to your meditations on this occasion, and to languish unactive (as you call it).

But I find I have exceeded my bounds, and begin to travel on the confines of impertinence. However, to make you amends, I shall desire Mr. Wycherley to deliver you this letter, who will be sure, in less than a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, to give you wit enough to atone for twice as much dulness as I have troubled you with. Therefore I shall only give my respects to some of our acquaintance, and conclude,

To Baker first my service, pray;

To Tydcombe eke,

And Mr. Cheek;

Last to yourself my best respects I pay,

And so remain, for ever and for ay,

SIR,

Your affectionate humble servant.

LETTERS

A LADY.

LETTERS

TO

A LADY.

THE following Letters were published by Doddsley in 1769, who had the originals in his possession. Who the Lady was to whom they were addressed, it is perhaps in vain now to inquire. It appears she was inclined to Poetry, and was in habits of friendship with Mrs. Howard. She could not have been Lady M. Montagu, for she is constantly called Mrs. —, and at this time his acquaintance with Lady M. was on the decline. He alludes to this in the pleasing Verses on the Lady's Picture :

“ Tho' sprightly Sappho *force* our *love* and *praise*,
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays.” }

It appears, from circumstances, the Letters were written between the years 1722 and 1723.

LETTERS

TO

A L A D Y.

LETTER I.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Oct. 18.

WE are indebted to Heaven for all things, and, above all, for our sense and genius (in whatever degree we have it); but to fancy yourself indebted to any thing else, moves my anger at your modesty. The regard I must bear you, seriously proceeds from myself alone; and I will not suffer even one I like so much as Mrs. H. to have a share in causing it. I challenge a kind of relation to you on the *soul's* side, which I take to be better than either on a father's or mother's; and if you can overlook an ugly *body* (that stands much in the way of any friendship, when it is between different sexes), I shall hope to find you a true and constant kinswoman in Apollo. Not that I would place all my pretensions upon that poetical foot, much less confine them to it; I am far more desirous to be admitted as yours, on the more meritorious title of friendship. I have ever believed this as a sacred maxim, that the most ingenious natures

were the most sincere; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the best friends. Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in capacity, the most distinguished in morality; and those the most to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they should be so. I beg you to make me no more compliments. I could make you a great many, but I know you neither need them, nor can like them: be so good as to think I do not. In one word, your writings are very good, and very entertaining; but not so good, nor so entertaining, as your life and conversation. One is but the effect and emanation of the other. It will always be a greater pleasure to me to know you are well, than that you write well, though every time you tell me the one, I must know the other. I am willing to spare your modesty; and therefore, as to your writing, may perhaps never say more (directly to yourself) than the few Verses I send here; which (as a proof of my own modesty too) I made so long ago as the day you sat for your picture, and yet never till now durst confess to you.

Tho' sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
 A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
 The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays.
 So, while the Sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
 All mild appears the Moon's more sober light,
 Serene, in virgin majesty, she shines;
 And, unobserved, the glaring sun declines.

The

The brightest wit in the world, without the better qualities of the heart, must meet with this fate; and tends only to endear such a character as I take yours to be. In the better discovery, and fuller conviction of which, I have a strong opinion I shall grow more and more happy the longer I live your acquaintance, and (if you will indulge me in so much pleasure)

Your faithful friend, and most obliged servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER II.

MADAM,

Twittenham, Nov. 5.

THOUGH I am extremely obliged by your agreeable Letter, I will avoid all mention of the pleasure you give me, that we may have no more words about compliments; which I have often observed people talk themselves into, while they endeavour to talk themselves out of. It is no more the diet of friendship and esteem, than a few thin wafers and marmalade were of so hearty a stomach as Sancho's. In a word, I am very proud of my new relation, and like Parnassus much the better, since I found I had so good a neighbour there. Mrs. H——, who lives at Court, shall teach two country-folks sincerity; and when I am so happy as to meet you, she shall settle the proportions of that regard, or good-nature, which she
can

can allow you to spare me, from a heart which is so much her own as yours is.

That Lady is the most trusty of friends, if the imitation of Shakespear be yours; for she made me give my opinion of it with assurance it was none of Mrs. ——. I honestly liked and praised it, whosesoever it was; there is in it a sensible melancholy, and too true a picture of human life; so true an one, that I can scarce wish the Verses yours at the expence of your thinking that way, so early. I rather wish you may love the town (which the author of those lines cannot *immoderately* do) these many years. It is time enough to like, or affect to like, the country, when one is out of love with all but one's self, and therefore studies to become agreeable or easy to one's self. Retiring into one's self is generally the *pis-aller* of mankind. Would you have me describe my solitude and grotto to you? what if, after a long and painted description of them in verse (which the writer I have just been speaking of could better make, if I can guess by that line,

No noise but water, ever friend to thought)

what if it ended thus?

* What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bow'rs, the ev'ning colonnades;
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!

Lo!

* These beautiful Lines were addressed originally to Lady M. Montagu.

Lo! the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away*.

If these lines want poetry, they do not want sense. God Almighty long preserve you from a feeling of them! The book you mention, Bruyere's Characters, will make any one know the world; and I believe at the same time despise it (which is a sign it will make one know it thoroughly). It is certainly the proof of a master-hand, that can give such striking likenesses, in such slight sketches, and in so few strokes on each subject. In answer to your question about Shakespear, the book is about a quarter printed, and the number of emendations very great. I have never indulged my own conjectures, but kept merely to such amendments as are authorised by old editions, in the author's life-time: but I think it will be a year at least before the whole work can be finished. In reply to your very handsome (I wish it were a very true) compliment upon this head, I only desire you to observe, by what natural, gentle degrees I have sunk to the humble thing I now am: first from a pretending Poet to a Critic, then to a low Translator, lastly to a mere Publisher. I am apprehensive I shall

* Pope has artfully left out the lines that introduced the name of Wortley.

shall be nothing that's of any value long, except,
Madam,

Your most obliged,
and most faithful humble servant,

A. POPE.

I long for your return to town; a place I am unfit for, but shall not be long out of, as soon as I know I may be permitted to wait on you there.

LETTER III.

MADAM,

Thursday Night.

IT was an agreeable surprize to me, to hear of your settlement in town. I lye at my Lord Peterborow's in Bolton-street, where any commands of yours will reach me to-morrow, only on Saturday evening I am pre-engaged. If Mrs. H—— be to be engaged (and if she is by any creature, it is by you), I hope she will join us. I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your most faithful friend,

and obliged servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER IV.

MADAM,

I COULD not play the impertinent so far as to write to you, till I was encouraged to it by a piece of news Mrs. H—— tells me, which ought to be the most agreeable in the world to any author, That you are determined to write no more.—It is now the time then, not for me only, but for every body, to write without fear, or wit: and I shall give you the first example here. But for this assurance, it would be every way too dangerous to correspond with a Lady, whose very first sight and very first writings had such an effect upon a man used to what they call fine sights, and what they call fine writings. Yet he has been dull enough to sleep quietly, after all he has seen, and all he has read; till yours broke in upon his stupidity and indolence, and totally destroyed it. But, God be thanked, you will write no more; so I am in no danger of increasing my admiration of you one way; and as to the other, you will never (I have too much reason to fear) open these eyes again with one glimpse of you.

I am told, you named lately in a letter a place called Twitenham with particular distinction. That you may not be mis-contrued, and have your meaning

mistaken for the future, I must acquaint you, Madam, that the name of the place where Mrs. H—— is, is not Twitenham, but Richmond; which your ignorance in the geography of these parts has made you confound together. You will unthinkingly do honour to a paltry hermitage (while you speak of Twitenham) where lives a creature altogether unworthy your memory or notice, because he really wishes he had never beheld you, nor yours. You have spoiled him for a solitaire, and a book, all the days of his life; and put him into such a condition, that he thinks of nothing, and inquires of nothing but after a person who has nothing to say to him, and has left him for ever without hope of ever again regarding, or pleasing, or entertaining him, much less of seeing him. He has been so mad with the idea of her, as to steal her picture, and passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself, and (as some people imagine) making verses: but it is no such matter; for as long as he can get any of hers, he can never turn his head to his own, it is so much better entertained.

LETTER V.

MADAM,

I AM touched with shame when I look on the date of your letter. I have answered it a hundred times in my own mind, which I assure you has few thoughts, either so frequent or so lively, as those relating to you. I am sensibly obliged by you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loss of a friend. It is like the shower we have had this morning, that just makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they remain checked and withered at the root: the benediction is but a short relief, though it comes from Heaven itself. The loss of a friend is the loss of life; after that is gone from us, it is all but a gentler decay, and wasting and lingering a little longer. I was the other day forming a wish for a Lady's happiness, upon her birth-day; and thinking of the greatest climax of felicity I could raise, step by step, to end in this,—a Friend. I fancy I have succeeded in the gradation, and send you the whole copy to ask your opinion, or (which is much the better reason) to desire you to alter it to your own wish: for I believe you are a woman that can wish for yourself more reasonably, than I can for you. Mrs. H—— made me promise her a copy; and to the end she may value it, I beg it may be transcribed, and sent her by you.

To a Lady, on her Birth-day,

1723.

Oh ! be thou blest with all that Heaven can send :
Long life, long youth, long pleasure—and a friend !
Not with those toys the woman-world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire :
Let joy, or ease ; let affluence, or content ;
And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
Calm every thought, inspire every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face !
Let day improve on day, and year on year ;
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear !
And ah ! (since death must that dear frame destroy,)
Die by some sudden extacy of joy :
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp, a sigh of love !

Pray, Madam, let me see this mended in your copy to Mrs. H—— ; and let it be an exact scheme of happiness drawn, and I hope enjoyed, by yourself. To whom I assure you I wish it all, as much as you wish it her. I am always, with true respect, Madam,

Your most faithful friend,

and most humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER VI.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Aug. 29.

YOUR last letter tells me, that if I do not write in less than a month, you will fancy the length of yours frightened me. A consciousness that I had upon me of omitting too long to answer it, made me look (not without some fear and trembling) for the date of it, but there happened to be none; and I hope, either that you have forgot how long it is, or at least that you cannot think it so long as I do, since I writ to you. Indeed a multitude of things (which singly seem trifles, and yet altogether make a vast deal of business, and wholly take up that time which we ought to value above all such things) have from day to day made me wanting, as well to my own greatest pleasure in this, as to my own greatest concerns in other points. If I seem to neglect any friend I have, I do more than seem to neglect myself, as I find daily by the increasing ill constitution of my body and mind. I still resolve this course shall not, nay I see it cannot, be long; and I determine to retreat within myself to the only business I was born for, and which I am only good for (if I am entitled to use that phrase for any thing). It is great folly to sacrifice one's self, one's time, one's quiet (the very life of life itself), to forms, complaisances, and amusements, which do not in-

wardly

wardly please me, and only please a sort of people who regard me no farther than a mere instrument of their present idleness, or vanity. To say truth, the lives of those we call great and happy, are divided between those two states; and in each of them, we poetical fiddlers make but part of their pleasure, or of their equipage. And the misery is, we, in our turns, are so vain (at least I have been so) as to choose to pipe without being paid, and so silly to be pleased with piping to those who understand music less than ourselves. They have put me of late upon a task before I was aware, which I am *sick* and *sore* of: and yet engaged in honour to some persons whom I must neither disobey nor disappoint (I mean two or three in the world only) to go on with it. They make me do as mean a thing as the greatest man of them could do; seem to depend, and to solicit, when I do not want; and make a kind of court to those above my rank, just as they do to those above theirs, when we might much more wisely and agreeably live of ourselves, and to ourselves. You will easily find I am talking of my translating the *Odyssy* by subscription: which looks, it must needs look, to all the world as a design of mine both upon fame and money, when in truth I believe I shall get neither; for one I go about without any stomach, and the other I shall not go about at all.

This freedom of opening my mind upon my own situation will be a proof of trust, and of an opinion

your

your goodness of nature has made me entertain, that you never profess any degree of good-will without being pretty warm in it. So I tell you my grievances; I hope in God you have none, wherewith to make me any return of this kind. I hope that was the only one which you communicated in your last, about Mrs. H——'s silence; for which she wanted not reproaches from me; and has since, she says, amply atoned for. I saw a few lines of yours to her, which are more obliging to me than I could have imagined: if you put *my welfare* into the small number of things which you heartily wish (for a sensible person, of either sex, will never wish for many), I ought to be a happier man than I ever yet deserved to be.

Upon a review of your papers, I have repented of some of the trivial alterations I had thought of, which were very few. I would rather keep them till I have the satisfaction to meet you in the winter, which I must beg earnestly to do; for hitherto methinks you are to me like a spirit of another world, a being I admire, but have no commerce with: I cannot tell but I am writing to a Fairy, who has left me some favours, which I secretly enjoy, and shall think it unlucky, if not fatal, to part with. So pray do not expect your Verses till farther acquaintance.

Sincerely

LETTER VII.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Sept. 30, 1722.

NO confidence is so great, as that one receives from persons one knows *may be* believed, and in things one is *willing* to believe. I have (at last) acquired this; by Mrs. H—— repeated assurances of a thing I am unfeignedly so desirous of, as your allowing me to correspond with you. In good earnest, there is sometimes in men as well as in women, a great deal of unaffected modesty: and I was sincere all along, when I told her personally, and told you by my silence, that I feared only to seem impertinent, while perhaps I seemed negligent, to you. To tell Mrs. —— any thing like what I really thought of her, would have looked so like the common traffic of compliment, that pays only to receive; and to have told it her in distant or bashful terms, would have appeared so like coldness in my sense of good qualities, (which I cannot find out in any one, without feeling, from my nature, at the same time a great warmth for them,) that I was quite at a loss what to write, or in what style, to you. But I am resolved, plainly to get over all objections, and faithfully to assure you, if you will help a bashful man to be past all preliminaries, and forms, I am ready to treat with you for your friendship. I know (without
more

more ado) you have a valuable soul; and wit, sense, and worth enough, to make me reckon it (provided you will permit it) one of the happinesses of my life to have been made acquainted with you.

I do not know, on the other hand, what you can think of me; but this, for a beginning, I will venture to engage, that whoever takes me for a poet, or a wit, (as they call it,) takes me for a creature of less value than I am: and that where-ever I profess it, you shall find me a much better man, that is, a much better friend, or at least a much less faulty one, than I am a poet. That whatever zeal I may have, or whatever regard I may shew, for things I truly am so pleased with as your entertaining writings; yet I shall still have more for your person, and for your health, and for your happiness. I would, with as much readiness, play the apothecary or the nurse, to mend your head-aches, as I would play the critic to improve your verses. I have seriously looked over and over those you intrusted me with; and assure you, Madam, I would as soon cheat in any other trust, as in this. I sincerely tell you, I can mend them very little, and only in trifles, not worth writing about; but will tell you every tittle when I have the happiness to see you.

I am more concerned than you can reasonably believe, for the ill state of health you are at present under: but I will appeal to time, to shew you how
sincerely

sincerely I am, (if I live long enough to prove myself what I truly am,) Madam,

Your most faithful servant,
A. POPE.

I am very sick all the while I write this letter, which I hope will be an excuse for its being so scribbled.

LETTER VIII.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Nov. 9.

IT happened that when I determined to answer yours, by the post that followed my receipt of it, I was prevented from the first proof I have had the happiness to give you of my warmth and readiness, in returning the epitaph, with my sincere condolences with you on that melancholy subject. But nevertheless I resolved to send you the one, though unattended by the other: I begged Mrs. H—— to inclose it, that you might at least see I had not the power to delay a moment the doing what you bid me; especially when the occasion of obeying your commands was such, as must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honour and virtue in the nation.

You

You had it in the very blots, the better to compare the places ; and I can only say it was done to the best of my judgment, and to the extent of my sincerity.

I do not wonder that you decline the poetical amusement I proposed to you, at this time. I know (from what little I know of your heart) enough at least to convince me, it must be too deeply concerned at the loss, not only of so great, and so near a relation ; but of a good man (a loss this age can hardly ever afford to bear, and not often can sustain). Yet perhaps it is one of the best things that can be said of poetry, that it helps us to pass over the toils and troubles of this tiresome journey, our life ; as horses are encouraged and spirited up, by the jingling of bells about their heads. Indeed, as to myself, I have been used to this odd cordial, so long, that it has no effect upon me : but you, Madam, are in your honeymoon of poetry ; you have seen only the smiles, and enjoyed the caresses, of Apollo. Nothing is so pleasant to a muse as the first children of the imagination ; but when once she comes to find it meer conjugal duty, and the care of her numerous progeny daily grows upon her, it is all a sour tax for past pleasure. As the Psalmist says on another occasion, the age of a muse is scarce above five and twenty : all the rest is labour and sorrow. I find by experience that his own fiddle is no great pleasure to a common fiddler, after once the first good conceit of himself is lost.

I long

I long at last to be acquainted with you ; and Mrs. H—— tells me you shall soon be in town, and I blest with the vision I have so long desired. Pray believe I worship you as much, and send my addresses to you as often as to any female Saint in Heaven : it is certain I see you as little, unless it be in my sleep ; and that way too, holy hermits are visited by the Saints themselves.

I am, without figures and metaphors, yours : and hope you will think, I have spent all my fiction in my poetry ; so that I have nothing but plain truth left for my prose ; with which I am ever, Madam,

Your faithful humble servant.

LETTER IX.

MADAM,

Five o'clock.

I THINK it a full proof of that unlucky star, which upon too many occasions I have experienced ; that this first, this only day that I should have owned happy beyond expectation (for I did not till yesterday hope to have seen you so soon) I must be forced not to do it. I am too sick (indeed very ill) to go out so far, and lie on a bed at my doctor's house, as a kind of force upon him to get me better with all haste.

I am

I am scarce able to see these few lines I write ;
to wish you health and pleasure enough not to miss
me to-day, and myself patience to bear being absent
from you as well as I can being ill. I am truly,

Your faithful servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER X.

MADAM,

Jan. 17, 172 $\frac{2}{3}$.

AFTER a very long expectation and daily hopes of
the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with you,
I am still deprived of it in a manner that is the most
afflicting, because it is occasioned by your illness and
your misfortune. I can bear my own, I assure you,
much better : and thus to find you lost to me, at the
time that I hoped to have regained you, doubles the
concern I should naturally feel in being deprived of
any pleasure whatever.

Mrs. H—— can best express to you the concern of
a friend, who esteems and pities : for she has the
liberty to express it in her actions, and the satisfac-
tion of attending on you in your indisposi-
tion.

I wish sincerely your condition were not such as
to debar me from telling you in person how truly I
am

am yours. I wish I could do you any little offices of friendship, or give you any amusements, or help you to what people in your present state most want, better spirits. If reading to you, or writing to you, could contribute to entertain your hours, or to raise you to a livelier relish of life, how well should I think my time employed ! indeed I should, and think it a much better end of my poor studies, than all the vanities of fame, or views of a character that way, which engage most men of my fraternity.

If you thoroughly knew the zeal with which I am your servant, you would take some notice of the advice I would give you, and suffer it to have a weight with you proportionable to the sincerity with which it is given.

I beg you to do your utmost to call to you all the succours, which your own good sense and natural reflection can suggest, to avoid a melancholy way of thinking, and to throw up your spirits by intervals of moderate company ; not to let your distemper fix itself upon your mind at least, though it will not entirely quit your body. Do not indulge too much solitariness. Though most company be not proper or supportable during your illness, force yourself to enter into such as is good and reasonable, where you may have your liberty, and be under no restraint.

Why will you not come to your friend Mrs. H——, since you are able to go out, and since motion is
7 certainly

certainly good for your health? why will you not make any little sets of such as you are easiest with, to fit with you sometimes?

Do not think I have any interested aim in this advice: though I long to see you, and to try to amuse you, I would not for the world be considered as one that would ever require, for my own gratification, any thing that might either be improper or hurtful to you.

Pray let me know, by our friend Mrs. H——, if there can be any thing in my power to serve, or to amuse you. But use me so kindly, as not to think ever of writing to me till you are so well as that I may see you, and then it will be needless. Do not even read this, if it be the least trouble to your eyes or head.

Believe me, with great respect, and the warmest good wishes for your speedy recovery, Madam,

Your most faithful,

and most humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XI.

MADAM, Twitenham, June 2, 1723.

IT was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see your Letter, as I assure you it had long been a great trouble to reflect on the melancholy reason of your silence and absence. It was that only which hindered my writing, not only again, but often, to you; for fear your good-nature should have been prompted to oblige me too much at your own expence, by answering. Indeed I never expressed (and never shall be able to express) more concern and good wishes for you, than I shall ever feel for one of your merit.

I am sorry, the moment you grow better, to have you snatched from those, who I may say deserve the pleasure of seeing you in health, for having so long lamented and felt your illness.

Mrs. H——, I hope, will find it not impossible to draw you to Richmond; and if not, I dare say will not be long out of Hertfordshire. I want nothing but the same happy pretence she has, of a title through your friendship, and the privilege of her sex, to be there immediately. I cannot but wonder you have not heard from her, though I should wonder if any body else had; for I am told by her family she has had much of the head-ach at Bath, besides the
excuse

excuse of a great giddiness occasioned naturally by the waters. I writ to her at the first going, and have not had a word from her; and now you tell me the same thing, I conclude she has been worse than I imagined. I hear she returns on Wednesday, when I shall have the satisfaction (I doubt not) to talk and hear a great deal of Mrs. —.

I wish I could say any thing, either to comfort you when ill, or entertain you when well. Though nothing could, in the proper proportion of friendship, more affect me than your condition; I have not wanted other occasions of great melancholy, of which the least is the loss of part of my fortune by a late act of Parliament.

I am at present in the afflicting circumstance of taking my last leave of one of the * truest friends I ever had, and one of the greatest men in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable companion, this nation ever had.

I really do not love life so dearly, or so weakly, as to value it on any other score, than for that portion of happiness which a friend only can bestow upon it; or, if I must want that myself, for the pleasure which is next it, of seeing deserving and virtuous people happy. So that indeed I want comfort; and the greatest I can receive from you (at least unless I were
so

* Bishop Atterbury.

so happy as to deserve what I never can) will be to hear you grow better till you grow perfectly well, perfectly easy, and perfectly happy, which no one more sincerely wishes than, Madam,

Your faithful and obliged friend and servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XII.

MADAM,

Twickenham, Sept. 26, 1723.

IT would be a vanity in me to tell you why I trouble you so soon again : I cannot imagine myself of the number of those correspondents whom you call favourite ones ; yet I know it is thought, that industry may make a man what merit cannot ; and if an old maxim of my Lord Oxford's be true, that in England if a man resolve to be any thing, and constantly stick to it, he may (even a Lord Treasurer) : if so, I say, it shall not be want of resolution that shall hinder me from being a favourite. In good earnest, I am more ambitious of being so to you, Madam, than I ever was, or ever shall be, of being one to any Prince, or (which is more) any Prince's Minister, in Christendom.

I wish

I wish I could tell you any agreeable news of what your heart is concerned in; but I have a sort of quarrel to Mrs. H—— for not loving herself so well as she does her friends: for those she makes happy, but not herself.

There is an air of sadness about her which grieves me, and which, I have learnt by experience, will increase upon an indolent (I will not say an affected) resignation to it. It will do so in men, and much more in women, who have a natural softness that sinks them even when reason does not. This I tell you in confidence; and pray give our friend such hints as may put her out of humour with melancholy: your censure, or even your raillery, may have more weight with her than mine: a man cannot either so decently, or so delicately, take upon him to be a physician in these concealed distempers.

You see, Madam, I proceed in trusting you with things that nearly concern me. In my last Letter I spoke but of a trifle, myself: in this I advance farther, and speak of what touches me more, a friend.

This beautiful season will raise up so many rural images and descriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect you, and all such as you (if there be any such), at least all who are not downright dull translators, like your servant, must necessarily be productive of Verses.

I lately saw a sketch this way on the bower of Bedington * : I could wish you tried something in the descriptive way on any subject you please, mixed with vision and moral ; like pieces of the old provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the most amusing scenes in nature. There are three or four of this kind in Chaucer admirable : “ the Flower and the Leaf ” every body has been delighted with.

I have long had an inclination to tell a Fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better ; therefore a *vision*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriance of description you will ; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think, one or two of the Persian tales would give one hints for such an invention : and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taste (as I believe several of Chaucer’s descriptions

* The Lines here alluded to are as follow ;

In Tempe’s shades the living lyre was strung,
And the first Pope (immortal Phœbus) sung,
These happy shades, where equal beauty reigns,
Bold rising hills, flant vales, and far-stretch’d plains,
The grateful verdure of the waving woods,
The soothing murmur of the falling floods,
A nobler boast, a higher glory yield,
Than that which Phœbus stamp’d on Tempe’s field :
All that can charm the eye, or please the ear,
Says, Harmony itself inhabits here.

descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed), it would add great beauty to the whole.

I wish you found such an amusement pleasing to you : if you did but, at leisure, form descriptions from objects in nature itself, which struck you most livelily, I would undertake to find a tale that should bring them all together : which you will think an odd undertaking ; but in a piece of this fanciful and imaginary nature I am sure is practicable. Excuse this long Letter ; and think no man is more

Your faithful and obliged servant,

A. POPE.

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ.

LETTER I

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Sincerely, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE

To Mr. Fortescue, Esq.

THE following Letters from Mr. POPE to Judge FORTESCUE, who has been so often mentioned, are taken from Mr. POLWHELE's valuable "History of Devonshire," and are inserted here by his permission.

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

FROM an information given me by Mr. Gay, correspondent with what I formerly heard from you, that estates were yet to be had in Devonshire, at twenty and twenty-five years' purchase, I beg it of you as a particular kindness to interest yourself so much in my affairs, as to get (if possible) about the yearly value of two hundred pounds, entirely, or in parcels, as it falls out, and as to your judgment shall seem meet. If Mr. Gay and I, by this means, become effectual by your countrymen, we hope (in conjunction with you) to come in time to represent Devonshire itself. To which happy county, fertile in its productions, abounding in its wits, delicious in its cyders, be all honour, praise, glory, etc.—I am ever, sincerely, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

March 8, 1732-3.

YOUR most kind Letter was a sensible pleasure to me; and the friendship and concern shewn in it, to suggest what you thought might be agreeable to a person whom you know I would not disoblige, I take particularly kind. But the affair in question of any alteration is now at an end, by that Lady's having taken her own satisfaction in an avowed libel, so fulfilling the veracity of my prophecy. There has been another thing, wherein Pigot is abused as my learned counsel, written by some Irish attorney; and Curll has printed a parody on my own words, which he is proud of as his own production, saying he will pay no more of his authors, but can write better himself. The town, since you went, has entered much into the fashion of applauding the "Essay on Man;" and in many places it is set up as a piece far excelling any thing of mine, and commended, I think, more in opposition to me, than in their real judgment it deserves. I congratulate with you for being got out of the noise and debate about the Excises, getting money and health at once, and doing justice too. I think your's is much the better part. I must beg you to remind Mr. C——s of Mr. Bethel's affair, not to let slip this Lady-day, in making the demand on the premises

premises in Wales, it is certainly now high time he should write to the attorney there. Having done with all law matters, the rest of this paper should be filled with all expressions of esteem and friendship, if such expressions could be of any use or grace after the experience and habit (the two strongest of things) of many years. Believe me, you have the essentials; and the ceremonials, therefore, are laid aside. Such a practice, continued where it is needless, is like keeping up the scaffolding after the building is finished—what helped to raise it at first, will but disgrace it at last. Adieu! and write at your leisure.—*Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.*

Yours ever,

A. POPE.

To *William Fortescue*, Esq. at his House,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn,
London.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

Oct. 5th, 1734.

I SHOULD have told you, that if you have any occasion to direct to Mr. Bethel, it must be at Bestwick, near Beverley, Yorkshire: this I had told you last Saturday, when I intended to have passed the evening with you; but one of my fits of illness sent me to bed

at

at eight o'clock, after a tiresome day. I came to Twitnam, where I am in my garden, amused and easy: this is a scene where one finds no disappointment; the leaves of this year, that are fallen, are sure to come on again the next: 'tis far otherwise in the great world (I mean the little world) of a court, etc. Get to be a judge, the sooner the better, and go to rest. Adieu! Believe me truly your's. I think to see you at the end of the week. In the mean time, if you have any thing satisfactory from Eadnell or Roberts, tell me; for my friend's concerns are more than my own; or if you have not, at least tell me you are well, and when I may be securest to find you at home. I am, most affectionately,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,
by Lincoln's Inn, London.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

Aug. 23d, 1735.

I AM summoned unexpectedly to Southampton, to take leave (I fear my last) of Lord Peterborough; from whence I return in a week, he going for France at the month's end: but I first took care of your house; the window is done, and the other bricked up;

up; as to the back window, I think it will do as it is; the painters have done, and next week the upholsterer sets up the beds. I have not had one quiet day to possess my soul there in peace. I shall die of hospitality, which is a fate becoming none but a patriarch, or a parliament man in the country. Those who think I live in a study, and make poetry my business, are more mistaken than if they took me for a Prince of Topinambou. I love my particular friends as much as if I knew no others, and I receive almost every body that comes near me as a friend: this is too much; it dissipates me when I should be collected; for though I may be of some (not much) value to a few, yet, divided among so many, I must be good for nothing. Life becomes a mere pastime. When shall you and I sit by a fire-side without a brief or a poem in our hands, and yet not idle, not thoughtless, but as serious, and more so, than any business ought to make us, except the great business, that of enjoying a reasonable being, and regarding its end?—the sooner this is the case the better. God deliver you from law, me from rhyme, and give us leisure to attend to what is more important. Believe me, dear Sir, with all affection, but in great hurry (for my foot is in the coach the moment my hand is off this paper). [May all happiness wait on Buckland and Fallapit].

Entirely yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at Fallowpit,
near Totnes, Devon.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnam, May 16th.

I SHOULD, without compliment, come to town any day you desired, on any account, as well as on so agreeable an one as you propose; but (which I wonder my communicative waterman never told your people) my mother has been and is extremely ill, and dangerously so, of an intermittent fever, which requires my constant attendance. There is nobody with me but the Dean of St. Patrick's, who would hardly be here if he were not the best-natured and indulgent man I know; it is so melancholy a way of passing his time. I could be glad to see you, if you have a day of leisure, and indeed there are few friends to whom I could make this request. I wish you and yours well and happy in every circumstance of life, and am truly, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ. 193

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been twice or thrice at your door, but found it locked, and was told since you were gone into the country, which (till I met your man this morning) I took to be Devonshire. I rejoice at your being still among us, as at a friend's being alive, whom one had thought departed. I very earnestly desire you to spend a day or two at Twitnam; I shall be there to-night, for some days. Pray don't deny that favour to

Your faithful, obliged, affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

Saturday. Gay is, and will be at Chiswick.

To Wm. Fortescue, Esq.

LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR,

Friday Morning.

I WAS t'other day in town, but could not find you at any hour of it, except at night, when I could not be disengaged. I have got Gay with me here, to pass two or three days; we are quite alone and uninterrupted. If you can come to us on Saturday,

and stay Sunday, it will be highly delightful to us both, and Gay will return with you. I am so much better in health here than in town, yet I think to pass my time almost entirely at home, for the remainder of the winter. I shall be much pleased if I find myself so much remembered by two or three (which is the most I either hope or wish) of my friends, as to be visited by them now and then; and as I have experimentally known you to be one of those, I beg you to continue thus mindful of him, who will always be so of you.

Your true friend and affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

I received your inclosed some days since. If his information be right, I think him honest in his profession, industrious, and able; besides which, he will work cheap.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at his House,
at the upper end of Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn, London.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR,

TIS in the utmost hurry I send this, not to omit a post: my mother has had a most unfortunate accident of a fall, which has much bruised her, and almost had burned her, but for a great escape. Mr. Cheselden had no sooner writ me the inclosed (for I sent a letter to his house but just before, as soon as I read yours), but he came hither to assist her. What he further tells me is, that he has the power of putting in four in a year: for the next two he stands indispensably engaged, but will make Mr. Wise the third, which will be in about half a year: he will then certainly serve him: the terms, it seems, are 29*l*. for the course of the hospitals and the anatomy; he assures me he will forward and assist him all he can. Pardon my haste, I am really in great trouble, and she in great pain; God knows the event of such a shock at her years. God prosper you all. Pray write how you continue recovering. Adieu!

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue, Esq.*

LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Gay and I am here, reading (but not writing) all day long. He is the reverse of you, and hates exercise,—nay, I can't so much as get him into the garden. I employ myself yet a little there, and a little in casting my eye upon the great heap of fragments and hints before me, for my large and almost boundless work, to remove as much of which as is in any method, out of the rest, is so much clearing the way: therefore it is that I trouble you with so much transcribing. I send the third of the first part, relating to society and government, which I believe Mr. Doves may pick out. And if he has transcribed what last I left with you, pray send it by the bearer. I have no thought of going to town these five days. All health attend you and yours.

Ever your affectionate friend and servant,

A. POPE.

Pray send some of your styptic.

To Mr. Fortescue.

LETTER X.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnam, Tuesday, April 1736.

I NEED not tell you I am heartily glad of your return: my rheumatism having left me is not a greater joy. But I cannot leave this place at this important time, when every hour of my being here gives it a new improvement, as you will see when you come (I hope on Saturday). I inquired, but did not find the Ladies were so early at Richmond as you writ me word: indeed, the easterly wind was enough to discourage them. I send you the paper, which I see, by what you said, you like better than I do. I hope the subscription will fail, so far at least as to excuse me from the thing I never liked, and have been over-persuaded to do. I am truly, and always,

Yours,

A. POPE.

If you take any subscribers in, you must give them a receipt in this form: Received of — one guinea, being the whole payment for a volume of Mr. Pope's works, in prose, which, if the impression does not go on, I promise to return, on demand, after Midsummer next. W. F.

To the Honourable Mr. Baron *Fortescue*,
in Bell-yard, by Lincoln's Inn, London.

LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR,

Friday Night.

YOU may think I have forgot you, and I may think you have forgot me; but I believe neither of us will think so wrong. The truth is, I have been neither at home nor at London a day together; for my Lord Peterborow came very ill from Hantshire to Kensington a fortnight since, and has ever since kept his chamber, where I have been to help him pass his time almost daily. It was but yesterday that I left him well enough to stay at Twitnam for a few days. If this reach you in time, and at leisure, I hope it will bring you hither for a night. As soon as I return to town, you shall be troubled with me. Adieu! and may all health attend you, as I wish.

Yours always,

A. POPE.

To Wm. Fortescue, Esq.

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ. 199

LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR,

THE only day I had I came hither, and was unlucky in missing you. I go away this moment; if you come on Saturday, Lady Suffolk dines with me, and you will find her even after dinner, if you can't come sooner. On Sunday I shall be at home: why can't you lie at Twitnam Saturday night? I want to ask and tell you many things,—some of business. I hope Mr. C——s has got the remainder of Mrs. Blount's debt from her brother, the whole 75*l*. which she has occasion enough for. Adieu! and know me for

Yours ever faithfully,

A. POPE.

To Mr. Fortescue.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR,

Thursday.

I AM heartily glad to hear of your safe arrival in town, and doubt not you will be pleased that I am as safe at Twitnam. I came from Bath two
o 4 days

days since hither, and find my mother tolerably well, as I hope you left all yours. I should be glad to see you in town, but having been so long absent, have some necessary matters here for a few days, which I would pursue, if you could find it suitable to your convenience to lie here on Saturday, and pass the Sunday together, otherwise I will wait on you. In the mean time, pray convey this letter to Mr. Howard, it is a case that requires dispatch, as you will see: and I beg, if you can, to favour it with any of the Board of Admiralty that you know, for I am convinced that he is ill used. Adieu! dear Sir, till we meet. Pray give me a line by Boury. I have a thousand things to say to you.

Your ever affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. Member
of Parliament, at his house in
Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn
Fields, London.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received a note from Mrs. Blount, that she and Lady Gerard will dine here to-day, which puts off my intention on Lord Hay. I wish you would dine with them, and we may go to Lord Hay's in the evening. But this, you see, hinders my being wholly at your service till to-morrow, when I will certainly be so at any place or time.

Yours affectionately ever,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq.

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR,

LADY Gerard was to see Chiswick gardens (as I imagined), and therefore forced to go from hence by five: it was a mortification to Mrs. Blount to go, when there was a hope of seeing you and Mrs. Fortescue. I can't get back to-night for want of a vehicle, but will be at home by eleven or twelve by water, ready to go with you to Jervas, unless you all care to come and see Chiswick in the morning by ten, which if you do not, I will set out on my voyage. Adieu! dear Sir.

To Mr. *Fortescue*.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR,

Sunday, Six o'Clock.

I HAVE often wished, but twice only been, to see you. After an engagement of four or five days to a particular friend (for whom I was confined entirely), I now beg the first days I have had to myself, that you will pass what time you can with us at Twitnam. I received a promise from Gay to be with us. I go home to-morrow evening, to stay all the week. Gay and I have been all about the Temple after you in vain. I wish you would sacrifice a few days to me, who am as sincerely (I faithfully assure you) as any man living, dear Sir,

Yours, most affectionately,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnam, Sept. 6th.

I CANNOT express the joy your Letter gives me. I was in great fears after I had written, learning no further of your state, when I sent three days to Mr. Thory. Your giving me these lines under your hand

is a kindness I shall long remember. I hope in God your recovery increases as fast as I really wish it; one of my great apprehensions was, you might not have a skilful physician in a distant country place, of which you have eased me; I hope you keep him near, or with you. I desire earnestly to hear of you soon again, though I hope the danger of a relapse is over; but surely you must not hazard cold, by too quick a removal. Without pretences I am, and have been so long and so sincerely your friend, that this alarm was a lively and deep-felt one to me; God forbid it should ever be renewed; I may now have spirits enough to quote Homer to you, who says, "a friend is better than a kinsman." Your sister, I hope, is well; and as she ought to receive no harm from so virtuous an enterprize, so I trust she will have her reward complete in seeing you perfectly restored. I am ever, dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate and faithful friend,

A. POPE.

Is there any thing at this distance that I can procure for you, or any corroborative advice that I can get for you from any of our physicians, or any business I could ease you the care of, or any thing you would have said or done?

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at
Buckland Filleigh.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Sunday Night.

SINCE I left you, I am informed Curl has served a process upon Cooper (the publisher of the Letters which I told you I connived at, who entered them in the Hall book), for what I know not, only I am told he put an advertisement into a newspaper against Curl. I bid him send you the process, that you may judge what is to be done in it. If any thing be necessary, pray acquaint me. I send Mrs. Blount's receipt, as you ordered. God prosper you, protect you, bless you, as I love you, and shall ever do. Dear Sir, write me a line of your health.

A. POPE.

To Mr. Fortescue.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR,

I QUITE forgot, in the place of business, where I last saw you, to mention a commission of Lady Walpole's, that you will not forget her laver. I shall
readily

readily speak to Chifeldon what you desire, and to St. Andre, if you will; the others I have not the least knowledge of: I will put Mrs. Howard also in mind of it: that Lady is now better; she has been in some danger of a fever, and in extreme pain, since you saw her on Sunday; she has hitherto kept her bed since that day. I will see her as soon as I can. If Dr. Arbuthnot knows Mr. Boucher, I will speak to him on his return to town; or in any thing, any way in my power, do my utmost that you can suggest: being, with lasting truth, and all good wishes for you and yours,

Ever your affectionate friend,

A. POPE.

Pray leave me a memorandum where Mr. C——s is to be found, and give him all directions needful. I heartily wish you health, and a good journey. *Sit tibi cura mei. Sit tibi cura tui.*

To Wm. Fortescue, Esq.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

I AM renewing my old labour of employing you one way or other to your trouble, the moment you are got to town. I sent yesterday all about after you, in hopes to fix an hour for us to meet and chat, not upon business, but joy and society. To-day, I believe, I must go to Twitnam, to get rid of a violent cold: in the mean time I beg you to draw up a draught of an article on the enclosed head, between Mr. L. and me, and to speak to him to give you his former agreement for the Iliad, which will help the wording of some part, better than this scroll. The purport, however, of this is clear. I am ever, dear Sir,

Your most faithful, affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Tom's Coffee-house, in Devereux-court, Temple.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR SIR,

You see by the inclosed my sister is in an alarm, I suppose occasioned by a mere mistake of Mr. C——'s clerk; or by her own too much haste in running to administer before him. I beg you will cause that mistake forthwith to be removed, that she may, without loss of time, proceed with full powers. I must entreat your vigilance as to her great affair, that it may be done with all convenient speed. It seems C——s says there is some difference in the account, as kept by Mr. Racket, and by the other party in the chancery suit. If you please to have a meeting with Mr. Effington, and examine this account of what has been paid into his hands, it will be the readiest way, and is very necessary. I am glad you had not the mortification of seeing the country this sad and gloomy day. I heartily wish myself with you. Adieu! dear Sir. I hope better luck next Sunday; till then, *vive memor nostri*, dear Sir,

Your true friend,

and obliged faithful servant,

A. POPE.

My mother sends you her hearty services.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at his House,
in Bell-yard.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR,

IF this reaches you, I beg we may meet at the Doctor's about six to night. I must run again out of town, for my mother is very ill of a jaundice, and I come to speak to the Doctor chiefly; I am afraid she will be too ill to let me have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday, but the first day I can, I will send to beg it of you; being, with great truth and esteem, dear Sir,

Ever yours,

A. POPE.

Two o'clock. I've been every where about to find you about your lodgings, Chambers, Dutton's, Merin's, Tom's, Lintot's. Pray try if you can find Gay.

To *Wm. Fortescue, Esq.*

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 1735.

THIS is only to tell you, I love you not the less for not seeing you more. Ever since we dined in the Park, I have been planting at home, have caught two colds on the neck of one another, but still plant on, being resolved to finish this fine season. My alterations are what you would not conceive. Besides, my shell temple is fallen down; and yet I live! Whether I shall see you before the end of the week in town, I know not. I dare not cross the water to lie abroad, with this cold upon me. I hope you are well; I heartily love you, and wish you so. Adieu.

A. POPE.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, April 2.

I BEGAN a Letter to you about a fortnight past, which Gay was to finish, and accordingly put it in his pocket, I believe; for I never since could find it here. If you received it, it would look oddly enough; for intending to fill a page, I had left a large blank, and

probably he sent it you just as it was. I have ever since been engaged in country-houses and gardens, with one friend or other, and know nothing of the town, but that Bowry gave my mother sometimes an account of the state of the family, and of their drink. Dr. Swift is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a course through the town, with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, etc. Lord Peterborow and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, etc. I wish you were here to know him. I have just now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from these parties; but I hope, since so many of my friends' prayers are on this occasion joined to my own, that I may be blessed with a speedy recovery, and make one amongst them. Many good wishes of mine attend you! May no similar accident, such as a fall from your horse by day, or a sprain in your back by night, retard your return to us! Pray acquaint me, more largely than you did in your last concise Letter, and in a style more suitable to the length and duration of a pleader and writer in law, of all your fortunes since we parted. In each and all of which, be assured, no man takes a truer part, and more wishes your welfare and prosperity, than, dear Sir,

Your faithful, ever affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

To Wm. Fortescue, Esq.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR,

June 24, 1720.

I HAVE a great many obligations to you, and I may say, the lampreys are of the fresh water, since they are very fresh and good. I am really piqued at the stocks, which put a stop, at present, to all trade and all friendship, and, I fear, all honour too. I am sure, however, they do you as little prejudice, and your morals, as any man's; your memory of your friends is proved by the good offices you continue to do them; and I assure you I heartily wish some occasion may offer itself of my proving to you my sense of this which I say. Pray, if it is possible to remember a mere word of course in such a place as Exchange-alley, remember me there to Gay; for any where else (I deem) you will not see him as yet. I depend upon seeing you here now the books are closed. Dear Sir, adieu!

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue, Esq.* at Tom's Coffee-house, in Devereux-court, near the Temple.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnam, Sept. 17, 1724.

YOUR friendly and kind Letter I received with real joy and gladness, to hear, after a long silence, of the welfare of a whole family, which I shall ever unfeignedly wish well to in all regards. I knew not in what part of the land to level a letter at you, or else you had heard first from me. My mother, indeed, is very ill; but as it seems only the effect of a cold, which always handles her severely, I hope not in any danger. I am in the old way,—this day well, however, and the past and future are not in my power, so not much in my care. Gay is at the bath with Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Howard returns your services, and Marblehill waits only for its roof,—the rest finished. The little Prince William wants Miss Fortescue, or, to say truth, any body else that will play with him. You say nothing at what time we may expect you here; I wish it soon, and thought you talked of Michaelmas. I am grieved to tell you, that there is one Devonshire man not honest; for my man Robert proves a vile fellow, and I have discarded him: *auri sacra fames* is his crime; a crime common to the greatest and meanest if any way in power, or too much in trust! I am going upon a short ramble to my Lord Oxford's, and Lord Cobham's, for a fortnight,

night, this Michaelmas; and the hurry I am at present in, with preparing to be idle, (a common case,) makes it difficult for me to continue this Letter, though I truly desire to say many things to you. Homer is advanced to the eighth book, I mean printed so far. My gardens improve more than my writings; my head is still more upon Mrs. Hd. and her works, than upon my own. Adieu! God bless you; an ancient and Christian, therefore an unmodish and unusual salutation. I am ever, sincerely and affectionately,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at Fallapit,
near Totnes, Devon.

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR SIR,

August 24, 1730.

I HAD no sooner received your kind Letter, with the ill news of your being seized with the gout, at Buckland, but your clerk acquainted me that you were extremely ill, which gives me unexpressible concern. My fears of your being distant from your family, and what help by physicians may be to be procured in a lone country, do sincerely much trouble me. I beg to know by the first opportunity,

by a line either from yourself, or any other hand, how you are; and that you are not in so much danger as I apprehended. I will add no more words, since none can tell you how much I am in pain about you, and since they can only be troublesome to yourself, if you are very ill. But God and my own heart know with what warm affection, and wishes for your recovery, and for your every happiness and comfort, I am ever, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. to be
left at his House, in Bell-
yard, near Lincoln's Inn,
London.—Speed.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Mrs. Howard will be glad to see you either Thursday or Friday, which suits your conveniency; but it must be at the hour of eleven (as I fancied before), and not sooner. I should be glad to have you in your whole self, (*i. e.* your family and posterity,) dine here that day, and will not meet you, therefore, at Richmond, where you would be alone
with

with her, but attend the Ladies here at any hour you will direct. I thank you for your last kind visit, and am sincerely, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and obliged servant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue, Esq.* at his House,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn,
London.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR,

I AM so ill to-day with the head-ach and wind, that I am utterly incapable of company or supping, or even conversing with any comfort. I must lie in an arm-chair till bed-time, and the motion of a chair makes me quite sick. I am sorry to be now twice disappointed of you. I will come to-morrow afternoon or night, and take my chance. I am ever truly

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue, Esq.*
in Bell-yard.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnam, Feb. 22.

I AM very much pleased that poor Barclay's scruples are removed, and will be gratefully and honestly your paymaster for what you expend on his account. You know the Scripture says, "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." I heartily thank you for remembering me as to the escalops, which are in perfection, and will be responsible to you for them when we meet next, which I beg may be as soon as possible. I have seen our friend Dr. Arbuthnot spend some hours in writing directions for us against the plague, which, when finished, I will take care to communicate to you. I am, most faithfully and affectionately, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

Your purse is left with the Doctor's man for you. My mother is better, and your servant.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at his Chambers,
in Harcourt-Buildings, in the Inner
Temple.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR,

Thursday.

I was one day in town, but could not find you in the evening. I have been ill, but nothing would make me better than the sight of a friend. Several of mine are ill also: I hope you will hold up to comfort me. I must beg you to inform me carefully, and to bid your clerk also mind it, whenever Mr. Roberts comes to town (the person whose annuity Mrs. Blount purchased), that she may have his life insured, which, it seems, can't be done but when he is present. This is a very material point to her, and she entreats you to give me the first notice. Mr. White told Mr. Bethel he would be in town soon. I must also desire you to let me have a copy from Mr. C——s, of Abbot's account, what monies he paid to Mr. Effington, etc. Next Sunday I am engaged; any other day I am at your service wholly, as I am entirely, dear Sir, and affectionately, your friend,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue, Esq.* in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR,

Thursday Morn.

You may reasonably wonder to have not heard of me so long; but for four or five days I intended to see you in town, and have been prevented by a terrible cold, which yet confines me to my chamber. The first day I can get to you I will; in the mean time I write to tell you I cannot forget you and yours. I hope you and they are well. I just now hear Mr. Gay is come to town. I hope to meet all together about Sunday at farthest, for I have three or four days' business, which is very inconveniently put off by my present indisposition. Mrs. Blount sends you her services, and will be in town on Saturday. Believe me no man more affectionately yours. I am your faithful friend and servant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR,

Monday, April.

I WAS two nights in town, and aimed at seeing you on both; but the cursed attendance on the excise bill deprived me of it, and I grumble with the rest, upon that score, at it. Your present life is labour; I hope your future will be in more repose, and that you may sleep either on the bench or off, just as you please. Twickenham will be as much at the service of my Lord Judge, as it was of my learned Counsel; and I flatter myself in the imagination that your hours and days in general will be more mine, when they are more yours. Adieu! and keep my secret as long as it will keep: I think myself so happy in being approved by you, and some few others, that I care not for the public a jot.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn, London.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR,

I AM forced to write to you upon this red-lined paper, for I've not a sheet in the house beside. I sent Bowrey to ask you when I might hope to see you. I really want it, for I am very near sunk in melancholy, having been full six weeks here, attending a very melancholy care. I would otherwise have tried to fix a day to meet you at Sir R. W.'s (with his permission, and your coadjutorship). I have a particular reason to desire to know a thing, which I believe he will tell me if you ask it,—Who was author of a book called “*An Essay on the Taste and Writings of this Age* *,” dedicated to him, as a libel upon me. I formerly sent it to Sir R. by you (as I think). Pray ask him, and assure him of my respectful services. I am ever, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

Pray send me some paper ; 'tis all I can get by you men in place.

* It does not appear that Pope learned the name of this Writer. See Vol. V. p. 352. C.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR,

Wednesday.

THE very melancholy situation I have been in, from the very day you begun the journey to Devonshire, made me not willing to break the enjoyment and peace of your domestic satisfactions in your family there; and poor Mr. Gay's great danger added to my concern. My mother still keeps her bed, and, I fear, is very unlikely to rise again: the distemper, which probably will finish all her decays, holds upon her, and does not yield to any remedies; the most is an interval from pain into weakness and slumbers. God knows when I shall see you or any body; in the mean time I thank you for many offices of your friendship, and beg you will continue to assist my sister's * affairs: I presume Effington is now in town, and would send you his account, if demanded. Mrs. Blount has charged me with many speeches to be made you upon your care in her annuity. But I am unable to say, or almost do any thing, my own spirits are so sunk. I wish you sincerely joy of what I am told is given you, and shall always make it my wish to Heaven for you. *Det vitam, det opes, æquam animam tibi ipse parabis.*

Your very faithful servant,

A. POPE.

* Mrs. Racket.

Pray

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Horace Walpole, whom I would have waited on with my thanks, but for this confinement on account of my mother.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at his House,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn.

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR,

I FIRST thank you for your kind visit, and hope you are not the worse for the cold day. I find by the inclosed that there must be more money somewhere to be found of my sister's affair; for the principal sum was 1700*l.* beside interest: and, as I understand no part of the principal ever was paid, I therefore beg you to cause inquiry to be speedily made of Mr. Thurston, the master in chancery. Pray, ought you not to require a sight of Effington's books themselves, where the account was kept, if his extract prove not satisfactory? The question my sister asks about one Abbot I cannot answer, unless you find it in the writings and papers she sent you. I have troubled you with the parcel for New England. For all your
kindnesses

kindnesses I thank you cordially, and am, with sincere esteem,

Your faithful friend and servant,

A. POPE.

My mother is rather worse, than better.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn, London.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR SIR,

Down-Hall, in Essex, Jan. 5.

I HAD writ the post after my receipt of yours, but it followed me thirty miles beyond London, where I have spent part of the Christmas. I yet hope this will find you; and yet I wish the very next day you may begin your journey, because sincerely I cannot see you too soon. I am rejoiced that your gout left you the day after I did: may it never return! though it bring many compliments along with it: for, let my friends wish me as long a life as they please, I should not wish it to myself with the alloy of great or much pain. My old Lord Dorset said very well in that case, the tenure is not worth the fine. I hope the joys of a marriage, both to those who possess, and to you who procure, (modestly speaking,) will obliterate all those melancholy thoughts. I wish the new couple all felicity.

city. And pray make haste to town with the remainder of your family, and put them into the like happy condition with all speed. I had lately an opportunity of telling my Lord Harcourt what we had missed of, when at Sir W.'s, and of making him the compliment of his cyder merchants. His reply was, that he desired to treat with you further, both in that capacity and in your other of a lawyer. To which purpose I have promised to bring you to dine with him as soon as you return to town, which I earnestly expect, and doubt not you will improve the acquaintance with each other. After thanking you for your kind Letter, and returning you my mother's services, (who is pretty well,) I have only to add, that I will not fail, upon my return to town, to make all your compliments to Mrs. Howard, and to assure you I am, with truth, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend and servant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. at Fallapit,
near Totnes, Devon.—Frank,
Oxford.

LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Monday, Jan. 1734-5.

Mrs. Blount's party with Mrs. Knight, to pay your family a visit, is desired to be to-morrow, if it suit with your conveniency; and if so, they chuse to dine with you. The evenings they are engaged for all this week. I, who know your spirit of hospitality, conclude, you'll like the dinner best. Adieu, and let them have your answer to-night, or *per* bearer. Believe me ever, with true affection, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,
Lincoln's Inn.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnam, Nov. 13, 1733.

I HAD fully hoped to have seen you ere now; but though I was in town two days and half, I could find no evening; and am now unwilling to be there till all the bustle of the wedding is over. In the mean time I hope you'll secure Mrs. Blount, by insuring Roberts' life the moment he comes to town.

If it were but for two or three months, or less, (if the money be not actually paid sooner,) I have sent the last assurance, in case it can be any direction to the next. I employ these few days in putting the last hand to my Essay, and I will then immediately print it. I meditate a fine edition of the whole, which I will soon have the pleasure to see in your library, with an inscription of the love the author bears you. Sincerely, dear Sir, I am always

Yours,

A. POPE.

I am told that Miss Fortescue is perfectly well (I hope truly).

LETTER XL.

DEAR SIR,

Friday, 1733.

I HAVE been hindered by an accident of ceremony, which could not be waved, from lying at your house last night or this. I must just look at my own home to-morrow, and, as it is Saturday, wish for your company. I am to be conveyed by a party of your friends. Miss Patty Blount, never having seen you of late, desires you will be of it. We go to pass some hours at Chiswick Gardens, and set out by water from Whitehall at eight to-morrow morn: thence I would
attend

attend you home. I'd be glad you had leifure to do this, which would be a true pleasure to

Your ever obliged friend and faithful servant,

A. POPE.

A word in answer will find me at Lord Bathurst's.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,

by Lincoln's Inn.

LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR,

Friday Morning, Nov. 1734.

YOUR Letter (by the negligence of our post, which often delivers 'em not here till ten o'clock) came too late for me to get any conveyance to town to-day. But certainly you have just as much authority as I, as a friend of Mrs. Blount, to determine in this affair, as to the quarter's rent; or if you scruple it, apply to her: you and I, I am sure, shall be of the same opinion of it. As to the bill of charges, I think that is out of the question of their rent and principal, and may be decided separately, but doubtless to be insisted on. I want to see you very much; shall you come this way on Saturday? For though I intended to be in town, I find I must take phyfic, being in a very ill way this week; though if I had found a coach to-day,

I had come; as I often have for my friends, when really I have been little able. Adieu! I am truly,
 dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

Have you lately seen Lady Suffolk? She was ill when I left the town.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,
 near Lincoln's Inn.—Speed.

LETTER XLII.

DEAR SIR,

Friday, Dec. 1734.

I FULLY intended to have dined with you yesterday, and the day before; but the first of them I was taken in at Court, and yesterday and to-day am so ill of a most troublesome cold, which has brought down the uvula of my mouth, that I cannot dine at all. Would you go to-morrow to Twitnam, and could you spare the coach, I would go gladly with you; if not, I must stay, *per force*, till Sunday morning. I hope all your fireside are well, and growing merrier and merrier as Christmas approaches. I shall have no rest nor joy till I get to my Mum again. Adieu! dear
 Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard,
 near Lincoln's Inn Fields.

LETTER XLIII.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, One o'clock, Jan. 1734-5.

I HAVE been not only in and out of town so often, but so ridiculously employed (as I tell you at large), that I could not get one hour to see you. Pray tell me when I shall be sure of you at home. This day, at any hour? Mrs. Blount has now disposed very well of her money, which a friend of ours will pay at 4 *per cent.* for from this day. Therefore, if you'll order it me, I'll take it for her forthwith, and bring you any proper receipt you shall send me. I write this from her house. Adieu! All happiness attend you, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard.

LETTER XLIV.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 22, 1734-5.

I DEFERRED this two or three posts to send you an answer from Dr. Mead, of the truth of what you heard. But he knows no example that can quite be depended on, of the pulvis A. curing, after any one

began to rave, or otherwise than if taken very soon after the wound. I gave Mr. Bl. the account, which will be paid as soon as you please, if your clerk have the receipts from the attornies; or if not, when you return. Mr. Bethel has been with Mr. C——s about it, who told him to defer it till you come. I've seen your family twice, once at Mr. Jervas's, and last night at home: they are all well, except a little cold which Miss Fortescue has, but was very merry. I hope you have this week seen Buckland with pleasure, and in a state of improvement; and that you will see Fallapit with the same. Twitnam is very cold these easterly winds; but I presume they don't blow in the happy regions of Devonshire. My garden, however, is in good condition, and promises fruits not too early. I am building a stone obelisk, making two new ovens and stoves, and a hot-house for ananas, of which I hope you will taste this year. The public news and votes tell you all the business of the season: it is generally thought the Parliament will be up in the middle of April. Adieu! May success, health, and money attend you in all your circulations. I am faithfully and affectionately, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue, Esq.* in Bell-yard,
Lincoln's Inn.

LETTER XLV.

DEAR SIR,

Friday Night, Nov. 1735.

I HOPE this finds you well arrived. I was put into more solicitude than I expected, for your health, by Dr. Hollings, who the other day told me you had been out of order, of which I knew nothing. I hope in God it is quite over. Give me a line when I may see you most at leisure. I think to be in town on Monday or Tuesday. The man whom Curl served with a process, just before you went out of town, I suppose should have the assistance of an attorney, to appear for him the first day of term, to know what it is for? I am always impatient to see you, dear Sir, and always faithfully

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Esq. in Bell-yard.

LETTER XLVI.

DEAR SIR,

Sunday, May 1736.

I AM gone (before this can reach you) to Southamp-
ton, where my stay will be a fortnight. I was
sorry to have no opportunity of passing a day with
you and yours; but I propose it often after my return.
In the mean time the purpose of this Letter is to
desire you and them to make what use you will of my
house and gardens, which are large enough to lodge
you all, and to try if they can bear a country life
any where but in Devonshire. Dear Sir, believe me
ever, sincerely,

Your most affectionate faithful friend

and servant,

A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Fortescue*,
in Bell-yard, by Lincoln's Inn,
London.

LETTER XLVII.

Twicknam,

Tuesday Night, May 1736.

DEAR SIR,

IT is very long that I have not heard any thing of you. The illness you left me under at Chiswick continued violently five whole days, two of which I was in London, and returned as ill hither. Upon the whole, I've had head-aches most of the time I have passed since. I inquired, and find you've been but one night at Richmond. Where are you? and how are you? I fancy you've been in Essex, or on some excursion. I think to be in London for two days at the end of this week, and then at home all the next. Pray let me know at which place I may see you most to your conveniency; who, while I live, shall be always truly, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Fortescue*,
in Bell-yard, Lincoln's Inn,
London.

LETTER XLVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Wednesday, May 1736.

My days are become so uncertain, that I find I shall not have *to-morrow* in my power. This moral sentence is too true in my regard; for I see my proposal of Mr. Crank's dining here will not be. I therefore beg to lay hold of the present day, and that you'll all come and dine here directly; for after this day I must be held down to two successive parties for morning, noon, and night. The Prince's marriage influencing others, has this effect on me, to reverse what was before promised. Pray, if you can't dine here to-day, come in the afternoon and sup, or come on Friday evening. Adieu! I am ever, sincerely,

Your most faithful servant,

A. POPE.

I have put pickled pork and pease in readiness for dinner.

LETTER XLIX.

DEAR SIR,

Two o'clock, June 1736.

I HAVE been detained by two or three accidents from dining with you; one of which is, the rebuilding of the temple, which I hope will in glory equal the first. I wish the Ladies and you would come this afternoon, and give their assistance. If you go to Marble-hill, you'll easily come on and sup with me on Westphaly ham, etc. or drink tea at least. I will, if you please, go with you to-morrow to Lord Hay's, and afterwards dine with you, if it suit your other engagements. Adieu! but I hope not for many hours.

Yours entirely,

A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Fortescue*,
at the Vineyard in Richmond.

LETTER L.

DEAR SIR,

Rousham, July 26, 1739.

I WRITE this much out of humour, to find it impossible for me to get to London in time before your journey. I had written to my servant to send my
chaife,

chaise, and horses to it, about the middle of this week ; and wrote to Mrs. Blount, that I hoped to see both you and her here, the moment after I received your most kind letter. I find by one from her, that you have met at last, and that you have complimented her with the shepherd's tabernacle, of which I doubt not she is very glad, and for which I thank you too. The day before I was to set out, my Lord Cornbury came hither to General Dormers, and insists so urgently, that he did so, purely to get me to Cornbury for some days, (where I formerly made, and am to make some alterations,) that I can't refuse it ; or must take another journey expressly, which, indeed, I am not able to do, my weak frame being almost shook to pieces with this. I am within a mile of your brother Page, who threatens to come hither ; and 'tis very probable I may see him at dinner to-morrow. If we were well enough acquainted, I might be tempted to go the circuit with you as far as Southampton. I fancy no coaches are so easy as the Judges', and no journies more gradual : then I might be sure of reposing some days between whiles, and keeping sober and sad company. To be serious ; I wish yours may contribute to your health, more than I fear it will to your entertainment. Let me hear now and then how you continue ; and be assured, all the effects of an old and an experienced friendship dwell about me, and will ever wait upon you ; whatever be the events of a world I am daily weaning myself from,

as

as I think it less and less lovely, and less worthy either remembrance or concern. Adieu! dear Sir, and think (as you truly may) he is a disinterested man who makes you this profession, and who will ever be

Your most affectionate, faithful,
humble servant,

A. POPE.

I beg you to send the inclosed Letter to Mrs. Blount. I never received that which you mention to have written to me to Twitnam.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice *Fortescue*,
at his House, in Bell-yard, near
Lincoln's Inn, London.

LETTER LI.

DEAR SIR, September 3, 1737.

IT is long that I have not writ to you; but want of materials is a good reason for not writing at any time; and that which I never want, friendship and affection, have not much to say, though they feel much. The knowledge you will not fail, from long experience, to have of mine for you, though it has had few means to prove itself; and the opinion which, I flatter myself, you have of my being no ungrateful

man to those who have proved theirs to me; will sufficiently convince you I am always thinking of, and wishing well to you. I have this summer contrived to make a circuit, almost as long as yours, though less useful; from which I am not yet returned. I have been now a full month on the ramble, first to Southampton and Portsmouth, but the stormy weather prevented my design on the Isle of Wight; thence to Oxford, and Cirencester, and Bath. It will be near Michaelmas before I shall see Richmond, or Mrs. Blount, who went thither (as I hear by the last post) but two days ago, to enjoy the palace you left her, being much rejoiced to be at repose after a ramble she has also made. I hope Mrs. Spooner is now in perfect health, though she had been ailing when I last saw her before her journey. I hope you are all together by this time, or will about the time this Letter reaches you; which comes to congratulate you on the sabbath of your labours, and to exhort you to concert this Michaelmas some improvements of your wood, etc. at Buckland, *factura nepotibus umbras*. But cut out some walks for yourself, while you yet have legs, and make some plain and smooth under your trees, to admit a chaise or chariot when you have none. I find myself already almost in the condition, though not the circumstances, of an aged judge, and am forced to be carried in that manner over Lord Bathurst's plantations. Do not be discouraged from giving me, once more at least,

7

least, an account of yourself. If directed to Twit-
ham, it will find its way to me. Be assured, I am,
with old sincerity, and ever shall be, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged

friend and servant,

A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Fortescue*,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn,
London.

LETTER LII.

DEAR SIR,

Monday, Seven o'clock, March 1743.

IT is indeed very long since we have met; but I do
not forget you, nor do I think you forget me,
since you were so kind as to call yesterday. I did
not expect you while Lord Bolingbroke was with me
(though I saw any friend alone). Since he left me I
have been in Kent for some time, and had Mr. West's
family here a fortnight; have never been two days in
town, nor one Sunday at home, without being con-
fined to company. This is the truth; and I had
written as much to you, but for the hope every week
of seeing you the next. If this find you, dear Sir, at
Richmond, I will take boat instantly. I truly am,
and ever shall be, as I ever have been,

Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER LIII.

DEAR SIR,

Twitnam, Wednesday, April 1743.

I THANK you for your kind invitation to dine with you, but I have not dined this long while, so as to be fit for any man's table, or food. I am not yet free from a fever, and yet must be carried in a coach to-morrow to London, to be the nearer the Doctor. If you could as well take the air this way, I would get you a chicken, and enjoy here what I wish I could there, an hour or two of your company. The waterman gives me but an imperfect account of the state of your health, which I answer no man desires with more sincerity, than, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and

ever faithful servant,

A. POPE.

To the Right Hon. the *Master of the Rolls*.

LETTER LIV.

DEAR SIR,

Saturday Night, June 1743.

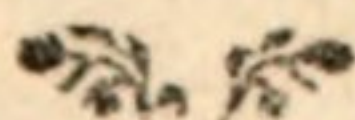
I HAVE twice had the ill fortune to miss you, when I went to the Rolls; the last time Mr. Solicitor and I were together: and now that he and I are at Twitenham (for one day only), my Lord Bolingbroke happens to be so, which hinders us from seeing you. I shall be in town again in two or three days, and hope then to dine and sup with you. I am really troubled to meet you so rarely, as I preserve the memory of so many hours and days formerly passed together; and am, with that sort of truth which was to be found in old-fashioned friendships, dear Sir,

Your faithful and ever most affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

To the Right Hon. the *Master of the Rolls*,
Richmond.

THESE Letters are valuable in one point of view, as they prove, clearer than a thousand arguments, that the Letters which Pope published were polished and laboured for the press. It may be amusing to compare these unvarnished and unaffected effusions of friendship, with his elegant and more elaborate epistolary compositions.



LETTER XIV

DEAR SIR,

I have twice had the ill fortune to miss you, when I went to the Rolls; the last time Mr. Brougham and I were together; and now that he and I are at Twickenham (for one day only), my Lord Brougham happens to be so, which hinders us from leaving you. I shall be in town again in two or three days, and hope then to dine and sup with you. I am really troubled to meet you so rarely, as I believe the memory of so many hours and days formerly passed together; and am, with that sort of truth which was to be found in old-fashioned friendships, dear Sir, Your faithful and ever most affectionate servant,

A. POPE

To the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls,
A. POPE

These Letters are valuable in one point of view, as they present clearer than a thousand arguments, the Letters which were published were polished and laboured for the press. It may be assumed to compare these admirable and unaffected letters of friendship, with his elegant and more elegant epistolary composition.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE

A COMEDY.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

MART.

JOHN GAY.

* Pope and Arbuthnot, who had no equal hand in the performance. It was introduced on the Stage; and C. is the character of Pope, introduced in allusion to it, which was one of the offences which procured him a place in the Doctor. See Vol. IV. p. 16. Note: Vol. V. p. 50. Note. C.

Pope was certainly as much concerned in writing this Farce, as he was in writing the Memoirs of Scribblers: it was a joint production: though it is unworthy the name of an author; yet as so much has been said of it, and as it was the cause of the memorable quarrel of Pope with C. I have thought it might gratify curiosity, if I gave it a place.

THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE

A COMEDY

By the Author of "The Marriage of Figaro"

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be necessary to acquaint the Reader, that this Play is printed exactly as it is acted: for though the Players, in compliance with the taste of the Town, broke it into five parts in the representation; yet as the action pauses, and the stage is left vacant but three times, so it properly consists but of three Acts, like the Spanish Comedies.

I must farther own the assistance I have received in this Piece from two of my friends*; who, though they will not allow me the honour of having their names joined with mine, cannot deprive me of the pleasure of making this acknowledgment.

JOHN GAY.

* Pope and Arbuthnot, who had an equal hand in the performance. It was unsuccessful on the Stage; and Cibber, in the character of *Bays*, introduced an allusion to it, which was one of the offences which procured him a place in the *DUNCIAD*. See Vol. IV. p. 16. Note; Vol. V. p. 50. Note. C.

Pope was certainly as much concerned in writing this Farce, as he was in writing the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*: it was a *joint production*: though it is unworthy the names of its authors; yet as so much has been said of it, and as it was the cause of the memorable quarrel of Pope with Cibber, I have thought it might gratify curiosity, if I gave it a place.

P R O L O G U E.

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capricious rules,
 The great ones are thought mad, the small ones Fools.
 Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
 For Fools are only laugh'd at,—Wits are hated.
 Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
 But Fool 'gainst Fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Why on all Authors then should Critics fall?
 Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.
 Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
 Cry, “Damn not us, but damn the French that made it.”
 By running goods, these graceless Owlers gain,
 Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
 But Wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
 Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught:
 They pall Moliere's and Lopez' sprightly strain,
 And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
 How shall our Author hope a gentle fate,
 Who dares most impudently——not translate!
 It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
 To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign climes;
 Spaniard and French abuse, to the world's end,
 But spare Old England, lest you hurt a friend.
 If any Fool is by our satire hit,
 Let him hiss loud, to show you all—he's bit.
 Poets make characters, as Salesmen clothes;
 We take no measure of your fops and beaus:
 But here all sizes and all shapes ye meet,
 And fit yourselves—like chaps in Monmouth-street.

Gallants,

Gallants, look here! this fool's-cap * has an air—
 Goodly and smart—with ears of Iffachar.
 Let no one Fool engrofs it, or confine :
 A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine,
 But Poets in all ages had the care
 To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear :
 Our Author has it now; for ev'ry Wit
 Of course resign'd it to the next that writ :
 And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly thrown †,
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* Shews a cap with ears.

† Flings down the cap, and *exit*.

* The character of Fop is taken from a sketch by Mr. Woodward; and that of Sir Trueman, by Mr. Dumas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

FOSSILE,	}	Doctors,	-	-	-	Mr. Johnson.
POSSUM,			-	-	-	Mr. Norris.
NAUTILUS,			-	-	-	Mr. Lee.
PTISAN, Apothecary,			-	-	-	Mr. Miller.
PLOTWELL,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Cibber.
UNDERPLOT,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Pinkethman.
SIR TREMENDOUS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bowman.
FIRST PLAYER,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Walker.
SECOND PLAYER,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quin.
SAILOR,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bickerstaff.

FOOTMEN, SERVANTS, &c.

WOMEN.

MRS. TOWNLEY,	-	-	-	Mrs. Oldfield.
MRS. PHOEBE CLINKET,	-	-	-	Mrs. Bicknell.
SARSNET,	-	-	-	Mrs. Hunt.
PRUE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Willis.

THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

Enter FOSSILE, leading TOWNLEY.

FOSSILE *.

WELCOME, my bride, into the habitation of thy husband. The scruples of the parson—

TOWNLEY.

And the fatigue of the ceremony—

FOSSILE.

Are at last well over.

TOWNLEY.

These blank licences are wonderful commodious.—The Clergy have a noble command, in being rangers of the park of matrimony; produce but a warrant, and they deliver a lady into your possession: but I have no quarrel with them, since they have put me into so good hands.

FOSSILE.

* The character of *Fossile* was designed as a ridicule on Dr. Woodward; and that of *Sir Tremendous*, on Dennis.

250 THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

FOSSILE.

I now proclaim a solemn suspension of arms between medicine and diseases. Let distempers suspend their malignant influence, and powders, pills, and potions, their operations. Be this day sacred to my love! I had rather hold this hand of thine, than a duchess by the pulse.

TOWNLEY.

And I this, than a hand of matadores.

FOSSILE.

Who knows but your relations may dispute my title to your person? Come, my dear, the seal of the matrimonial bond is consummation.

TOWNLEY.

Alas! what will become of me!

FOSSILE.

Why are thy eyes fix'd on the ground? why so slow? and why this trembling?

TOWNLEY.

Ah! heedless creature that I was, to quit all my relations, and trust myself alone in the hands of a strange man!

FOSSILE.

Courage, thou best of my curiosities! Know that in husband is comprehended all relations; in me thou seest a fond father.

THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE. 251

TOWNLEY.

Old enough o' my conscience. [*Aside.*

FOSSILE.

You may, you must trust yourself with me.

TOWNLEY.

Do with me as you please. yet sure you cannot so soon forget the office of the church. Marriage is not to be undertaken wantonly, like brute beasts. If you will transgress, the sin be upon your own head.

FOSSILE.

Great indeed is thy virtue, and laudable is thy modesty. Thou art a virgin, and I a philosopher: but learn that no animal action, *quatenus animal*, is unbecoming of either of us. But hold! where am I going? Prithce, my dear, of what age art thou?

TOWNLEY.

Almost three and twenty.

FOSSILE.

And I almost at my grand climacterick. What occasion have I for a double-night at these years? She may be an Alcmena; but, alas! I am no thunderer. [*Aside.*

TOWNLEY.

You seem somewhat disturb'd; I hope you are well, Mr. Fossile.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

What business have I in the bed-chamber, when the symptoms of age are upon me? Yet hold, this is the famous corroborative of Crollius; in this vial are included sons and daughters. Oh, for a draught of the *aqua magnanimitatis* for a vehicle! fifty drops of *liquid laudanum* for her dose would but just put us upon a par. *Laudanum* would settle the present ataxy of her animal spirits, and prevent her being too watchful. [Aside.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, your pistachoe-porridge is ready. [Exit.

FOSSILE.

Now I think of it, my dear; Venus, which is in the first degree of Capricorn, does not culminate till ten; an hour, if Astrology is not fallible, successful in generation.

TOWNLEY.

I am all obedience, Sir.

FOSSILE.

How shall I reward thee for so much goodness? Let our wedding as yet be a secret in the family. In the mean time I'll introduce my niece Phoebe Clinket to your acquaintance: but, alas! the poor girl has a procidence of the pineal gland, which has occasioned
a rupture

a rupture in her understanding. I took her into my house to regulate my œconomy; but instead of puddings, she makes pastorals; or, when she should be raising paste, is raising some ghost in a new tragedy. In short, my house is haunted by all the underling players, broken bookfellers, half-voiced finging-masters, and disabled dancing-masters in town. In a former will I had left her my estate; but I now resolve that heirs of my own begetting shall inherit. Yonder she comes in her usual occupation. Let us mark her a-while.

Enter CLINKET, and her MAID bearing a writing-desk on her back. CLINKET writing, her head-dress stained with ink, and pens stuck in her hair.

MAID.

I had as good carry a raree-show about the street. Oh! how my back akes!

CLINKET.

What are the labours of the back to those of the brain, thou scandal to the Muses? I have now lost a thought worth a folio, by thy impertinence.

MAID.

Have not I got a crick in my back already, that will make me good for nothing, with lifting your great books?

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

Folios call them, and not great books, thou monster of impropriety ! but have patience, and I will remember the three gallery tickets I promis'd thee at my new tragedy.

MAID.

I shall never get my head-clothes clear-starch'd at this rate.

CLINKET.

Thou destroyer of learning ! thou worse than a book-worm ! thou hast put me beyond all patience. Remember how my lyric ode was bound about a tallow candle ; thy wrapping up snuff in an Epigram ; nay, the unworthy usage of my Hymn to Apollo, filthy creature ! Read me the last lines I writ upon the Deluge, and take care to pronounce them as I taught you.

MAID.

Swell'd with a dropfy, sickly Nature lies,
And melting in a diabetes, dies.

[Reads with an affected tone.]

CLINKET.

Still without cadence !

MAID.

Swell'd with a dropfy——

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

Hold.—I conceive—

The roaring seas o'er the tall woods have broke,
And whales now perch upon the sturdy oak.

—Roaring? stay—rumbling, roaring, rustling; no—
raging seas. [Writing.

The raging seas o'er the tall woods have broke;
Now perch, thou whale, upon the sturdy oak.

Sturdy oak? no,—steady, strong, strapping, stiff.—
Stiff? no, stiff is too short.

FOSSILE and TOWNLEY come forward.

What feast for fish! oh, too luxurious treat!
When hungry dolphins feed on butchers' meat.

FOSSILE.

Niece! why niece, niece! oh, Melpomene! thou
goddess of Tragedy! suspend thy influence for a
moment, and suffer my niece to give me a rational
answer. This lady is a friend of mine: her present
circumstances oblige her to take sanctuary in my
house; treat her with the utmost civility. Let the
tea-table be made ready.

CLINKET.

Madam, excuse this absence of mind: my animal
spirits had deserted the avenues of my senses, and
retired to the recesses of the brain, to contemplate a
beautiful

256 THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

beautiful idea. I could not force the vagrant creatures back again into their posts, to move those parts of the body that express civility.

TOWNLEY.

A rare affected creature this! If I mistake not, flattery will make her an useful tool for my purpose.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Townley, Clinket, and Maid.*

FOSSILE.

Her jewels, her strong box, and all her things left behind! If her uncle should discover her marriage, he may lay an embargo upon her goods.—I'll send for them.

Enter a Boy with a letter.

BOY.

This is the ho-ho-house.

FOSSILE.

Child, whom dost thou want?

BOY.

Mistress Townley's ma-ma-maid.

FOSSILE.

What is your business?

BOY.

A l-l-letter.

FOSSILE.

Who sent this letter?

BOY.

BOY.

O-o-one.

FOSSILE.

Give it me, child. An honest boy! Give it me, and I'll deliver it myself. A very honest boy!

BOY.

So. [Exit Boy.

FOSSILE.

There are now no more secrets between us. Man and wife are one.

‘ Madam, either I mistake the encouragement
‘ I have had, or I am to be happy to-
‘ night. I hope the same person will
‘ complete her good offices: I stand to
‘ articles. The ring is a fine one; and
‘ I shall have the pleasure of putting it
‘ on the first time.

‘ This from your impatient R. P.’

In the name of Beelzebub, what is this? Encouragement! happy to-night! same person! good offices! Whom hast thou married, poor Fossile? Couldst thou not divert thyself still with the spoils of quarries and coal-pits, thy serpents and thy salamanders, but thou must have a living monster too! ‘Sdeath! what a jest shall I be to our club! Is there no rope among my curiosities? Shall I turn her out of doors, and proclaim my infamy; or lock her up, and bear my mis-

258 THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

fortune? Lock her up! impossible. One may shut up volatile spirits, pen up the air, confine bears, lions, and tigers, nay, keep even your gold; but a wanton wife, who can keep?

Enter TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Mrs. Clinket's play is to be read this morning at the tea-table: will you come and divert yourself, Sir?

FOSSILE.

No: I want to be alone.

TOWNLEY.

I hope my company is not troublesome already. I am as yet a bride, not a wife [*sighs*]. What means this sudden change? [*Aside.*] Consider, Mr. Fossile, you want your natural rest: the bed would refresh you. Let me sit by you.

FOSSILE.

My head akes, and the bed always makes it worse.

TOWNLEY.

Is it hereabouts? [*Rubs his temples.*]

FOSSILE.

Too sure. [*Turns from her.*]

TOWNLEY.

Why so fretful, Mr. Fossile?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

No: I'll dissemble my passion, and pump her.
 [*Aside.*] Excess of joy, my dear, for my good fortune, overcomes me. I am somewhat vertiginous; I can hardly stand.

TOWNLEY.

I hope I was ordain'd for thy support.

FOSSILE.

My disorder now begins to dissipate: it was only a little flatulency, occasion'd by something hard of digestion. But pray, my dear, did your uncle shut you up so close from the conversation of mankind?

TOWNLEY.

Sarsnet and Shock were my only company.

FOSSILE.

A very prudent young woman, this Sarsnet; she was undoubtedly a good and faithful friend in your solitude.

TOWNLEY.

When it was her interest; but I made no intimacies with my chamber-maid.

FOSSILE.

But was there no lover offer'd his service to a lady in distress?

TOWNLEY.

Tongue, be upon thy guard: these questions must be design'd to trap me. [*Aside.*] A woman of my condition can't well escape importunity.

260 THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

FOSSILE.

What was the name of that disagreeable fellow, who, you told me, teaz'd you so?

TOWNLEY.

His name! I think he had a thousand names. In one letter he was Myrtillo, in another Corydon, Alexis, and I don't know what.

Enter SARNET in haste to her mistress: he runs and embraces her with great earnestness.

FOSSILE.

Dear Mrs. Sarnet, how am I obliged to thee for thy services; thou hast made me happy beyond expression.—I shall find another letter upon her. [*Aside.*

[He gets his hand into Sarnet's pocket, as searching for a letter.

[Whenever Sarnet goes to whisper her mistress, he gets between them.

Enter PTISAN.

PTISAN.

Mrs. Colloquintida complains still of a dejection of appetite; she says that the genevre is too cold for her stomach.

FOSSILE.

Give her a quieting draught; but let us not interrupt one another. Good Mr. Ptisan, we are upon business. [*Fossile gets between Sarnet and Townley.*

PTISAN.

PTISAN.

The colonel's spitting is quite suppress'd.

FOSSILE.

Give him a quieting draught. Come to-morrow, Mr. Ptisan; I can see nobody till then.

PTISAN.

Lady Varnish finds no benefit of the waters; for the pimple on the tip of her nose still continues.

FOSSILE.

Give her a quieting draught.

PTISAN.

Mrs. Prudentia's tympany grows bigger and bigger. What, no pearl cordial! must I quiet them all?

FOSSILE.

Give them all quieting draughts, I say; or blister them all, as you please. Your servant, Mr. Ptisan.

PTISAN.

But then Lady Giddy's vapours. She calls her chamber-maids nymphs; for she fancies herself Diana, and her husband Actæon.

FOSSILE.

I can attend no patient till to-morrow. Give her a quieting draught, I say.

[Whenever Fossile goes to conduct Ptisan to the door, Sarsnet and Townley attempt to
whisper;

262 THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

whisper; Fossile gets between them, and Ptisan takes that opportunity of coming back.

PTISAN.

Then, Sir, there is Miss Chitty of the boarding-school, has taken in no natural sustenance for this week, but a halfpenny-worth of charcoal, and one of her mittens.

FOSSILE.

Sarfnet, do you wait on Mr. Ptisan to the door. To-morrow let my patients know I'll visit round.

[A knocking at the door.]

PTISAN.

Oh, Sir; here is a servant of the countess of Hippokekoana. The emetic has over-wrought, and she is in convulsions.

FOSSILE.

This is unfortunate. Then I must go. Mr. Ptisan, my dear, has some business with me in private. Retire into my closet a moment, and divert yourself with the pictures. There lies your way, Madam. *[To Sarfnet.]*

[Exit Townley at one door, and Sarfnet at the other.]

Mr. Ptisan, pray, do you run before, and tell them I am just coming. *[Exit Ptisan.]*

All my distresses come on the neck of one another. Should this fellow get to my bride before I have bedded

bedded her, in a collection of cuckolds, what a rarity should I make! What shall I do? I'll lock her up. Lock up my bride! My peace and my honour demand it, and it shall be so. [*Locks the door.*]
Thomas, Thomas!

Enter FOOTMAN.

I dream't last night I was robb'd. The town is overrun with rogues. Who knows but the rascal that sent the letter may be now in the house? [*Aside.*] Look up the chimney, search all the dark closets, the coal-hole, the flower-pots, and forget not the empty butt in the cellar. Keep a strict watch at the door, and let nobody in till my return.

[*Exit* Footman. *A noise at the closet-door.*

TOWNLEY.

(*Within.*) Who's there?—I am lock'd in. Murder! fire!

FOSSILE.

Dear Madam, I beg your pardon.

[*Unlocks the door. Enter* TOWNLEY.]

'Tis well you call'd. I am so apt to lock this door; an action merely mechanical, not spontaneous.

TOWNLEY.

Your conduct, Mr. Fossile, for this quarter of an hour, has been somewhat mysterious. It has suggested to me what I almost blush to name; your locking me

up, confirms this suspicion. Pray speak plainly, what has caused this alteration?

[Fossile *shews her the letter.*

[Is this all? [Gives him the letter back.

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) Either I mistake the encouragement I have had—What encouragement?

TOWNLEY.

From my uncle——if I must be your interpreter.

FOSSILE.

Or I am to be happy to-night.—

TOWNLEY.

To be married——if there can be happiness in that state.

FOSSILE.

I hope the same person—

TOWNLEY.

Parson. Only a word misspell'd.——Here's jealousy for you!

FOSSILE.

Will complete her good offices.—A she-parson, I find!

TOWNLEY.

He is a Welshman. And the Welsh always say hur, instead of his.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I stand to articles—

TOWNLEY.

Of jointure.

FOSSILE.

The ring is a fine one, and I shall have the pleasure of putting it on myself.—

TOWNLEY.

Who should put on the wedding-ring but the bridegroom?

FOSSILE.

I beseech thee, pardon thy dear husband. Love and jealousy are often companions, and excess of both had quite obnubilated the eyes of my understanding.

TOWNLEY.

Barbarous man! I could forgive thee, if thou hadst poison'd my father, debauch'd my sister, kill'd my lap-dog; but, to murder my reputation! [*Weeps.*]

FOSSILE.

Nay, I beseech thee, forgive me. [*Kneels.*]

TOWNLEY.

I do; but upon condition your jealous fit never returns. To a jealous man a whisper is evidence, and a dream demonstration. A civil letter makes him thoughtful, an innocent visit mad: I shall try you, Mr. Fossile; for don't think I'll be deny'd company.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Nay, prithee, my dear ; I own I have abused thee. But lest my marriage, and this simple story, should take air in the neighbourhood, to-morrow we will retire into the country together, till the secret is blown over. I am call'd to a patient. In less than half an hour, I'll be with you again, my dear.

[Exit Fossile.]

TOWNLEY.

Plotwell's letter had like to have ruin'd me. 'Twas a neglect in me, not to entrust him with the secret of my marriage. A jealous bridegroom ! every poison has its antidote ; as credulity is the cause, so it shall be the cure of his jealousy. To-morrow I must be spirited away into the country ; I'll immediately let Plotwell know of my distress ; and this little time, with opportunity, even on his wedding-day, shall finish him a complete husband. Intrigue, assist me ! and I'll act a revenge that might have been worthy the most celebrated wife in Boccace.

Enter PLOTWELL and CLINKET.

Hah ! Plotwell ! which way got he hither ? I must caution him to be upon his guard.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I am agreeably surpriz'd to find you here.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Me, Sir! You are certainly mistaken; for I don't remember I ever saw you before.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I beg your pardon. How like a truth sounds a lie from the tongue of a fine woman. [*Aside.*

CLINKET.

This, Madam, is Mr. Plotwell; a gentleman who is so infinitely obliging, as to introduce my Play on the Theatre, by fathering the unworthy issue of my muse, at the reading it this morning.

PLOTWELL.

I should be proud, Madam, to be a real father to any of your productions.

CLINKET.

Mighty just. Ha! ha! ha! You know, Mr. Plotwell, that both a parrot and a player can utter human sounds, but we allow neither of them to be a judge of wit. Yet some of those people have had the assurance to deny almost all my performances the privilege of being acted. Ah! what a *Goût de travers* rules the understandings of the illiterate!

PLOTWELL.

There are some, Madam, that nauseate the smell of a rose.

[*Whenever Plotwell and Townley endeavour to talk, she interrupts them.*

CLINKET.

If this piece be not rais'd to the sublime, let me henceforth be stigmatiz'd as a reptile in the dust of mediocrity. I am persuaded, Sir, your adopted child will do you no dishonour.

TOWNLEY.

Pray, Madam, what is the subject?

CLINKET.

Oh! beyond every thing. So adapted for tragical machines! so proper to excite the passions! not in the least encumber'd with episodes! the *vrai-semblance* and the miraculous are link'd together with such propriety!

TOWNLEY.

But the subject, Madam?

CLINKET.

The Universal Deluge. I chose that of Deucalion and Pyrrha, because neither our stage nor actors are hallow'd enough for sacred story.

PLOTWELL.

But, Madam——

[To Townley.

CLINKET.

What just occasion for noble description! These players are exceeding dilatory.—In the mean time, Sir, shall I be obliged to you and this lady for the rehearsal

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rehearsal of a scene that I have been just touching up with some lively strokes?

TOWNLEY.

I dare assure you, Madam, it will be a pleasure to us both. I'll take this occasion to inform you of my present circumstances. [To Plotwell.

CLINKET.

Imagine Deucalion and Pyrrha in their boat. They pass by a promontory, where stands prince Hæmon, a former lover of Pyrrha's, ready to be swallowed up by the devouring flood. She presses her husband to take him into the boat. Your part, Sir, is Hæmon; the lady personates Pyrrha; and I represent Deucalion. To you, Sir. [*Gives Plotwell the manuscript.*

PLOTWELL.

What, ho! there, sculler! [*Reads.*

TOWNLEY.

—— Hæmon!

PLOTWELL.

—— Yes, 'tis Hæmon!

TOWNLEY.

Thou seest me now sail'd from my former lodgings, Beneath a husband's ark; yet fain I would reward Thy proffer'd love. But, Hæmon, ah! I fear To-morrow's eve will hide me in the country.

CLINKET.

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CLINKET.

Not a syllable in the part! wrong, all wrong!

PLOTWELL.

Through all the town, with diligent inquiries,
I fought my Pyrrha——

CLINKET.

Beyond all patience! the part, Sir, lies before you:
you are never to perplex the drama with speeches
extempore.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, 'tis what the top-players often do.

TOWNLEY.

Though love denies, compassion bids me save thee.
[Plotwell *kisses her*.

CLINKET.

Eye, Mr. Plotwell: this is against all the decorum
of the Stage; I will no more allow the libertinism
of lip-embraces, than the barbarity of killing on the
Stage: your best Tragedians, like the ladies of quality
in a visit, never turn beyond the back-part of the
cheek to a salute, as thus, Mr. Plotwell.

[*Kisses Plotwell*.

PLOTWELL.

I don't find in Aristotle any precept against kissing.

CLINKET.

Yet I would not stand upon the brink of an inde-
corum.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

True, Madam, the finishing stroke of love and revenge should never shock the eyes of an audience. But I look upon a kiss in a Comedy, to be upon a par with a box on the ear in Tragedy, which is frequently given and taken by your best authors.

CLINKET.

Mighty just! for a lady can no more put up a kiss, than a gentleman a box on the ear.—Take my muse, Sir, into your protection [*Gives him her Play*]; the players, I see, are here. Your personating the author will infallibly introduce my Play on the Stage, and, spite of their prejudice, make the Theatre ring with applause, and teach even that injudicious Canaille to know their own interest.

Enter Sir TREMENDOUS with two Players.

PLOTWELL.

Gentlemen, this lady, who smiles on my performances, has permitted me to introduce you and my Tragedy to her tea-table.

CLINKET.

Gentlemen, you do me honour.

FIRST PLAYER.

Suffer us, Sir, to recommend to your acquaintance the famous Sir Tremendous, the greatest critic of our age.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

Sir Tremendous, I rejoice at your presence; though no lady that has an antipathy, so sweats at a cat, as some authors at a critic. Sir Tremendous, Madam, is a gentleman who can instruct the Town to dislike what has pleased them, and to be pleased with what they disliked.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Alas! what signifies one good palate when the taste of the whole Town is vitiated? There is not in all this Sodom of ignorance ten righteous critics, who do not judge things backward.

CLINKET.

I perfectly agree with Sir Tremendous: your modern Tragedies are such egregious stuff, they neither move terror nor pity.

PLOTWELL.

Yes, Madam, the pity of the audience on the first night, and the terror of the author for the third. Sir Tremendous's plays indeed have raised a sublimer passion, astonishment.

CLINKET.

I perceive here will be a wit-combat between these beaux-esprits. Prue, be sure you set down all the similes.

[Prue retires to the back part of the Stage with pen and ink.]

SIR

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The subjects of most modern Plays are as ill chosen
as——

PLOTWELL.

The patrons of their dedications.

[Clinket *makes signs to Prue.*

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their plots as shallow——

PLOTWELL.

As those of bad Poets against new Plays.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their episodes as little of a piece to the main
action, as——

CLINKET.

A black gown with a pink-colour'd petticoat.
Mark that, Prue. [Aside.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their sentiments are so very delicate——

PLOTWELL.

That, like whipt syllabub, they are lost before they
are tasted.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their diction so low, that—that——

PLOTWELL.

Why, that their friends are forced to call it sim-
plicity.

FIRST PLAYER.

Sir, to the Play if you please.

SECOND PLAYER.

We have a rehearsal this morning.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

And then their thefts are so open——

PLOTWELL.

That the very French tailors can discover them.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

O, what felony from the ancients! what petty larceny from the moderns! There is the famous Iphigenia of Racine; he stole his Agamemnon from Seneca, who stole it from Euripides, who stole it from Homer, who stole it from all the ancients before him. In short, there is nothing so execrable as our most taking Tragedies.

FIRST PLAYER.

O! but the immortal Shakespeare, Sir.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

He had no judgment.

SECOND PLAYER.

The famous Ben Jonson!

CLINKET.

Dry.

FIRST

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FIRST PLAYER.

The tender Otway!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Incorrect.

SECOND PLAYER.

Etheridge!

CLINKET.

Mere chit-chat.

FIRST PLAYER.

Dryden!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Nothing but a knack of versifying.

CLINKET.

Ah! dear Sir Tremendous, there is that delicateſſe
in your ſentiments!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Ah! Madam, there is that juſtneſs in your notions!

CLINKET.

I am ſo charm'd with your manly penetration!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

I with your profound capacity!

CLINKET.

That I am not able—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

That it is impoſſible—

T 2

CLINKET.

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CLINKET.

To conceive—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

To express—

CLINKET.

With what delight I embrace—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

With what pleasure I enter into—

CLINKET.

Your ideas, most learned Sir Tremendous!—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Your sentiments, most divine Mrs. Clinket!—

SECOND PLAYER.

The Play, for heaven's sake, the Play!

[A tea-table brought in.]

CLINKET.

This finish'd drama is too good for an age like this.

PLOTWELL.

The Universal Deluge, or the Tragedy of Deucalion and Pyrrha. *[Reads.]*

CLINKET.

Mr. Plotwell, I will not deny'd the pleasure of reading it; you will pardon me.

FIRST

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FIRST PLAYER.

The Deluge ! the subject seems to be too *recherché*.

CLINKET.

A subject untouch'd either by ancients or moderns,
in which are terror and pity in perfection.

FIRST PLAYER.

The Stage will never bear it. Can you suppose,
Sir, that a box of ladies will sit three hours to see a
rainy day, and a sculler in a storm ? Make your best
of it, I know it can be nothing else.

SECOND PLAYER.

If you please, Madam, let us hear how it opens.

CLINKET.

[*Reads.*] The scene opens, and discovers the
Heavens cloudy. A prodigious shower of rain. At
a distance appears the top of the mountain Parnassus ;
all the fields beneath are overflowed ; there are seen
cattle and men swimming. The tops of steeples rise
above the flood, with men and women perching on
their weather-cocks——

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Begging your pardon, Sir, I believe it can be
proved, that weather-cocks are of a modern inven-
tion. Besides, if stones were dissolved, as a late
philosopher hath proved, how could steeples stand ?

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PLOTWELL.

I don't insist upon trifles.—Strike it out.

CLINKET.

Strike it out! consider what you do. In this they strike at the very foundation of the drama. Don't almost all the persons of your second Act start out of stones that Deucalion and Pyrrha threw behind them? This cavil is levell'd at the whole system of the reparation of human race.

FIRST PLAYER.

Then the shower is absurd.

CLINKET.

Why should not this gentleman rain, as well as other authors snow and thunder?—[*Reads.*] Enter Deucalion in a sort of waterman's habit, leading his wife Pyrrha to a boat—Her first distress is about her going back to fetch a casket of jewels. Mind how he imitates your great authors. The first speech has all the fire of Lee:

Tho' Heav'n wrings all the sponges of the sky,
And pours down clouds at once, each cloud a sea,
Not the spring-tides—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

There were no spring-tides in the Mediterranean, and consequently Deucalion could not make that simile.

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

A man of Deucalion's quality might have travelled beyond the Mediterranean, and so your objection is answered. Observe, Sir Tremendous, the tenderness of Otway, in this answer of Pyrrha :

—— Why do the stays
Taper my waist, but for thy circling arms ?

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Ah ! Anachronisms ! Stays are a modern habit, and the whole scene is monstrous, and against the rules of Tragedy.

PLOTWELL.

I submit, Sir—out with it.

CLINKET.

Were the Play mine, you should gash my flesh, mangle my face, any thing sooner than scratch my Play.

PLOTWELL.

Blot and insert wherever you please—I submit myself to your judgment.

[Plotwell rises, and discourses apart
with Townley.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Madam, nonsense and I have been at variance from my cradle ; it sets my understanding on edge.

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SECOND PLAYER.

Indeed, Madam, with submission, and I think I have some experience of the Stage, this Play will hardly take.

CLINKET.

The worst lines of it would be sufficiently clapt, if it had been writ by a known author, or recommended by one.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Between you and I, Madam, who understand better things, this gentleman knows nothing of poetry.

FIRST PLAYER.

The gentleman may be an honest man, but he is a damn'd writer; and it neither can take, nor ought to take.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

If you are the gentleman's friend, and value his reputation, advise him to burn it.

CLINKET.

What struggles has an unknown author to vanquish prejudice! Suppose this Play acts but six nights, his next may play twenty. Encourage a young author; I know it will be your interest.

SECOND PLAYER.

I would sooner give five hundred pounds than bring some Plays on the Stage; an Audience little considers whether 'tis the author or the actor that is his'd, our character suffers.

FIRST

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FIRST PLAYER.

Damn our character.—We shall lose money by it.

CLINKET.

I'll deposit a sum myself upon the success of it. Well, since it is to be play'd—I will prevail upon him to strike out some few things—Take the Play, Sir Tremendous.

[*Sir Tremendous reads in a muttering tone.*

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Abfurd to the last degree! [*strikes out.*] Palpable nonsense! [*strikes out.*]

CLINKET.

What, all those lines! Spare those for a lady's sake, for those indeed I gave him.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Such stuff! [*strikes out.*] abominable! [*strikes out.*] most execrable!

FIRST PLAYER.

This thought must out.

SECOND PLAYER.

Madam, with submission, this metaphor—

FIRST PLAYER.

This whole speech—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The fable!

CLINKET.

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CLINKET.

To you I answer—

FIRST PLAYER.

The characters!

CLINKET.

To you I answer—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The diction!

CLINKET.

And to you—Ah, hold! hold!—I'm butcher'd,
I'm maffacred. For mercy's fake! murder! murder!
ah! [Faints.]

Enter FOSSILE, peeping at the door.

FOSSILE.

My house turn'd to a Stage! and my bride playing
her part too! What will become of me? But I'll
know the bottom of all this. [Aside.] I am surpris'd
to see so many patients here so early.—What is your
distemper, Sir?

FIRST PLAYER.

The colic, Sir, by a surfeit of green tea and
damn'd verses.

FOSSILE.

Your pulfe is very high, Madam. [To Townley.]
You fympathize, I perceive; for yours is fomewhat
feverifh.

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feverish. [*To Plotwell.*] But I believe I shall be able to put off the fit for this time. And as for you, niece, you have got the poetical itch, and are possess'd with nine devils, your nine muses; and thus I commit them and their works to the flames. [*Takes up a heap of papers, and flings them into the fire.*]

CLINKET.

Ah! I am an undone woman.

PLOTWELL.

Has he burnt any bank-bills, or a new Mechlin head-dress?

CLINKET.

My works! my works!

FIRST PLAYER.

Has he destroyed the writings of an estate, or your billet-doux?

CLINKET.

A Pindaric Ode! five similes! and half an Epilogue!

SECOND PLAYER.

Has he thrown a new fan, or your pearl necklace, into the flames?

CLINKET.

Worse, worse! The tag of the Acts of a new Comedy? A Prologue sent by a person of quality! Three copies of commendatory Verses! and two Greek Mottos!

FOSSILE.

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FOSSILE.

Gentlemen, if you please to walk out.

SECOND PLAYER.

You shall have our positive answer concerning your Tragedy, Madam, in an hour or two.

[Exeunt Sir Tremendous, Plotwell, and Players.]

FOSSILE.

Though this affair looks but ill, yet I will not be over-rash: What says Libanius? 'A false accusation often recoils upon the accuser;' and I have suffered already by too great precipitation. *[Exit Fossile.]*

Enter Sarsnet.

TOWNLEY.

A narrow escape, Sarsnet! Plotwell's letter was intercepted and read by my husband.

SARSNET.

I tremble every joint of me. How came you off?

TOWNLEY.

Invention flow'd, I ly'd, he believ'd. True wife, true husband!

SARSNET.

I have often warn'd you, Madam, against this superfluity of gallants: you ought at least to have clear'd all mortgages upon your person before you
leas'd

leas'd it out for life. Then, besides Plotwell, you are every moment in danger of Underplot, who attends on Plotwell like his shadow; he is unlucky enough to stumble upon your husband, and then I'm sure his shatterbrains would undo us at once.

TOWNLEY.

Thy wit and industry, Sarsnet, must help me out. To-day is mine, to-morrow is my husband's.

SARSNET.

But some speedy method must be thought of, to prevent your letters from falling into his hands.

TOWNLEY.

I can put no confidence in my landlady Mrs. Chambers, since our quarrel at parting. So I have given orders to her maid to direct all letters and messages hither; and I have placed my own trusty servant Hugh at the door to receive them:—But see, yonder comes my husband, I'll retire to my closet.

[Exeunt Townley and Sarsnet.]

Enter FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

O marriage! thou bitterest of potions, and thou strongest of astringents! This Plotwell, that I found talking with her, must certainly be the person that sent the letter. But if I have a Bristol stone put upon me instead of a diamond, why should I by experi-

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ments spoil its lustre? She is handsome, that is certain. Could I but keep her to myself for the future! Cuckoldom is an acute case, it is quickly over; when it takes place, it admits of no remedy but palliatives. ———Be it how it will, while my marriage is a secret——

(*Within.*) Bless the noble doctor Fossile, and his honourable lady. The city music are come to wish him much joy of his marriage. [*A flourish of fiddles.*]

FOSSILE.

Joy and marriage! never were two words so coupled!

(*Within.*) Much happiness attend the learned doctor Fossile, and his worthy and virtuous lady. The drums and trumpets of his Majesty's guards are come to salute him——

[*A flourish of drums and trumpets.*]

FOSSILE.

Ah, Fossile! wretched Fossile! into what a state hast thou brought thyself! thy disgrace proclaim'd by beat of drum! New-married men are treated like those bit by a tarantula, both must have music: but where are the notes that can expel a wife! [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

Enter FOSSILE in a Footman's Cloaths.

FOSSILE.

A SPECIAL dog this footman of my wife's! as mercenary as the porter of a first minister? Why should she place him as a sentinel at my door? Unquestionably, to carry on her intrigues. Why did I bribe him to lend me his livery? To discover those intrigues. And now, O wretched Fossile! thou hast debas'd thyself into the low character of a footman. What then? Gods and demi-gods have assum'd viler shapes: they, to make a cuckold; I, to prove myself one. Why then should my metamorphosis be more shameful, when my purpose is more honest?

[Knocking at the door.] Enter FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Ay, this is her livery. Friend, give this to your mistress.

[Gives a Letter to Fossile, and exit.]

FOSSILE.

(Reads.) 'Madam, you have jilted me. What I

'gave you cost me dear; what you

'might have given me, would have

'cost you nothing. You shall use

'my

‘ my next present with more respect.
 ‘ I presented you a fine snuff-box;
 ‘ you gave it to that coxcomb
 ‘ Underplot, and Underplot gave it
 ‘ to my wife. Judge of my sur-
 ‘ prise.

‘ FREEMAN.’

A fine circulation of a snuff-box! in time I shall have the rarest of my shells set off with gold hinges, to make presents to all the fops about town. My *Conchæ Veneris*; and perhaps, even my *Nautilus*.

[*A knocking at the door.*] Enter an OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN.

Can I speak with your good mistress, honest friend?

FOSSILE.

No, she’s busy.

OLD WOMAN.

Madam Wyburn presents her service, and has sent this Letter. [Exit.

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) ‘ Being taken up with waiting upon
 ‘ merchants’ ladies this morning, I
 ‘ have sent to acquaint you, my
 ‘ dear, sweet Mrs. Townley, that
 ‘ the alderman agrees to every thing
 ‘ but putting away his wife, which
 ‘ he

‘ he says is not decent at that end
 ‘ of the town. He desires a meet-
 ‘ ing this evening.’

‘ P. S. He does not like the grocer’s wife at all.’

Bless me! what a libidinous age we live in! neither
 his own wife! nor the grocer’s wife! Will people
 like nobody’s wife but mine?

[*Knocking at the door.*] Enter FOOTMAN, gives a
Letter, and exit.

Enter another FOOTMAN, gives a Letter, and exit.

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) ‘ Sincerely, Madam, I cannot spare that
 ‘ sum; especially in monthly pay-
 ‘ ments. My good friend and neigh-
 ‘ bour Pinch, a quiet, sober man, is
 ‘ content to go a third part, only
 ‘ for leave to visit upon sabbath-
 ‘ days.’

‘ HABAKKUK PLUMB.’

Well, frugality is laudable even in iniquity! Now
 for this other. [*Opens the second Letter.*

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) ‘ Madam, I can’t make you rich, but I
 ‘ can make you immortal.’

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*‘Verses on Mrs. SUSANNA TOWNLEY, in the front
box, dressed in green.’*

‘In you the beauties of the spring are seen,
‘Your cheeks are roses, and your dress is green.’

A poor dog of a poet! I fear him not.

Enter a ragged Fellow, with a Letter.

FOOTMAN.

My master is at present under a cloud—He begs
you will deliver this letter to your lady. [Exit.

FOSSILE.

(Reads.) ‘I am reduced by your favours to ask
‘the thing I formerly denied; that
‘you would entertain me as a hus-
‘band, who can no longer keep
‘you as a mistress.

‘CHARLES BAT.’

Why did I part with this fellow? This was a
proposal indeed, to make both me and himself happy
at once! He shall have her, and a twelvemonth’s
fees into the bargain. Where shall I find him?—
Why was the mistress of all mankind unknown to thee
alone? Why is Nature so dark in our greatest con-
cerns? Why are there no external symptoms of
defloration, nor any pathognomick of the loss of
virginity, but a big belly? Why has not lewdness
its tokens, like the plague? Why must a man know
rain

rain by the aching of his corns, and have no prognostic of what is of infinitely greater moment, cuckoldom? Or if there are any marks of chastity, why is the inquiry allowed only to Jews, and denied to Christians? O Townley, Townley! once to me the fragrant rose; now aloes, wormwood, and snake-root! but I must not be seen.

[*As Townley and Sarsnet enter, Fossile sneaks off.*]

TOWNLEY.

Sarsnet, we are betray'd. I have discover'd my husband posted at the door in Hugh's livery: he has intercepted all my letters. I immediately writ this, which is the only thing that can bring us off. Run this moment to Plotwell, get him to copy it, and send it, directed to me, by his own servant, with the utmost expedition. He is now at the Chocolate-house in the next street.

SARSNET.

I fly, Madam: but how will you disengage yourself from the affair with Underplot?

TOWNLEY.

Leave it to me. Though he wants sense, he's handsome, and I like the fellow; and if he is lucky enough to come in my husband's absence—But, prithee, Sarsnet, make haste.

[*Exeunt Townley and Sarsnet, upon which Fossile re-enters, to him Underplot.*]

UNDERPLOT.

Harkee, friend. I never talk with one of your coat, but I first tip him.

FOSSILE.

Behold the lucre of a pimp! between the pox abroad, and my plague at home, I find a man may never want fees. [*Aside.*] Your honour's commands, I pray. I long to serve you.

UNDERPLOT.

Ah, boy! thou hast a rare mistress for vails. Come, I know thou art a fly dog; canst thou introduce me to her for a moment's conversation?

FOSSILE.

Impossible.

UNDERPLOT.

What, still impossible? [*Gives more money.*]

FOSSILE.

Still impossible.

UNDERPLOT.

Poh, pox. But prithee, friend, by the bye, is there any thing in this report, that she is married to the doctor here?

FOSSILE.

I am afraid there is something in it.

UNDERPLOT.

UNDERPLOT.

What a spirit does a jealous husband give to an intrigue! Pray, is he not a most egregious silly animal?

FOSSILE.

Not exceeding wise, indeed.

UNDERPLOT.

Rich?

FOSSILE.

He has money.

UNDERPLOT.

That will save the expence of her gallants. Old?

FOSSILE.

Ay, too old, Heavens know.

UNDERPLOT.

How came it into the puppy's head to marry?

FOSSILE.

By the instigation of Satan.

UNDERPLOT.

I'll help the old fool to an heir.

FOSSILE.

No doubt on't. If the whole town can do it, he will not want one.

UNDERPLOT.

Come, prithee, deal freely with me. Has Plotwell been here since the wedding?

FOSSILE.

He has ! too sure : [*aside.*] He's a dangerous rival to you ; if you have a mind to succeed, keep a strict watch upon him, that he may not get admittance before you.

UNDERPLOT.

Well, since thou hast shewn thyself so much my friend, I'll let thee into a secret. Plotwell and I no sooner heard of the wedding, but we made a bett of a hundred guineas, who should dub the doctor first. Remember, you go twenty pieces with me.

FOSSILE.

But here is somebody coming. Away, you are sure of my interest. [*Exit Underplot.*]
This was well judg'd. I have a small territory coveted by two rival potentates. It is profound policy to make them watch one the other, and so keep the balance of power in my own hands. Certainly nothing so improves one's politics, as to have a coquet to one's wife.

Enter a FOOTMAN, with a Letter.

FOOTMAN.

This is for your Lady. Deliver it safe into her own hands. [*Exit Footman.*]

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) ' Know, cruel woman, I have discovered
' the secret of your marriage ; you
' shall

‘ shall have all the plague of a
 ‘ jealous husband, without the plea-
 ‘ sure of giving him cause. I have
 ‘ this morning counterfeited billet-
 ‘ doux and letters from bawds;
 ‘ nay, I have sent pimps; some of
 ‘ which, I hope, are fallen into your
 ‘ old coxcomb’s hands. If you
 ‘ deny me the pleasure of tipping
 ‘ him a real cuckold, at least I’ll
 ‘ have the resentment to make him
 ‘ an imaginary one. Know, that
 ‘ this is not the hundredth part of
 ‘ the revenge that shall be executed
 ‘ upon thee, by

‘ R. P.’

TOWNLEY.

[*Peeping.*] So. The letter works as I would
 have it. [*Aside.*]

FOSSILE.

How true is that saying of the philosopher! ‘ We
 ‘ only know, that we know nothing.’ The eruption
 of those horns, which seem’d to make so strong a
 push, is now suppress’d. Is the mystery of all these
 letters nothing but the revenge of a disappointed
 lover? The hand and seal are just the same with the
 Welchman’s that I intercepted a while ago. Truly
 these Welch are a hot, revengeful people. My wife

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may be virtuous; she may not. Prevention is the safest method with diseases and intrigues. Women are wanton, husbands weak, bawds busy, opportunities dangerous, gallants eager; therefore it behoves honest men to be watchful. But here comes my wife, I must hide myself; for should I be detected, she might have a just cause of complaint for my impertinent curiosity. [*Exit Fossile.*]

Enter TOWNLEY, and to her SARSNET at the other door.

SARSNET.

Your orders, Madam, have been executed to a tittle, and, I hope, with success.

TOWNLEY.

Extremely well. Just as we could have wish'd. But I can't forgive that rascal Hugh. To turn him away would be dangerous. We will rather take the advantage of the confidence my husband has in him. Leave the husband to me, and do you discipline the footman. Such early curiosity must be crush'd in the bud. Hugh! Hugh! Hugh! [*Calls aloud, and rings.*] What is become of the rogue?

[*Townley runs in, and drags out Fossile, changing his clothes with Hugh.*]

Why, firrah! must one call all day for you?

[*Cuffs him.*]

SARSNET.

SARSNET.

A rogue in disguise, got in to rob the house!
Thieves! thieves!

*Enter CLINKET, PRUE with the writing desk, and
servants.*

FOSSILE.

St! St!—no noise. Prithee, dearee, look upon me.
See, see, thy own dear husband. It is I.

TOWNLEY.

What an unfortunate woman am I! Could not
you pass one day without an intrigue? and with a
cook-wench too! for you could put on a livery for no
other end, you wicked man.

SARSNET.

His coldness, Madam, is now no longer a mystery.
Filthy monster! wer't not thou provided with my
mistress as a remedy for thy rampant unchastity?

TOWNLEY.

Was all your indifference to me for this! you
brute, you! [Weeps.]

FOSSILE.

Nay, prithee, dearee, judge not rashly. My cha-
racter is establish'd in the world. There lives not a
more sober, chaste, and virtuous person, than doctor
Fossile.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Then why this disguise?

FOSSILE.

Since it must come out; ha, ha, ha!—only a frolic on my wedding-day, between Hugh and I. We had a mind to exhibit a little mummmery.

CLINKET.

What joy arises in my soul to see my uncle in a dramatic character! Since your humour led you to the drama, uncle, why would you not consult a relative muse in your own family? I have always used you as my physician; and why should not you use me as your poet?

FOSSILE.

Prithee, dear, leave me a moment. This is a scandal to my gravity. I'll be with you, as myself, immediately.

[Exeunt omnes, except Fossile and Hugh. As they are changing habits, Fossile says,

As a mark of my confidence in thee, I leave thee guardian of my house, while I go my rounds. Let none in but patients; wan, sickly fellows, no person in the least degree of bodily strength.

HUGH.

Worthy doctor, you may rely upon my honour.
[Exit Fossile.] I have betray'd my mistress. My
 conscience

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conscience flies in my face, and I can ease it no way but by betraying my master. [*Knocking at the door.*] This is not the doctor; but he is dress'd like him, and that shall be my excuse.

[*He lets Plotwell in, Townley meets him; they embrace.*]

TOWNLEY.

Hugh, go, wait at the door. [*Exit Hugh.*]

PLOTWELL.

This disguise gives spirit to my intrigue. Certainly I am the first person that ever enjoy'd a bride without the scandal of matrimony.

TOWNLEY.

I have a different relish, Mr. Plotwell; for now I can't abide you, you are so like my husband.

PLOTWELL.

Underplot, I defy thee. I have laid the wager, and now I hold the stakes.

TOWNLEY.

Opportunity, Mr. Plotwell, has been the downfall of much virtue.

[*As he is leading her off, enter Hugh.*]

HUGH.

Ah, Madam! the doctor! the doctor!

[*Exit Hugh.*]

PLOTWELL.

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PLOTWELL.

Fear nothing. I'll stand it. I have my part ready. [Exit Townley.

Enter FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I promis'd Lady Longfort my eagle-stone. The poor lady is like to miscarry, and 'tis well I thought on't. Ha! who is here! I do not like the aspect of the fellow. But I will not be over censorious.

[They make many bows and cringes in advancing to each other.

PLOTWELL.

Illustrissime domine, huc adveni—

FOSSILE.

Illustrissime domine—non usus sum loquere Latinum—
If you cannot speak English, we can have no lingual conversation.

PLOTWELL.

I can speak but a little Englise. I have great deal heard of de fame of de great luminary of all arts and sciences, de illustrious doctor Fossile. I would make commutation (what do you call it?), I would exchange some of my tings for some of his tings.

FOSSILE.

Pray, Sir, what Univerfity are you of?

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

De famous University of Cracow in Polonia Minor.
I have cur'd de king of Sweden of de wound. My
name be doctor Cornelius Lubomirski.

FOSSILE.

Your Lubomirskis are a great family. But what
Arcana are you master of, Sir?

PLOTWELL.

[*Shews a large snuff-box.*] See dere, Sir, dat box
de snuff.

FOSSILE.

Snuff-box.

PLOTWELL.

Right. Snuff-box. Dat be de very true gold.

FOSSILE.

What of that?

PLOTWELL.

Vat of dat? Me make dat gold my own self, of de
lead of de great church of Cracow.

FOSSILE.

By what operations?

PLOTWELL.

By calcination; reverberation; purification; subli-
mation; amalgamation; precipitation; volatilization.

FOSSILE.

Have a care what you assert. The volatilization of gold is not an obvious process. It is by great elegance of speech called *fortitudo fortitudinis fortissima*.

PLOTWELL.

I need not acquaint de illustrious doctor Fossile, dat all de metals be but unripe gold.

FOSSILE.

Spoken like a philosopher. And therefore there should be an Act of Parliament against digging of lead mines, as against felling young timber. But inform me, Sir, what might be your menstruum, snow-water, or May-dew?

PLOTWELL.

Snow-vater.

FOSSILE.

Right. Snow is the universal pickle of Nature, for the preservation of her productions in the hyemal season.

PLOTWELL.

If you will go yourself, and not trust de servant, to fetch some of de right Thames sand dat be below de bridge, I will show you de naked Diana in your study before I go hence.

FOSSILE.

Perhaps you might. I am not at present dispos'd for experiments.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

This bite won't take to send him out of the way ;
I'll change my subject. [*Aside.*] Do you deal in
longitudes, Sir?

FOSSILE.

I deal not in impossibilities. I search only for the
grand elixir.

PLOTWELL.

Vat do you tink of de new metode of fluxion?

FOSSILE.

I know no other but by mercury.

PLOTWELL.

Ha, ha ! Me mean de fluxion of de quantity.

FOSSILE.

The greatest quantity I ever knew, was three
quarts a day.

PLOTWELL.

Be dere any secet in the hydrology, zoology,
mineralogy, hydraulics, acaustics, pneumatics, loga-
rithmatechny, dat you do want de explanation of?

FOSSILE.

This is all out of my way. Do you know of any
hermaphrodites, monstrous twins, antediluvian shells,
bones, and vegetables?

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

Vat tink you of an antediluvian knife, spoon, and fork, with the mark of Tubal Cain in Hebrew, dug out of de mine of Babylon?

FOSSILE.

Of what dimensions, I pray, Sir?

PLOTWELL.

De spoon be bigger dan de modern ladle; de fork, like de great fire-fork; and de knife, like de cleaver.

FOSSILE.

Bless me! this shows the stature and magnitude of those antediluvians!

PLOTWELL.

To make you convinced that I tell not de lie, dey are in de Turkey ship at Vapping, just going to be dispos'd of. Me would go there vid you, but de business vill not let me.

FOSSILE.

An extraordinary man this! I'll examine him further. [*Aside.*] How could your country lose so great a man as you?

PLOTWELL.

Dat be de secret. But because me vil have de fair correspondence with de illustrious doctor Fossile, me vil not deny dat Orpheus and me had near run de
fame

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same fate for different reason. I was hunted out of my country by de general insurrection of de women.

FOSSILE.

How so, pray?

PLOTWELL.

Because me have prepare a certain liquor, which discover whether a woman be a virgin or no.

FOSSILE.

A curious discovery! have you any of it still?

PLOTWELL.

Dere it is, Sir. It be commonly called de *Lapis Lydius Virginitatis*; or, Touchstone of Virginitie.

[Gives him a vial.

FOSSILE.

It has the smell of your common hartshorn. But all your volatile spirits have a near resemblance.

PLOTWELL.

Right, Sir. De distillation be made from the *Hippomanes* of a young mare. When a deflower'd virgin take ten drops, she will faint and sneeze, and de large red spot appear on de cheek; which we call de spot of infamy. All de young bridegroom make de experiment. De archbishop did make obligation to de Nun to take it every ninth month. And I fly for the hurlyburly it make.

Enter HUGH.

HUGH.

Sir, here is a patient in a chair.

FOSSILE.

Doctor Lubomirski, let me conduct you into my study, where we will farther discuss the wonderful virtues of this liquor. Tell the patient I will attend him this instant. *[Exeunt Plotwell and Fossile.*

Enter UNDERPLOT, in a chair like a sick man.

HUGH.

The doctor will wait upon you immediately.

[Exit Hugh.

UNDERPLOT.

I dogg'd Plotwell to this door in a doctor's habit. If he has admittance as a doctor, why not I as a patient? Now for a lucky decision of our wager! If I can't succeed myself, I will at least spoil his intrigue.

Enter FOSSILE.

UNDERPLOT.

Ah! ah! have you no place? Ah! where can I repose a little? I was taken suddenly. Ah! ah! 'tis happy I was near the house of an eminent physician.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Rest yourself upon that couch.

UNDERPLOT.

If I lay a few minutes cover'd up warm in a bed, I believe I might recover.

[Fossile feels his pulse. Plotwell peeps.

PLOTWELL.

Underplot in disguise! I'll be his doctor, and cure him of these frolics. [Aside.

FOSSILE.

What are your symptoms, Sir? A very tempestuous pulse, I profess!

UNDERPLOT.

Violent head-ach, ah! ah!

FOSSILE.

All this proceeds from the fumes of the kitchen; the stomachic digester wants reparation for the better concoction of your aliment: but, Sir, is your pain pungitive, tensive, gravitive, or pulsatory?

UNDERPLOT.

All together, ah!

FOSSILE.

Impossible, Sir; but I have an eminent physician now in the house; he shall consult. Doctor Lub-

X 2

mirski,

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mirski, here is a person in a most violent cephalalgia;
a terrible case!

Enter PLOTWELL.

FOSSILE.

Feel his pulse. [Plotwell *feels it.*] You feel it,
Sir, strong, hard, and labouring.

PLOTWELL.

Great plenitude, Sir.

FOSSILE.

Feel his belly, Sir; a great tension and heat of
the abdomen—A hearty man, his muscles are torose;
how soon are the strongest humbled by diseases! Let
us retire, and consult.

Enter SARSNET *in haste.*

SARSNET.

My mistress approves your design; bear it out
bravely; perhaps I shall have a sudden opportunity
of conveying you into her bed-chamber; counterfeit
a fainting fit, and rely upon me. [Exit.

UNDERPLOT.

As yet I find I am undiscover'd by Plotwell;
neither is his intrigue in such forwardness as mine,
though he made a fair push for it before me. [Aside.

[Fossile and Plotwell *come forward.*

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I am entirely for a clyster.

PLOTWELL.

My opinion is for de strong vomit.

FOSSILE.

Bleed him.

PLOTWELL.

Make de scarification, give me de lancet, me will do it myself, and after dat will put de blister to de sole of de feet.

FOSSILE.

Your dolor proceeds from a frigid *intemperies* of the brain, a strong disease! the enemy has invaded the very citadel of your microcosm, the magazine of your vital functions; he has set down before it: yet there seems to be a good garrison of vital spirits, and we don't question to be able to defend it.

PLOTWELL.

Ve will cannonade de enemy wid pills, bombard him wid de bolus, blow him up wid volatiles, fill up de trenches wid de large inundation of apozems, and dislodge him wid de stink-pot; let de apotecary bring up de artillery of medicine immediately.

FOSSILE.

True, we might unload the stomach by gentle emetics, and the intestines by clysters stimulative,

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carminative, and emollient, with strong hydrotics; quiet the spasms of the viscera by paretics; draw off the stagnant blood by deep scarifications, and depurate its fæculencies by volatiles: after this, let there be numerous blisters and potential cauteries.—I consult my patient's ease; I am against much physic.—He faints, he is apoplectic; bleed him this moment.

PLOTWELL.

Hoy de fervant dere, make hast, bring de pan of hot coals; or de red hot iron, to make application to de temples.

Enter HUGH.

HUGH.

Here's the poker red hot from the fire.

PLOTWELL.

Very well; make de burn dere, exactly dere.

[Putting the poker near his head.]

UNDERPLOT.

Hold, hold! am I to be murder'd? *[Starts up.]*
I know you, Plotwell; and was I not obliged by honour and friendship, I'd expose you to the doctor.

[Aside to Plotwell.]

PLOTWELL.

Very lunatic, mad; fetch me de cord to make de tie upon de leg and de arm; take off thirty ounces of blood, and den plunge him into de cold bath.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Your judgment, doctor Lubomirski, is excellent ;
I will call my servants to assist us.

UNDERPLOT.

Harkee, old put ; I came to take your advice, and
not that French son of a whore's scarifications ; and
so plague take you both.

[*Exeunt Underplot and Hugh.*]

FOSSILE.

Doctor Lubomirski, this vial, that you have in-
trusted into my custody, shall be with acknowledge-
ment return'd after a few experiments ; I must crave
your indulgence ; diseases, you know, Sir, are im-
pertinent, and will tie themselves to no hours. Poor
Lady Hippokekoana !

PLOTWELL.

Ah, Sir ! I beg your pardon ; if you make visit to
de patient, me will divert myself in your study till
you make return.

FOSSILE.

That cannot be. I have a Lady just coming to
consult me in a case of secrecy.

PLOTWELL.

Have you not de wife ? Me will make conversation
wid de ladies till you come.

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FOSSILE.

They see no company in the morning; they are all in *deſhabille*. Most learned doctor Lubomirski, your humble servant.

PLOTWELL.

Most illustrious doctor Fossile, me be, with de profoundest adoration—

FOSSILE.

With the greatest admiration—

PLOTWELL.

Your most humble—

FOSSILE.

Most obedient servant.

PLOTWELL.

Ah, Monsieur, point de ceremonie.

[Exit Plotwell.]

FOSSILE.

Hugh! [*Enter Hugh.*] bring me a pint of sack; let your mistress know I want to see her. Take care that her orders be obey'd, and that her trunks and boxes be immediately brought hither. Sarfnet will give you directions.

[Exit Hugh. Fossile sits down on a couch.]

Ah, Fossile! if the cares of two hours of a married life have so reduc'd thee, how long canst thou hold out!

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out! to watch a wife all day, and have her wake thee all night! 'twill never do. The fatigue of three fevers, six small poxes, and five great ones, is nothing to that of one wife. Now for my touchstone; I will try it upon her presently. If she bear it to day—I am afraid she will bear it to-morrow too.

Enter HUGH with a bottle of sack, and after him

TOWNLEY. HUGH gives the bottle and glass to FOSSILE, and exit.

Sit down by me, my dear. I was going to refresh myself with a glass of canary. You look pale. It will do you good.

TOWNLEY.
Faugh. Wine in the morning!

[Fossile drinks and fills again, and drops some of the liquor into the glass.]

What is the meaning of this? Am I to be poison'd?
[Aside.]

FOSSILE.
You must drink it. Sack is sacred to Hymen; of it is made the nuptial posset.

TOWNLEY.
Don't press me, Mr. Fossile; I nauseate it. It smells strangely. There is something in it.

FOSSILE.
An ill symptom! She can't bear the smell. *[Aside.]*
Pray, my dear, oblige me.

TOWNLEY.

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TOWNLEY.

I'm for none of your flops. I'll fill myself.

FOSSILE.

I must own, I have put some restorative drops in it, which are excellent. I may drink it safely. [*Aside.*] [*Drinks.*] The next glass I prepare for you.

[*Fills, and pours some drops in.*

[*Townley drinks. Fossile runs behind to support her; then pours upon her cheek, and touches it with his finger.*

TOWNLEY.

Your insolence is insupportable. 'Twas but this moment you suspected my virtue; and now my complexion. Put on your spectacles. No red was ever laid upon these cheeks. I'll fly thee, and die a maid, rather than live under the same roof with jealousy and caprice.

FOSSILE.

O thou spotless innocence! I cannot refrain tears of joy. Forgive me, and I'll tell thee all. These drops have been a secret in our family for many years. They are call'd the touchstone of virginity. The males administer it to the brides on their wedding-day; and by its virtue have ascertain'd the honour of the Fossiles from generation to generation. There are family customs, which it is almost impious to neglect.

TOWNLEY.

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TOWNLEY.

Had you married a person of doubtful reputation
——But me, Mr. Fossile!

FOSSILE.

I did not indeed suspect thee. But my mother obliged me to this experiment with her dying words. —My wife is chaste; and, to preserve her so, 'tis necessary that I have none but chaste servants about her. I'll make the experiment on all my female domestics. [*Aside.*] I will now, my dear, in thy presence, put all my family to the trial. Here! bid my niece, and all the maid-servants, come before me.

[*Calling out.*

[*Enter CLINKET, PRUE, and Servants.*]

Give ear, all ye virgins: we make proclamation in the name of the chaste Diana, being resolv'd to make a solemn essay of the virtue, virginity, and chastity of all within our walls. We therefore advise, warn, and precaution all spinsters, who know themselves blemish'd, not on any pretence whatsoever to taste these our drops, which will manifest their shame to the world by visible tokens.

CLINKET.

I abominate all kind of drops. They interrupt the series of ideas. But have they any power over the virgin's dreams, thoughts, and private meditations?

FOSSILE.

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FOSSILE.

No. They do not affect the *motus primoprimi*, or intentions ; only actualities, niece.

CLINKET.

Then give it me. I can drink as freely of it as of the waters of Helicon. My love was always Platonic. [Drinks.

FOSSILE.

Yet I have known a Platonic lady lodge at a mid-wife's. [Fossile offers it round.

FIRST WOMAN.

I never take phytic.

FOSSILE.

That's one. Stand there. My niece professes herself a Platonic. You are rather a Cartesian.

CLINKET.

Ah, dear uncle ! how do the Platonics and Cartesians differ ?

FOSSILE.

The Platonics are for ideas, the Cartesians for matter and motion.

TOWNLEY.

Mr. Fossile, you are too severe.

SECOND WOMAN.

I am not a-dry.

[Curtseys.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

There's two. Stand there.

PRUE.

My mistress can answer for me. She has taken it.

FOSSILE.

She has. But, however, stand there, among the Cartesians.

THIRD WOMAN.

My innocence would protect me, though I trod over red-hot iron. Give me a brimmer.

[She takes a mouthful, and spits it out again.]

FOSSILE.

'Twas a presumptuous thing to gargle with it: but however, Madam, if you please———walk among the Cartesians.

[Two young wenches run away.]

CLINKET.

Prue, follow me. I have just found a rhyme for my Pindaric.

[They all sneak off.]

FOSSILE.

All gone! what no more ladies here? No more ladies! *[Looking to the Audience.]* O that I had but a boarding-school, or a middle-gallery!

Enter

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Enter SARSNET, followed by two Porters bearing a chest.

Set down the things here: there is no occasion for carrying them up stairs, since they are to be sent into the country to-morrow. *[Exeunt Porters.*

What have I done? My marriage, these confounded whimsies, and doctor Lubomirski, have made me quite forget poor Lady Hippokekoana. She was in convulsions, and I am afraid dead by this time.

[Exit Fossile.

SARSNET.

I have brought you a present, Madam; make good use of it. So I leave you together. *[Exit Sarsnet.*

[Townley opens the chest: Plotwell, who was covered with a gown and petticoat, gets out.

TOWNLEY.

Never was any thing so lucky. The doctor is just this minute gone to a patient.

PLOTWELL.

I tempt dangers enough in your service. I am almost crippled in this chest-adventure. Oh, my knees! Prithee, my dear, lead me to a bed where I may stretch myself out. *[Leading her off.*

Enter

Enter Sarsnet.

SARSNET.

Oh, Madam! yonder is the doctor in deep discourse with Underplot: I fear he has dogg'd me, and betray'd us. They are both coming back together.

[Exit Sarsnet.]

PLOTWELL.

I'll shrink snug into my shell again.

TOWNLEY.

That he may directly pop upon you. The trunk will be the first place he will examine—Have you no presence of mind? You fit for an intrigue!

PLOTWELL.

What shall I do?

TOWNLEY.

Fear not, you shall be invisible on this very spot.

PLOTWELL.

What do you mean? He's just at the door. You intend to discover me.

TOWNLEY.

Mistrust me not: you shall walk out before his face at that very door, though he bring in a hundred spies, and not one of them shall perceive you.

PLOTWELL.

Don't trifle. Are you mad? *[Knocking at the door.]*
Nay, now 'tis too late.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Arm thyself with flounces, and fortify thyself with whalebone; enter beneath the cupola of this petticoat.

PLOTWELL.

The best security in the world! an old fellow has seldom any thing to do beneath that circumference.

TOWNLEY.

No more. But under it immediately.

[Plotwell goes under it.

Thus Venus, when approaching foes assail,
Shields her Æneas with a filken veil.

Enter FOSSILE.

TOWNLEY.

O my dear, you come opportunely. How do you like my fancy in this new petticoat? There is something in it so odd!

FOSSILE.

You have another in your chest much odder. I want to see that.

TOWNLEY.

How jaunty the flounces!

FOSSILE.

Ay, 'tis plain she would lure me from the chest;
there I shall find him.

[*Aside.*

TOWNLEY.

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TOWNLEY.

The lace! the fringe!

FOSSILE.

All this is nothing to the embroider'd sattin.
Prithee, my dear, give me the key.

TOWNLEY.

Sure, never was any thing so prettily disposed.
Observe but the air of it: so *degagée*! But the lining
is so charming.

[*She walks to the door, and Fossile to the trunk. Plotwell kisses her out of the top of the petticoat, and then goes off.*

[*As Fossile is cautiously opening the trunk with his sword drawn, Townley comes up to him.*

What, more of your frolics, Mr. Fossile? What
time of the moon is this?

FOSSILE.

This Underplot is a confounded villain; he would
make me jealous of an honest, civil gentleman, only
for an opportunity to cuckold me himself. [*Aside.*]
Come, my dear, forget all that is past. I know—
I have proved thee virtuous. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

Enter FOSSILE, with a vial in his hand.

FOSSILE.

THIS is all we have for the flying dragon so celebrated by antiquity. A cheap purchase! It cost me but fifteen guineas. But the Jew made it up in the butterfly and the spider.

Enter two Porters, bearing a Mummy.

Oh! here's my Mummy. Set him down. I am in haste. Tell captain Bantam, I'll talk with him at the coffee-house. *[Exeunt Porters.]*

Enter two Porters, bearing an Alligator.

A most stupendous animal! set him down.

[Exeunt Porters.]

Poor Lady Hippokekoana's convulsions! I believe there is a fatality in it, that I can never get to her. Whom can I trust my house to in my absence? Were my wife as chaste as Lucretia, who knows what an unlucky minute may bring forth! In cuckoldom, the art of attack is prodigiously improved beyond the art of defence. So far it is manifest, Underplot has a design upon my honour. For the ease of my mind,
I will

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I will lock up my wife in this my museum, till my return.

Enter TOWNLEY.

You will find something here, my dear, to divert yourself.

TOWNLEY.

I hate the sight of these strange creatures; but since I am Mr. Fossile's wife, I shall endeavour to conquer my aversion.

FOSSILE.

Thou may'st safely be here to-day, my dear; to-morrow thou should'st no more enter this room than a pest house. 'Tis dangerous for women that are impregnated. But poor Lady Hippokekoana suffers all this while. [*Exit Fossile, with a key in his hand.*]

TOWNLEY.

Since he has lock'd me in, to be even with him, I'll bolt him out.

[*Plotwell, dressed like a Mummy, comes forward.*]

PLOTWELL.

Thus travelling far from his Egyptian tomb,
Thy Antony salutes his Cleopatra.

TOWNLEY.

Thus Cleopatra, in desiring arms,
Receives her Antony——

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But prithee, dear pickled Hieroglyphic, who so suddenly could assist thee with this shape?

PLOTWELL.

The Play-house can dress mummies, bears, lions, crocodiles, and all the monsters of Libya. My arms, Madam, are ready to break their pasteboard prison to embrace you.

TOWNLEY.

Not so hasty. Stay till the jealous fool is out of fight.

PLOTWELL.

Our ill stars, and the devil, have brought him back so often——

TOWNLEY.

He can never parry this blow, nor grow jealous of his Mummy. A Mummy is his intimate friend.

PLOTWELL.

And a man cannot easily be cuckolded by any body else.

TOWNLEY.

Here may'st thou remain, the ornament of his study, and the support of his old age. Thou shalt divert his company, and be a father to his children. I will bring thee legs of pullets, remnants of tarts, and fragments of deserts. Thou shalt be fed like Bel and the Dragon.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

But, Madam, before you entertain me as your Mummy in ordinary, you ought to be acquainted with my abilities to discharge that office. Let me slip off this habit of death, you shall find I have some symptoms of life.—Thus Jove within the milk-white swan compress'd his Leda.

[Underplot, *in the Alligator, crawls forward; then rises up, and embraces her.*

UNDERPLOT.

Thus Jove, within the serpent's scaly folds,
Twin'd round the Macedonian queen.

TOWNLEY.

Ah!

[*Shrieks.*

PLOTWELL.

Fear not, Madam. This is my evil genius Underplot, that still haunts me. How the devil got you here?

UNDERPLOT.

Why should not the Play-house lend me a Crocodile, as well as you a Mummy?

TOWNLEY.

How unlucky is this! [*Aside.*] Nay, I don't know but I may have twenty lovers in this collection. You snakes, sharks, monkeys, and man-tigers, speak, and put in your claim before it is too late.

UNDERPLOT.

Mr. Mummy, your humble servant; the lady is pre-engaged.

PLOTWELL.

Pray, Mr. Crocodile, let the lady make her own choice.

UNDERPLOT.

Crocodile as I am, I must be treated with common humanity. You can't, Madam, disown the message you sent me.

TOWNLEY.

Well! ye pair of Egyptian lovers, agree this matter between you, and I will acquit myself like a person of honour to you both.

PLOTWELL.

Madam! if I don't love you above all your sex, may I be banish'd the studies of virtuosos; and smok'd like Dutch beef in a chimney——

UNDERPLOT.

If I don't love you more than that stale Mummy, may I never more be proclaim'd at a show of monsters, by the sound of a glass-trumpet——

PLOTWELL.

May I be sent to 'Pothecary's-hall, and beat up into Venice treacle for the fleet and the army, if this heart——

UNDERPLOT

UNDERPLOT.

May I be stuff'd with straw, and given to a moun-
tebank, if this foul——

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I am a human creature. Taste my bal-
famic kifs.

UNDERPLOT.

A lover in swaddling-clouts! What is his kifs, to
my embrace?

PLOTWELL.

Look upon me, Madam. See how I am embroi-
der'd with hieroglyphics.

UNDERPLOT.

Consider my beautiful row of teeth.

PLOTWELL.

My balmy breath.

UNDERPLOT.

The strong joints of my back.

PLOTWELL.

My erect stature.

UNDERPLOT.

My long tail.

TOWNLEY.

Such a contest of beauty! How shall I decide it?

PLOTWELL.

Take me out of my shell, Madam, and I'll make you a present of the kernel.

UNDERPLOT.

Then I must be upon a level with him, and be uncrocodil'd.

TOWNLEY.

Keep both of you your shapes, and we are in no fear of a surprize from the doctor: if you uncase, his presence would undo us. Sure, never was any thing so unlucky—I hear his footsteps; quick to your posts. [*Mummy and Crocodile run to their places.*]

Enter FOSSILE, Dr. NAUTILUS, and Dr. POSSUM.

NAUTILUS.

Much joy to the learned Dr. Fossile. To have a Mummy, an Alligator, and a wife, all in one day, is too great happiness for mortal man!

POSSUM.

This an Alligator! Alack-a-day, brother Nautilus, this is a mere lizard, an eel, a shrimp to mine.

NAUTILUS.

How improving would it be to the female understanding, if the closets of the ladies were furnish'd, or, as I may say, ornamented and embellish'd with preserv'd

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serv'd butterflies, and beautiful shells, instead of China jars, and absurd Indian pictures.

TOWNLEY.

Now for a stratagem to bring off my unsuccessful pair of gallants. [Aside.

[Exit Townley.

FOSSILE.

Ah, Dr. Nautilus, how have I languish'd for your feather of the bird Porphyron!

NAUTILUS.

But your dart of the Mantichora!

FOSSILE.

Your haft of the antediluvian trowel, unquestionably the tool of one of the Babel masons!

NAUTILUS.

What's that to your fragment of Seth's pillar?

POSSUM.

Gentlemen, I affirm I have a greater curiosity than all of them. I have an entire leaf of Noah's journal aboard the ark, that was hewn out of a porphyry pillar in Palmyra.

[Fossile opens the case of the Mummy.

NAUTILUS.

By the formation of the muscular parts of the visage, I conjecture that this Mummy is male.

POSSUM.

Male, brother! I am sorry to observe your ignorance of the symmetry of a human body. Do but observe the projection of the hip; besides, the bloom upon the face; 'tis a female beyond all contradiction.

FOSSILE.

Let us have no rash dispute, brothers; but proceed methodically.—Behold the vanity of mankind! [*Pointing to the Mummy.*] Some Ptolemy, perhaps!

NAUTILUS.

Who by his pyramid and pickle thought to secure to himself death immortal.

FOSSILE.

His pyramid, alas! is now but a wainscot case.

POSSUM.

And his pickle can scarce raise him to the dignity of a collar of brawn.

FOSSILE.

Pardon me, Dr. Possum: the museum of the curious is a lasting monument. And I think it no degradation to a dead person of quality, to bear the rank of an Anatomy in the learned world.

NAUTILUS.

By your favour, Dr. Possum, a collar of brawn! I affirm, he is better to be taken inwardly than a collar of brawn.

FOSSILE.

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FOSSILE.

An excellent medicine ! he is hot in the first degree,
and exceeding powerful in some diseases of women.

NAUTILUS.

Right, Dr. Fossile ; for your Asphaltion,

POSSUM.

Pice-Asphaltus, by your leave.

NAUTILUS.

By your leave, Doctor Possum, I say Asphaltion.

POSSUM.

And I positively say, Pice-Asphaltus.

NAUTILUS.

If you had read Dioscorides or Pliny——

POSSUM.

I have read Dioscorides. And I do affirm Pice-
Asphaltus.

FOSSILE.

Be calm, Gentlemen. Both of you handle this
argument with great learning, judgment, and perspi-
cuity. For the present, I beseech you to concord,
and turn your speculations on my Alligator.

POSSUM.

The skin is impenetrable, even to a sword.

NAUTILUS.

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NAUTILUS.

Dr. Possum, I will show you the contrary.

[Draws his sword.]

POSSUM.

In the mean time I will try the Mummy with this knife, on the point of which you shall smell the pitch, and be convinc'd that it is the Pice-Asphaltus.

[Takes up a rusty knife.]

FOSSILE.

Hold, Sir: you will not only deface my Mummy, but spoil my Roman sacrificing knife.

Enter TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

I must lure them from this experiment, or we are discover'd.

[Aside.]

[She looks through a telescope.]

What do I see! most prodigious! a star as broad as the moon in the day-time! *[The Doctors go to her.]*

POSSUM.

Only a halo about the sun, I suppose.

NAUTILUS.

Your suppositions, Doctor, seem to be groundless. Let me make my observation.

[Nautilus and Possum struggle to look first.]

TOWNLEY.

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TOWNLEY.

Now for your escape.

[*To Plotwell and Underplot.*

[*They run to the door, but find it lock'd.*

UNDERPLOT.

What an unlucky dog I am!

TOWNLEY.

Quick—Back to your posts. Don't move, and rely upon me. I have still another artifice.

[*They run back to their places: Exit*

Townley.

NAUTILUS.

I can espy no celestial body but the sun.

POSSUM.

Brother Nautilus, your eyes are somewhat dim; your sight is not fit for astronomical observations.

FOSSILE.

Is the focus of the glass right? Hold, Gentlemen, I see it; about the bigness of Jupiter.

NAUTILUS.

No phænomenon offers itself to my speculation.

POSSUM.

Point over yonder chimney. Directly south.

NAUTILUS.

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NAUTILUS.

Thitherward, begging your pardon, Dr. Possum, I affirm to be the north.

FOSSILE.

East.

POSSUM.

South.

NAUTILUS.

North. Alas! what an ignorant thing is vanity! I was just making a reflection on the ignorance of my brother Possum, in the nature of the Crocodile.

POSSUM.

First, brother Nautilus, convince yourself of the composition of the Mummy.

NAUTILUS.

I will insure your Alligator from any damage. His skin I affirm once more to be impenetrable.

[Draws his sword.]

POSSUM.

I will not deface any hieroglyphic.

[Goes to the Mummy with his knife.]

FOSSILE.

I never oppose a luciferous experiment. It is the beaten highway to truth.

[Plotwell and Underplot leap from their places; the Doctors are frightened.]

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Speak, I conjure thee. Art thou the ghost of some murder'd Egyptian monarch?

NAUTILUS.

A rational question to a Mummy! but this monster can be no less than the devil himself, for Crocodiles don't walk.

Enter TOWNLEY *and* CLINKET.

FOSSILE.

[Townley *whispers* Clinket.

Gentlemen, wonder at nothing within these walls; for ever since I was married, nothing has happen'd to me in the common course of human life.

CLINKET.

Madam, without a compliment, you have a fine imagination. The masquerade of the Mummy and Crocodile is extremely just; I would not rob you of the merit of the invention: yet since you make me the compliment, I shall be proud to take the whole contrivance of this masquerade upon myself. [*To* Townley.] Sir, be acquainted with my masqueraders.

[*To* Fossile.

FOSSILE.

Thou female imp of Apollo, more mischievous than Circe, who fed gentlemen of the army in a hog's-

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hog's-stye ! What mean you by these gambols ? this Mummy, this Crocodile ?

CLINKET.

Only a little mummary, uncle.

FOSSILE.

What an outrageous conceit is this ! Had you contented yourself with the metamorphosis of Jupiter, our skill in the classics might have prevented our terror.

CLINKET.

I glory in the fertility of my invention the more, that it is beyond the imagination of a pagan deity. Besides, it is form'd upon the *vrai-semblance* ; for I knew you had a Mummy and a Crocodile to be brought home.

FOSSILE.

Dr. Nautilus is an infirm, tender gentleman ; I wish the sudden concussion of his animal spirits may not kindle him into a fever. I myself, I must confess, have an extreme palpitation.

CLINKET.

Dear uncle, be pacified. We are both of us the votaries of our great master Apollo. To you he has assign'd the art of healing : me he has taught to sing ; why then should we jangle in our kindred faculties ?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Apollo, for aught I know, may be a very fine person; but this I am sure of, that the skill he has given all his physicians is not sufficient to cure the madness of his poets.

POSSUM.

Hark ye, brother Fossile! your Crocodile has proved a human creature, I wish your wife may not prove a Crocodile.

NAUTILUS.

Hark ye, brother Fossile! your Mummy, as you were saying, seemeth to be hot in the first degree, and is powerful in some diseases of women.

[*Exeunt Nautilus and Possum.*]

FOSSILE.

You diabolical performers of my niece's masquerade, will it please you to follow those gentlemen?

CLINKET.

Nay, Sir, you shall see them dance first.

FOSSILE.

Dance! the devil! bring me hither a spit, a fire-fork; I'll try whether the monsters are impenetrable or no.

PLOTWELL.

I hope, Sir, you will not expose us to the fury of the mob, since we came here upon so courteous a design.

FOSSILE.

Good courteous Mr. Mummy, without more ceremony, will it please you to retire to your subterraneous habitation? And you, Mr. Crocodile, about your business this moment, or you shall change your Nile for the next horse-pond.

CLINKET.

Spare my masqueraders.

UNDERPLOT.

Let it never be said that the famous Dr. Fossile, so renowned for his charity to monsters, should violate the laws of hospitality, and turn a poor Alligator naked into the street.

FOSSILE.

Deposite your *exuviae* then, and assume your human shape.

UNDERPLOT.

For that, I must beg your excuse. A gentleman would not choose to be known in these frolics.

FOSSILE.

Then out of my doors. Here, footmen! out with him; out, thou hypocrite of an Alligator.

[Underplot is turned out.

Sir, the respect I have for catacombs and pyramids, will not protect you.

[A noise of mob within.

Enter

Enter PRUE.

PRUE.

Sir, Sir, lock your doors, or else all your monsters will run home again to the Indies. Your Crocodile yonder has made his escape; if he get but to Somersets water-gate, he is gone for ever. *[Exit Prue.]*

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

The herb-woman swore she knew him to be the Devil, for she had met him one dark night in St. Pulchre's church-yard: then the monster call'd a coach, methought with the voice of a Christian; but a sailor that came by said he might be a Crocodile for all that, for Crocodiles could cry like children; and was for killing him outright, for they were good to eat in Egypt; but the constable cried, take him alive, for what if he be an Egyptian, he is still the king's subject. *[Exit Footman.]*

[A noise of mob within.]

Enter PRUE.

PRUE.

Then he was hurried away by the mob. A bulldog ran away with six joints of his tail, and the claw of his near foot before: at last, by good for-

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tune, to save his life, he fell in with the Hockley-in-the-Hole bull and bear; the master claim'd him for his monster, and so he is now attended by a vast mob, very solemnly marching to Hockley-in-the-Hole, with the bear in his front, the bull in his rear, and a monkey upon each shoulder.

TOWNLEY.

Mr. Mummy, you had best draw the curtains of your chair, or the mob's respect for the dead will scarce protect you. [*Exit Plotwell, in a chair.*]

CLINKET.

My concern for him obliges me to go see that he gets off safe, lest any further mischief befall the persons of our masque. [*Exit Clinket.*]

FOSSILE.

Sweetly, Horace. *Nunquam satis*, and so forth. A man can never be too cautious: Madam, sit down by me. Pray, how long is it since you and I have been married?

TOWNLEY.

Near three hours, Sir.

FOSSILE.

And what anxieties has this time produced! the dangers of divorce! calumnious letters! lewd fellows introduced by my niece! groundless jealousies
on

on both sides ; even thy virginity put to the touchstone ! but this last danger I plunged thee in myself ; to leave thee in the room with two such robust young fellows.

TOWNLEY.

Ay, with two young fellows ! but, my dear, I know you did it ignorantly.

FOSSILE.

This is the first blest minute of repose that I have enjoyed in matrimony. Dost thou know the reason, my dear, why I have chosen thee of all womankind ?

TOWNLEY.

My face, perhaps ?

FOSSILE.

No.

TOWNLEY.

My wit ?

FOSSILE.

No.

TOWNLEY.

My virtue and good humour ?

FOSSILE.

No.—But for the natural conformity of our constitutions. Because thou art hot and moist in the third degree, and I myself cold and dry in the first.

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TOWNLEY.

And so Nature has coupled us like the elements.

FOSSILE.

Thou hast nothing to do but to submit thy constitution to my regimen.

TOWNLEY.

You shall find me obedient in all things.

FOSSILE.

It is strange, yet certain, that the intellects of the infant depend upon the suppers of the parents. Diet must be prescrib'd.

TOWNLEY.

So the wit of one's posterity is determin'd by the choice of one's cook.

FOSSILE.

Right. You may observe how French cooks, with their high ragouts, have contaminated our plain English understandings. Our supper to-night is extracted from the best authors. How delightful is this minute of tranquillity! my soul is at ease. How happy shalt thou make me! thou shalt bring me the finest boy!

[*A knocking at the door.*

No mortal shall enter these doors this day. [*Knocking again.*] Oh, it must be the news of poor Lady Hippokekoana's death. Poor woman! such is the condition

condition of life, some die, and some are born, and I shall now make some reparation for the mortality of my patients by the fecundity of my wife. My dear, thou shalt bring me the finest boy!

Enter FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, here's a seaman from Deptford must needs speak with you.

FOSSILE.

Let him come in. One of my retail Indian merchants, I suppose, that always brings me some odd thing.

Enter SAILOR, with a Child.

What hast thou brought me, friend?—a young drill!

SAILOR.

Look ye, d'ye see, Master, you know best whether a monkey begot him.

FOSSILE.

A mere human child!

TOWNLEY.

Thy carelessness, Sarsnet, has exposed me. I am lost and ruin'd. O heav'n! heav'n! Now, impudence, assist me! [*Aside.*]

FOSSILE.

Is the child monstrous? or dost thou bring him here to take phyfic?

SAILOR.

I care not what he takes, so you take him.

FOSSILE.

What does the fellow mean?

SAILOR.

Fellow me no fellows. My name is Jack Capstone of Deptford; and are not you the man that has the raree-show of oyster-shells and pebble-stones?

FOSSILE.

What if I am?

SAILOR.

Why, then my invoice is right; I must leave my cargo here.

TOWNLEY.

Miserable woman that I am! how shall I support this sight! thy bastard brought into thy family as soon as thy bride!

FOSSILE.

Patience, patience, I beseech you. Indeed, I have no posterity.

TOWNLEY.

You lascivious brute, you!

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Passion is but the tempestuous cloud that obscures reason ; be calm, and I'll convince you. Friend, how come you to bring the infant hither ?

SAILOR.

My wife, poor woman, could give him suck no longer ; for she died yesterday morning. There's a long account, Master. It was hard to trace him to the fountain-head. I steer'd my course from lane to lane ; I spoke to twenty old women, and at last was directed to a ribbon-shop in Covent-garden, and they sent me hither ; and so take the bantling, and pay me his clearings. *[Offers him the Child.]*

FOSSILE.

I shall find law for you, firrah. Call my neighbour Possum ; he is a justice of peace, as well as a physician.

TOWNLEY.

Call the man back. If you have committed one folly, don't expose yourself by a second.

SAILOR.

The gentlewoman says well. Come, Master, we all know that there is no boarding a pretty wench, without charges one way or other ; you are a doctor, Master, and have no surgeons' bills to pay ; and so can the better afford it.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Rather than you should bring a scandal on your character, I will submit to be a kind mother-in-law.

Enter Justice POSSUM, and Clerk.

FOSSILE.

Mr. Justice Possum, for now I must so call you, not brother Possum: here is a troublesome fellow with a Child, which he would leave in my house.

POSSUM.

Another man's Child? He cannot in law.

FOSSILE.

It seemeth to me to be a Child unlawfully begotten,

POSSUM.

A bastard! whom does he lay it to?

FOSSILE.

To our family.

POSSUM.

Your family, *quatenus* a family, being a body collective, cannot get a bastard. Is this Child a bastard, honest friend?

SAILOR.

I was neither by when his mother was stow'd, nor when she was unladen; whether he belong to a fair trader,

trader, or be run goods, I cannot tell: in short, here I was sent, and here I will leave him.

POSSUM.

Dost thou know his mother, friend?

SAILOR.

I am no midwife, Master; I did not see him born.

POSSUM.

You had best put up this matter, Doctor. A man of your years, when he has been wanton, cannot be too cautious.

FOSSILE.

This is all from the purpose. I was married this morning at seven; let any man in the least acquainted with the powers of nature, judge whether that human creature could be conceived and brought to maturity in one forenoon.

POSSUM.

This is but talk, doctor Fossile. It is well for you, though I say it, that you have fallen into the hands of a person, who has studied the civil and canon law in the point of bastardy. The Child is either yours or not yours.

FOSSILE.

My Child, Mr. Justice!

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Look ye, Dr. Fossile, you confound filiation with legitimation. Lawyers are of opinion, that filiation is necessary to legitimation, but not *è contra*.

[*The Child cries.*

FOSSILE.

I would not starve any of my own species; get the infant some water-pap. But, Mr. Justice——

POSSUM.

The proofs, I say, Doctor, of filiation are five. Nomination enunciatively pronounc'd, strong presumptions, and circumstantial proofs——

FOSSILE.

What is all this to me? I tell you, I know nothing of the Child.

POSSUM.

Signs of paternal pity, similitude of features, and commerce with the mother. And first, of the first, nomination. Has the Doctor ever been heard to call the infant, Son?

TOWNLEY.

He has call'd him Child, since he came into this room. You have indeed, Mr. Fossile.

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Bring hither the Doctor's great bible.—Let us examine in the blank leaf whether he be enroll'd among the rest of his children.

FOSSILE.

I tell you, I never had any children. I shall grow distracted, I shall——

POSSUM.

But did you give any orders against registering the Child by the name of Fossile?

FOSSILE.

How was it possible?

POSSUM.

Set down that, Clerk. He did not prohibit the registering the Child in his own name. We ourselves have observed one sign of fatherly tenderness; Clerk, set down the water-pap he order'd just now. Come we now——

FOSSILE.

What a jargon is this?

POSSUM.

Come we now, I say, to that which the lawyers call *magnam naturæ argumentum*, similitude of features. Bring hither the Child, friend. Dr. Fossile, look upon

me.

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me. The unequal circle of the infant's face somewhat resembles the inequality of the circumference of your countenance: he has also the vituline or calf-like concavity of the profile of your visage.

FOSSILE.

Pish!

POSSUM.

And he is somewhat beetle-brow'd; and his nose will rise with time to an equal prominence with the Doctor's.

TOWNLEY.

Indeed he has somewhat of your nose, Mr. Fossile.

FOSSILE.

Ridiculous!

TOWNLEY.

The Child is comely.

POSSUM.

Consider the large aperture of his mouth.

SAILOR.

Nay, the tokens are plain enough. I have the fellow of him at home; but my wife told me two days ago, that this with the wall eye and splay-foot belong'd to you, Sir.

[Prue runs across the Stage with a Letter, which Fossile snatches from her.]

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Whither are you going so fast, huffy? I will examine every thing within these walls. [*Exit Prue.*]
 [*Reads.*] 'For Richard Plotwell, Esq.' This Letter unravels the whole affair: as she is an unfortunate relation of mine, I must beg you would act with discretion.

[*Gives Possum the Letter.*]

POSSUM.

(*Reads.*) 'Sir, the Child which you father'd is
 'return'd back upon my hands.
 'Your Drury-lane friends have
 'treated me with such rudeness,
 'that they told me in plain terms
 'I should be damn'd. How unfor-
 'tunate soever my offspring is, I
 'hope you at least will defend the
 'reputation of the unhappy

'PHOEBE CLINKET.'

— As you say, Doctor, the case is but too plain;
 every circumstance hits.

Enter CLINKET.

CLINKET.

'Tis very uncivil, Sir, to break open one's letters.

FOSSILE.

Would I had not; and that the contents of it had been a secret to me and all mankind for ever. Wretched creature, to what a miserable condition has thy poetry reduced thee!

CLINKET.

I am not in the least mortified with the accident. I know it has happen'd to many of the most famous daughters of Apollo; and to myself several times.

FOSSILE.

I am thunderstruck at her impudence! several times!

CLINKET.

I have had one return'd upon my hands every winter for these five years past. I may perhaps be excell'd by others in judgment and correctness of manners; but for fertility and readiness of conception, I will yield to nobody.

FOSSILE.

Bless me, whence had she this luxuriant constitution!

POSSUM.

Patience, Sir. Perhaps the lady may be married.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

'Tis infamous, Mr. Fossile, to keep her in your house ; yet, though you turn her out of doors, use her with some humanity : I will take care of the Child.

CLINKET.

I can find no *Denouement* of all this conversation. Where is the crime, I pray, of writing a Tragedy ? I sent it to Drury-lane House to be acted ; and here it is return'd by the wrong *goût* of the Actors.

POSSUM.

This incident has somewhat embarrassed us. But what mean you here, Madam, by this expression—Your offspring ?

CLINKET.

My Tragedy, the offspring of my brain. One of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and not understand the use of the metaphor !

POSSUM.

Doctor, you have used much artifice, and many demurrers ; but the Child must lie at your door at last. Friend, speak plain what thou knowest of this matter.

FOSSILE.

Let me relate my story. This morning I married this Lady, and brought her from her lodgings, at Mrs. Chambers's, in King-street, Covent-garden.

SAILOR.

Mrs. Chambers! To that place I was directed, where liv'd the maid that put the bantling out to be nurs'd by my wife for her Lady; and who she was, 'tis none of our business to inquire.

POSSUM.

Dost thou know the name of this maid?

SAILOR.

Let me consider——Lutestring.

FOSSILE.

Sarsnet, thou mean'st.

SAILOR.

Sarsnet; that's right.

TOWNLEY.

I'll turn her out of my house this moment. Filthy creature!

POSSUM.

The evidence is plain. You have cohabitation with the mother, Doctor, *currat lex*. And you must keep the Child.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Your decree is unjust, Sir, and I'll seek my remedy at law. As I never was espoused, I never had carnal knowledge of any woman; and my wife, Mrs. Sufanna Townley, is a pure virgin at this hour for me.

POSSUM.

Sufanna Townley! Sufanna Townley! Look how runs the warrant you drew up this morning.

[*Clerk gives him a Paper.*
Madam, a word in private with you. [*Whispers her.*]
Doctor, my Lord Chief Justice has some business with this Lady.

FOSSILE.

My Lord Chief Justice business with my wife!

POSSUM.

To be plain with you, Doctor Fossile, you have for these three hours entertain'd another man's wife. Her husband, Lieutenant Bengal, is just returned from the Indies, and this morning took out a warrant from me for an elopement; it will be more for your credit to part with her privately, than to suffer her publicly to be carried off by a tipstaff.

FOSSILE.

Surprizing have been the events of this day; but this, the strangest of all, settles my future repose.

356 THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Let her go.—I have not dishonour'd the bed of Lieutenant Bengal.—Hark ye, friend ! Do you follow her with that badge of her infamy.

POSSUM.

By your favour, Doctor, I never reverse my judgment. The Child is yours : for it cannot belong to a man who has been three years absent in the East Indies. Leave the Child.

SAILOR.

I find you are out of humour, Master. So I'll call to-morrow for his clearings.

[Sailor lays down the Child, and exit with Possum, Clerk, and Townley.

CLINKET.

Uncle, by this day's adventure, every one has got something. Lieutenant Bengal has got his Wife again ; you, a fine Child ; and I, a plot for a Comedy ; and I'll this moment set about it. [Exit Clinket.

FOSSILE.

What must be, must be. [Takes up the Child.] Fossile, thou didst want posterity : here, behold ! thou hast it. A wife thou didst not want ; thou hast none. But thou art caressing a Child that is not thy own. What then ? A thousand and a thousand husbands are doing the same thing this very instant ; and the knowledge of truth is desirable, and makes thy case
the

the better. What signifies whether a man beget his child or not? How ridiculous is the act itself, said the great emperor Antoninus! I now look upon myself as a Roman citizen; it is better that the father should adopt the child, than that the wife should adopt the father. [Exit Fossile.]

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

THE ancient Epilogue, as Critics write,
 Was, "Clap your hands, excuse us, and good night."
 The modern always was a kind essay
 To reconcile the Audience to the Play:
 More polish'd, we of late have learnt to fly
 At Parties, Treaties, Nations, Ministry.
 Our Author more genteelly leaves these brawls
 To coffee-houses, and to cobblers' stalls.
 His very Monsters are of sweet condition,
 None but the Crocodile's a politician:
 He reaps the blessings of his double nature,
 And, Trimmer like, can live on land or water:
 Yet this same Monster should be kindly treated,
 He lik'd a lady's flesh—but not to eat it.

As for my other Spark, my favourite Mummy,
 His feats were such, smart youths! as might become ye;
 Dead as he seem'd, he had sure signs of life;
 His hieroglyphics pleas'd the Doctor's wife.

Whom can our well-bred Poetess displease?
 She writ like Quality—with wond'rous ease:
 All her offence was harmless want of wit;
 Is that a crime?—Ye Powers, preserve the Pit!

My Doctor too, to give the Devil his due,
 When ev'ry creature did his spouse pursue,
 (Men found and living, bury'd flesh, dry'd fish,)
 Was e'en as civil as a wife could wish.

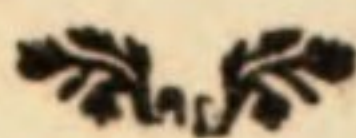
Yet

Yet he was somewhat faucy with his vial ;
 What, put young maids to that unnat'ral trial !
 So hard a test ! why, if you needs will make it,
 Faith, let us marry first,—and then we'll take it.

Who could be angry, though like FOSSILE teas'd ?
 Consider, in three hours the man was eas'd.
 How many of you are for life beguil'd,
 And keep as well the mother, as the child !
 None but a Tar could be so tender-hearted,
 To claim a wife that had been three years parted ;
 Would you do this, my friends ?—believe me, never :
 When modishly you part——you part for ever.

Join then your voices, be the Play excus'd
 For once, though no one living is abus'd ;
 To that bright Circle that commands our duties,
 To you, superior Eighteen-penny beauties,
 To the lac'd hat and cockard of the Pit,
 To all, in one word, we our cause submit,
 Who think good breeding is a-kin to wit.

}



Yet he was somewhat fancy with his rival;
 What, but young maids to that untimely trial!
 So hard a task! why, if you needs will make it,
 Faith, let us marry still, — and then well take it.

Who could be angry, though like Tossie teased?
 Consider, in three hours the man was eased.
 How many of you are for life begun?
 And keep as well the mother, as the child!

None but a Tar could be so tender-hearted,
 To claim a wife that had been three years parted;
 Would you do this, my friends? — believe me, never!
 When modestly you part — your part for ever.

Join then your voices, be the Play excus'd
 For once, though no one living is abus'd.
 To that bright Circle that commands our duties,
 To you, superior, lightning-penny duties,
 To the far'd hat and cockard of the Pit,
 To all, in one word, we our cause submit;
 Who think good breeding is a kin to wit.

My friends, I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you.

My friends, I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you.

My friends, I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you,
 I have a word to say to you.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS

POETIC CHARACTER OF POPE

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

POETIC CHARACTER OF POPE.

THE Essay on the life and genius of Pope, by the late Editor, Dr. Warton, raised a sort of literary outcry against him, as if he meant to deny to Pope his fair and just pretensions to the name of a Poet. He seems particularly to have been misunderstood by Johnson. I have endeavoured to state the grounds of this difference, upon principles which I think will be easily recognised; and as I have no other object than to do justice, I am guided by nothing but a regard to truth, and fair criticism, when I venture to state my own ideas of the general poetic character of Pope.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

POETIC CHARACTER OF POPE.

I PRESUME it will readily be granted, that “all
 “images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime
 “in the works of NATURE, are more beautiful and
 “sublime than any images drawn from ART;” and
 that they are therefore, *per se*, more poetical.

In like manner, those *Passions* of the human heart,
 which belong to Nature in general, are, *per se*, more
 adapted to the *higher species* of Poetry, than those
 which are derived from *incidental* and *transient* MAN-
 NERS. A description of a Forest is more *poetical*,
 than a description of a cultivated Garden: and the
Passions which are pourtrayed in the Epistle of an
 Eloisa, render such a Poem more *poetical* (whatever
 might be the difference of merit in point of execution),
intrinsically more *poetical*, than a Poem founded on
 the

the characters, incidents, and modes of *artificial life*; for instance, the Rape of the Lock.

If this be admitted, the rule by which we would estimate Pope's general poetical character would be obvious.

Let me not, however, be considered as thinking that the *subject alone* constitutes poetical excellency.—The *execution* * is to be taken into consideration at the same time; for, with Lord Harvey, we might fall asleep over the “*Creation*” of Blackmore, but be alive to the touches of animation and satire in Boileau.

The *subject*, and the *execution*, therefore, are equally to be considered;—the one respecting the *Poetry*,—the other, the *art* and *powers* of the *Poet*. The *poetical subject*, and the *art* and *talents* of the *Poet*, should always be kept in mind; and I imagine it is for want of observing this rule, that so much has been said, and so little understood, of the real ground of Pope's character as a *Poet*.

If you say he is not one of the first Poets that England, and the polished literature of a polished æra can boast,

Recte

* By *execution*, I mean not only the colours of expression, but the design, the contrast of light and shade, the masterly management, the judicious disposition, and, in short, every thing that gives to a great subject relief, interest, and animation.

Recte necne crocos floresque perambulat Atti
 Fabula si dubitem, clamant periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene patres.

If you say, that he stands *poetically* pre-eminent, in the highest sense, you must deny the principles of Criticism, which I imagine will be acknowledged by all.

In speaking of the *poetical subject*, and the *powers of execution*; with regard to the *first*, Pope cannot be classed among the highest orders of Poets; with regard to the *second*, none ever was his *superior*. It is futile to affect to judge of *one* composition by the rules of *another*. To say that Pope, in this sense, is not a Poet, is to say that a *didactic Poem* is not a *Tragedy*, and that a *Satire* is not an *Ode*. Pope must be judged according to the rank in which he stands, among those of the French school, not the Italian; among those whose delineations are taken more from manners, than from Nature. When I say that this is his *predominant* character, I must be insensible to every thing exquisite in Poetry, if I did not except, *instantly*, the Epistle of Eloisa: but this can only be considered according to its class; and if I say that it seems to me superior to any other of the kind, to which it might fairly be compared; such as the Epistles of Ovid, Propertius, Tibullus (I will not mention Drayton, and Pope's numerous subsequent imitations); but
 when

when this transcendent Poem is compared with those which will bear the *comparison*, I shall not be deemed as giving reluctant praise, when I declare my conviction of its being infinitely superior to every thing of the kind, ancient or modern.

In this Poem, therefore, Pope appears on the high ground of the Poet of Nature; but this certainly is not his *general* character. In the particular instance of this poem, how distinguished and superior does he stand! It is sufficient, that nothing of the kind has ever been produced equal to it for pathos, painting, and melody.

From this exquisite performance, which seems to stand as the boundary between the Poetry derived from the great and primary feelings of Nature, and that derived from Art, to Satire, whose subject wholly concerns existing manners, the transition is easy, but the idea painful. Nevertheless, as Pope has chosen to write Satires and Epistles, they must be compared, not as Warton has, I think, injudiciously done, with pieces of genuine Poetry, but only with things *of the same kind*. To say that the beginning of one of Pope's Satires is *not poetical*; to say that you cannot find in it, if the words are transposed, the "*disjecti membra poetæ*,"—is not criticism. The province of Satire is totally wide; its career is in *artificial life*; and therefore, to say that Satire is not Poetry, is to say an Epigram
is

is not an Elegy. Pope has written Satires ; that is, confined himself chiefly, as a Poet, to those subjects with which, as it has been seen, he was most conversant ; subjects taken from living man, from *habits* and *manners*, more than from *principles* and *passions*.

The career, therefore, which he opened to himself was in the second order in Poetry ; but it was a line pursued by Horace, Juvenal, Dryden, Boileau ; and if in that line he stands the *highest* ; upon these grounds we might fairly say, with Johnson, “ it is superfluous to ask whether Pope were a Poet.”

From the Poetry, which, while it deals in local manners, exhibits also, as far as the subject would admit, the most exquisite embellishments of fancy, such as the machinery * of the Rape of the Lock, we may proceed to those subjects which concern “ living man.”

The abstract philosophical view is first presented, as in the Essay on Man. The ground of such a Poem is Philosophy, not Poetry : the Poetry is only the *colouring*, if I may say so ; and to the colouring the eye is chiefly attentive. We hardly think of the Philosophy, whether it is good or bad ; whether it is profound or specious ; whether it evinces deep thinking, or exhibits only in new and pompous array the “ babble of the Nurse.” Scarcely any one, till a controversy was raised, thought of the doctrines ; but a thousand must

* In a Note to this Poem, the reason is given why Pope's airy Spirits are *inferior* to Shakespeare's.

must have been warmed by the pictures, the addressee, the sublime interspersions of description, and the nice and harmonious precision of every word, and of almost every line. Whether, as a system of Philosophy, it inculcated Fate or not, no one paused to inquire; but every eye read a thousand times, and every lip, perhaps, repeated,

“Lo, the poor Indian!” &c.

“The Lamb thy riot,” &c.

“O Happiness!” &c.

and many other passages.

All these *illustrative* and *secondary* images are painted from the source of genuine Poetry; from NATURE, not from ART. They therefore, independent of powers displayed in the versification, raise the Essay on Man, considered in the abstract, into *genuine Poetry*; although the *poetical* part is subservient to the *philosophical*.

The Moral Essays depart much farther from Poetry so defined, as they exhibit particular casts and characters of Man, according to different *habits* of existing society; that is, of *artificial* life.

Pope, however, apparently leaves habits and manners, and reverts to general Nature, when he talks of a Passion,

“That, like Aaron’s serpent, swallows all the rest:

“The RULING PASSION *.”——

* This may be poetical, or not. Eloisa is a poetical character; but not so, the Duke of Wharton.

There

There is no reason to suppose that Pope, of the general internal feelings of Nature, could be more ignorant, or less capable of portraying them by vividness of expression and colours, than others; but we must estimate what he *has done*, not what he *might have done*. Many, perhaps, may regret with me, that if he disdained,

“ —in *Fancy's* fields to wander long,

“ But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song ;”

that he had not at least wandered *somewhat longer* among scenes that were congenial to the feelings of every heart; and that he should leave them for the thorns and briars of ineffectual satire and bitterness; quitting for these such scenes as

“ The Paraclete's white walls and silver springs ;”

like his great predecessor in Poetry, Milton, who left the “ Pastures of Peneus, and the Pines of *Ætna*,” to write “ *Tetrachordon*,” and to mingle in the malignant and puritanical turbulence of the times *.

When we speak of the poetical character, derived from passions of *general Nature*, two obvious distinctions must occur, without regard to Aristotle;—those which, derived from the passions, may be called *pathetic*, and those which, derived from the same source, may be called *sublime*.

Of the Pathetic, no one (considering the Epistle of *Eloisa* alone) has touched the chords so tenderly, so

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pathetically,

* Warton.

pathetically, and so melodiously. As far as this goes, Pope, therefore, in poetical and musical expression, has *no competitor*.

We will now proceed to consider those passions which are equally the subject of genuine Poetry, and on which are founded (I do not say, Epic or Tragic excellence, for these Pope declined), but that species of poetic sublimity, which gives life and animation to the Ode.

In this respect, I believe, no one who ever thought of Alexander's Feast, or the Bard of Gray, could for a moment imagine Pope *pre-eminent*. Before these he sinks, as much as any other writer, whose subject was pathetic, sinks before him. His Odes for the Duke of Buckingham, though elegant, are wholly unworthy to be classed as the compositions of a superior Lyric Poet.

In what has been said, I have avoided the introduction of picturesque description; that is, accurate representations from *external objects* of Nature: but if the premises laid down in the commencement of these Reflections are true, no one can stand pre-eminent as a great Poet, unless he has not only a heart susceptible of the most pathetic or most exalted feelings of Nature, but *an eye attentive to, and familiar with*, every external appearance that she may exhibit, in every change of season, every variation of light and shade, every rock, every tree, every leaf, in her solitary places. He who has not an eye to observe
these,

these, and who cannot with a glance distinguish every diversity of every hue in her variety of beauties, must so far be deficient in one of the essential qualities of a Poet.

Here Pope, from infirmities, and from physical causes, was particularly deficient. When he left his own laurel circus at Twickenham, he was lifted into his chariot or his barge; and with weak eyes, and tottering strength, it is physically impossible he could be a *descriptive* Bard. Where description has been introduced among his Poems, as far as his observation could go, he excelled; more could not be expected. In the descriptions of the Cloister, the scenes surrounding the melancholy Convent, as far as could be gained by books, or suggested by imagination, he was eminently successful; but even here, perhaps, he only proved that he could not go far: and

“ The streams that shine between the hills,

“ The *grotts* that echo to the tinkling rills,”

were possibly *transcripts* of what he could most easily *transcribe*,—his own views and scenery.

But how different, how minute is his description, when he describes what he is master of: for instance, the game of Ombre, in the Rape of the Lock? This is from *artificial life*; and with artificial life, from his infirmities, he must have been chiefly conversant: But if he had been gifted with the same powers of observing

outward Nature, I have no doubt he would have evinced as much accuracy in describing the appropriate and peculiar beauties, such as Nature exhibits in the Forest* where he lived, as he was able to describe, in a manner so novel, and with colours so vivid, a Game of Cards†.

It is for this reason that his Windsor Forest, and his Pastorals, must ever appear so defective to a lover of Nature.

Pope, therefore, wisely left this part of his art, which Thomson, and many other Poets since his time, have cultivated with so much more success, and turned to what he calls the “Moral” of the Song‡.

I need not go regularly over his Works; but I think they may be generally divided under the heads I have mentioned;—Pathetic, Sublime, Descriptive, Moral, and Satirical.

In the Pathetic, *poetically* considered, he stands highest; in the Sublime, he is deficient; in descriptions from Nature, for reasons given, still more so. He therefore pursued that path in Poetry, which was more congenial to his powers, and in which he has shone without a rival.

We regret that we have little more, truly pathetic, from his pen, than the Epistle of Eloisa, the Elegy to the

* Windsor Forest.

† See Rape of the Lock, description of Ombre.

‡ “But turn’d to Truth, and moraliz’d the song.”

the unfortunate Lady; and let me not forget one of the sweetest and most melodious of his pathetic effusions, the Address to Lord Oxford:

“Such were the notes thy once-lov’d Poet sung.”

With the exception of these, and the Prologue to Cato, there are few things in Pope, of the order I have mentioned, to which the recollection recurs with particular tenderness and delight.

When he left these regions, to unite the most exquisite machinery of fancy with the descriptions of *artificial life*, the Rape of the Lock will, first and last, present itself; — a composition, as Johnson justly observes, the “most elegant, the most airy,” of all his Works; a composition, to which it will be in vain to compare any thing of the kind. He stands alone, unrivalled, and possibly never to be rivalled. All Pope’s successful labour of correct and musical versification, all his talents of accurate description, though in an inferior province of Poetry, are here consummately displayed; and as far as artificial life, that is, Manners, not Passions, are capable of being rendered poetical, they are here rendered so, by the fancy, the propriety, the elegance, and the poetic beauty of the Sylphic machinery.

This “delightful” Poem, as I have said, appears to stand conspicuous and beautiful, in that medium where Poetry begins to leave Nature, and *approximates* to

local manners. The Muse has, indeed, no longer her great characteristic attributes, pathos or sublimity; but she appears so interesting, that we almost doubt whether the garb of elegant refinement is not as captivating, as the most beautiful appearances of Nature.

AFTER what I have taken the liberty of suggesting, I hope I shall be excused if I say a few words respecting Pope's versification. I know in this point he is considered as invulnerable; and Johnson asserts, "that, to attempt any further improvement of versification will be *dangerous*. *Art and diligence* have *done their best*; and what *shall* be *added* will be the *effort* of *tedious toil*, and *needless* curiosity."

This is a decision, *ex cathedrâ*, stronger, I think, than Johnson has ventured to lay down in any other instance. In this respect, may I presume to doubt, whether Johnson was a competent judge? He had professedly no ear for music; and though I am aware, that some, who have also no ear for musical sounds, have yet a capacity of writing blank verse with intonation and variety, yet I cannot help being of opinion that there is a great analogy between *musical* and *poetical* rhythm.

That Pope has made the versification of English couplets infinitely more smooth, I will readily allow; but

but I cannot so readily assent to the "*dictum*" of a Writer, however eminent, who had no "*music in his soul*," when he asserts that, because Pope's numbers were highly polished, therefore "art and diligence had done their best; and what should be added would be *tedious toil*, and *needless curiosity*."

Johnson seems to have depreciated, or to have been ignorant of, the metrical powers of some Writers prior to Pope. His ear seems to have been caught chiefly by *Dryden*; and as Pope's versification was more equably (couplet with couplet being considered, not passage with passage) connected than Dryden's, he thought therefore that nothing could be added to Pope's versification. May I be permitted to express my opinion, that Johnson either did not feel, or was unwilling to grant, the powers of versification exhibited by one Poet in particular before Dryden, I mean Sandys, who has been often mentioned? When I say this, I do not think of setting up my own opinion. On a subject like this, we can only speak as we feel. There are those who cannot relish the noble Diapasons of Milton, and who prefer Pope's Couplets, as more harmonious.

For myself, I mean merely to say, that I should think it the extreme of arrogance and folly, to make my own ear the criterion of music; but I cannot help thinking, that Dryden, and of later days Cowper, are much more *harmonious* in their general
B B 4
versification,

versification, than Pope. I ought also to mention a neglected Poem, not neglected on account of its versification, but on account of its title and subject, "Prior's Solomon."

Whoever candidly compares these Writers together, unless his ear be habituated to a *certain recurrence of pauses* precisely at the end of a line, will not (though he will give the highest praise for compactness, skill, precision, and force, to the *undivided Couplets* of Pope, *separately considered*), will not, I think, assent to the position, that in versification, "what he found brick-work, he left "marble."

In variety, and in variety *only*, let it be remembered, I think Pope deficient. I do not lay down my opinion as the criterion: I am sure I should not have the *consummate hardihood* to say of Pope, what Mr. Knight has said of Milton *.

Such language every person, though he presumes to judge for himself, surely ought to disdain: he should recollect that, whatever he may think himself, many have thought otherwise; and the highest deference is due to the general decision. I do not complain of Mr. Knight's not *feeling* Milton's music: but I think neither Mr. Knight or myself have

* See Essay on the Principles of Taste, in which Mr. Knight expresses the utmost contempt of Milton as a musical writer, and, unfortunately for his own argument, produces some couplets of Pope.

have a right to make our own *feelings* the test and standard of taste and feeling in numbers.

We may, however, fairly and candidly give our opinion; and though I would not speak of Pope's versification, as Knight has spoken of Milton's, I am not afraid to own that, with the exception of the Epistle to Abelard (as musical as it is pathetic), the Verses of Pope want *variety*; and on this account, in some instances, they want both force and harmony.

It has been doubted whether Couplet Verses ought ever to be broken. I will appeal to Pope himself: whenever he has done so, is there a judge of poetical cadence, who will not say it is harmonious? The instances are few; but where they occur, are they not beautiful? If they had been too often repeated, the *effect* would be destroyed,—*commendat rarius usus*. But in long compositions, might not a greater variety of pauses have effect? Does not the ear feel a *lassitude* at times? The Epistle of Eloisa is more *varied* in pauses, than all his Works. Does any one dispute the beauty of this? If Pope had *oftener* tried the *effect*, I am satisfied what would have been the result.

Upon this point, an idea has been started by some Critics, that “you might as well have *unequal columns* to your house, as *unequal couplets* in verse.” This comparison, however, if it
proves

proves any thing, proves *too much*; for no one will say that every two verses in a long Poem should in quantity be *exactly* the same, the syllables the same, the pause the same: the “rule and line” are very necessary, that one pillar in a building should exactly answer to another; but this will not hold a moment in *versification*: if it did, then Johnson’s assertion falls to the ground; for then Dr. Darwin is a better versifier than Pope; and a very little pains would make a much more *consummate versificator* than Dr. Darwin, if Mr. Higgins has not already done it, in his “Loves of the Triangles *.”

Shakespeare uses an expressive word, “tuneable.” If I were called on to say what I thought the most *tuneable* of all Verses in rhyme, I should answer, Milton’s Lycidas; but the general structure of its verse would be totally incompatible with such subjects as Pope has chosen. We must keep in mind *only the Couplet*; and though in this kind of verse Pope has done a great deal, I cannot, for the reasons given, agree with Johnson; but I beg the reader to consider, that in what I have ventured to say, I have thrown out *suggestions*, not presumed to hazard *decisions*.

* See Poetry of the Anti-jacobin:

“So have I seen three *grave* Physicians stand,

“*Eye* the guilt see, and *stretch* the asking hand.”

IN

IN speaking of the chief criterion of poetical talents, *invention*, we must remember Pope's line was chiefly in Morals and Satire; and what has been said will, I should think, determine the poetical rank of all those Poems which apply more immediately to *existing manners*.

Let us grant that Pope's are the best moral and satirical Poems, the very *best of the kind*: more than this cannot be asked; but this places them only according to their proper rank in Poetry.

I can hardly think that Johnson intended purposely to obscure the question: but his definition on this subject seems to bear so little on the point, that I am sure it proves nothing.

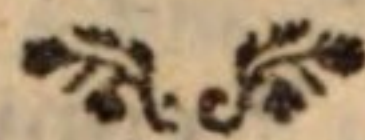
"Pope," he says, "had *invention*, by which
"new trains of events are formed, new scenes of
"imagery displayed, as in the Rape of the Lock,"
&c.

Granted. There is also in Don Quixote "*invention*, by which new trains of events are formed,
"and new scenes of imagery displayed;" but no one will say Don Quixote is *poetical*; and yet Johnson's definition will suit the one as well as the other.

Again, Johnson says, Pope had "imagination;" which enabled him to "convey to the reader the
"various forms of Nature, the incidents of life, and the
"energies

“energies of *passion*.” For reasons already given, Pope was *incapable* of giving, in their various *shapes* and *shades* and *colourings*, the “forms of *Nature* :” the “*incidents of life*” may be *poetical* or *unpoetical* ; the “energies of *passion*” are not disputed ; and the greatest powers have been granted to him in this respect, when we spoke of *Eloisa*. I shall say nothing about “*judgment*,” because that is necessary to all Writers, whether of *Verse* or *Prose*, of *Comedy* or *Tragedy*. I am only speaking of Pope’s *Poetry* ; his *judgment* was undoubted. To the latter part of Johnson’s opinion there is no Critic but must heartily subscribe, — that “Pope had colours of “language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression.”

I trust, in this brief summary, I have said nothing contrary to fair, and liberal, and equitable Criticism. I have merely wished to place upon its true foundations a question which seems to have been misunderstood. “No definition of Poetry, which should exclude Pope,” was ever intended : his *place* among Poets was merely endeavoured to be ascertained by Warton. I have stated my own opinion without prejudice ; the Reader of course will judge.



THE
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

IN THE NAME OF THE
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

I hereby make and appoint my particular friends,
Allen Lord Bathurst, High Lord of Marchmont, the
honourable William Murray his Majesty's solicitor-
general, and George Ardenbacht of the court of Ex-
chequer,

THE
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
ALEXANDER TOPP, ESQ.

I, the said Alexander Topp, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the last will and testament of the said Alexander Topp, as the same appears from the original thereof, which is now deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Probate, in the County of ... State of ...

Witness my hand and seal of office this ... day of ... A.D. 18...

THE
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham in the county of Middlesex, make this my Last Will and Testament. I resign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno 17—ætatis —*; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the Inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majesty's solicitor-general, and George Arbuthnot of the court of Exchequer,

chequer, Esq. the survivors or survivor of them, Executors of this my Last Will and Testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my noble Friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. Those who in the course of my Life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my Death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer: That my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq. and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen Threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, One hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her, all my right and interest in and upon a bond

of Five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family pictures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts, and the diamond ring my Mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rolinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs. and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the sum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant John Searl, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of One hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searl; and it is my will, if the said John Searl die before me, that the said sum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, the sum of One thousand pounds immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard, and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my abovesaid Executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, etc. and, after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue
upon

upon government, or other securities, according to their best judgment: and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount during her natural life: and, after her decease, I give the sum of One thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of Two hundred pounds to the abovesaid Gilbert West; Two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; Two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my servant, John Searl, to whichsoever of these shall be then living: And all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my Last Will and Testament, written with my own Hand, and sealed with my Seal, this Twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared by the
Testator, as his Last Will and
Testament, in Presence of us,

RADNOR.

STEPHEN HALES, Minister of Teddington.

JOSEPH SPENCE, Professor of History in the University
of Oxford.

your government, or other authorities, according to
their best judgment: and pay the same to the
said party, so the said Mrs. Maria Thoma being
her natural life: and that the said I give the
sum of One thousand pounds to the said
Robert, and his wife Robert, Henry, and John
to be divided equally among them, or to the
survivors or survivor of them; and that the said I do
the said Mrs. Maria Thoma, I give the sum of 1 to
hundred pounds to the said Robert West; 1 to
hundred to the said George Ashburner; 1 to hundred
to the said Mrs. Anne Ashburner; and One hundred
to the said Robert, John West, to the survivor of
them, and to their heirs; And all the residue and
remainder to be considered as trustees of and to
my next of kin.

This is my last Will and Testament, written with
my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this fifth
day of December, in the year of our Lord One
thousand eight hundred and forty three.

ALEX. POPE

Witnessed, sealed, and Declared by the
Declarant, at his last Will and
Testament, in presence of us
Notaries.

Witnesses, in presence of the said
Declarant, the said Robert, Henry, and John
West, the said George Ashburner, the said Mrs. Anne
Ashburner, and the said Robert, John West, and their
heirs, and the said I, the said Alex. Pope.

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ERRATA.

- Vol. I. page 292, lines 3, 4, 5, should have been enclosed in brackets, as a part of the quotation from Addison.
Vol. III. page 290, *for* Tom Jones *read* Joseph Andrews.
Vol. V. page 377, *for* quarto edition 1728 *read* 1729.
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P.o.angl. 286 o-10

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